THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A.D. 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Vol. 192, No. 1. Published Weekly at Philadelphia. Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879.

JULY 3, 1920

5c. THE COPY
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THERE'S

ALWAYS

MORE

CREAM

of

WHEAT

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Westclox

Big Ben—for a fatter pay-envelope

WONDERFUL how that fellow, Big Ben, can help bring things your way when pay-raise time comes around. Maybe it's because the boss has a clock just like yours and is johnny on the spot himself.

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What do they cost by the day?

THAT'S the way to figure the cost of your clothes; the price divided by the number of days of service Our clothes are lowest in cost because they wear longest

Hart Schaffner & Marx

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Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President
C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
F. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

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Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 193 — 5c. THE COPY 10c. in Canada — PHILADELPHIA, JULY 3, 1920 — $2.50 THE YEAR by Subscription — Number 1

A PLEA FOR OLD CAP COLLIER

By IRVIN S. COBB

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

I Took It Up to Bed With Me, and I Read It Through From Cover to Cover

FOR a good many years now I have been carrying this idea round with me. It was more or less of a loose and unformed idea, and it wouldn't jell. What brought it round to the solidification point was this: Here the other week, being half sick, I was laid up over Sunday in a small hotel in a small seacoast town. I had read all the newspapers and all the magazines I could get hold of. The local bookstore, of course, was closed. They won't let the oysters stay open on Sunday in that town. The only literature my fellow guests seemed interested in was mail-order tabs and price currents. Finally, when despair was about to claim me for her own, I ran across an ancient Fifth Reader, all tattered and stained and having that smell of age which is common to old books and old sheep. I took it up to bed with me, and I read it through from cover to cover. Long before I was through the very idea which for so long had been sloshing round inside of my head—this idea which, as one might say, had been aged in the wood—took shape. Then and there I decided that the very first chance I got I would sit down and write a plea for Old Cap Collier.

The Rigors of the Old-Fashioned Sabbath

IN MY youth I was spanked freely and frequently for doing many different things that were forbidden, and also for doing the same thing many different times and getting caught doing it. That, of course, was before the Boy Scout movement had come along to show how easily and how sanely a boy's natural restlessness and a boy's natural love for adventure may be directed into helpful channels; that was when nearly everything a normal, active boy craved to do was wrong and, therefore, held to be a spankable offense.

This was a general rule in our town. It did not especially pertain to any particular household, but pertained practically to all the households with which I was in any way familiar. It was a community where an old-fashioned brand of applied theology was most strictly applied. Heaven was a place which went unanimously Democratic every fall, because all the Republicans had gone elsewhere. Hell was a place full of red-hot coals and clinkered sinners and unbaptized babies and a smell like somebody cooking ham, with a deputy devil coming in of a morning with a fireproof napkin draped over his arm and leaning across the back of Satan's chair and saying: "Good mornin' boss. How're you going to have your lost souls this mornin'—fried on one side or turned over?"

Sunday was three weeks long, and longer than that if it rained. About all a fellow could do after he'd come back from Sunday school was to sit round with his feet cramped into the shoes and stockings which he never wore on week days and with the rest of him incased in starchy, uncomfortable dress-up clothes—just sit round and sit round and itch. You couldn't scratch hard either. It was sinful to scratch audibly and with good, broad, free strokes, which is the only satisfactory way to scratch. You couldn't play games. In our town they didn't spend Sunday; they kept the Sabbath.

Looking back on my juvenile years it seems to me that, generally speaking, when spanked I deserved it. But always there were two punishable things against which—being disciplined—my youthful spirit revolted with a sort of inarticulate sense of injustice. One was for violation of the Sunday code, which struck me as wrong—the code, I mean, not the violation—without knowing exactly why it was wrong; and the other, repeated times without number, was when I had been caught reading nickul libruries, erroneously referred to by our elders as dime novels because at an earlier period—the period of Beadle and Murray—similar works had retailed at ten cents apiece.

I read them at every chance; so did every normal boy of my acquaintance. We traded lesser treasures for them; we swapped them on the basis of two old volumes for one new one; we maintained a clandestine circulating-library system which had its branch offices in every stable loft in our part of town. The more daring among us read them in school behind the shelter of an open geography propped up on the desk.

Shall you ever forget the horror of the moment when, carried away on the wings of adventure with Nick Carter or Big-Foot Wallace or Frank Reed or bully Old Cap, you forgot to flash occasional glances of cautious inquiry forward in order to make sure the teacher was where she properly should be, at her desk up in front, and read on and on until that subtle sixth sense which comes to one when a lot of people begin staring at one warned you something was amiss, and you looked up and round you and found yourself all surrounded by a ring of cruel, gloating eyes?

An Awful Moment for the Enchanted Reader

I SAY cruel advisedly, because up to a certain age children are naturally more cruel than tigers. Civilization has provided them with tools, as it were, for practicing cruelty, whereas the tiger must rely only on his teeth and his bare claws. So you looked round, feeling that the shadow of an impending doom encompassed you, and then you realized that for no telling how long the teacher had been standing just behind you, reading over your shoulder.

And at home were you caught in the act of reading them or—what from the parental standpoint was almost as bad—in the act of harboring them? I was. House-cleaning times, when they found them hidden under furniture or tucked away on the back shelves of pantry closets, I was paddled until I had the feelings of a slice of hot, buttered toast somewhat scorched on the lower side. And each time, having been paddled, I was admonished that boys who read dime novels—only they weren't dime novels, costing uniformly five cents a copy—always came to a bad end, growing up to be criminals or Republicans or something equally ahhorrent.

He Stood There With His Feet Getting Warmer All the Time

And I was urged to read books which would help me to shape my career in a proper course. Such books were put into my hands, and I loathed them. I know now why when I grew up my gorge rose and my appetite turned against so-called classics. Their style was so much like the style of the books which older people wanted me to read when I was in my early teens.

Such were the specious statements advanced by the oldsters. And we had no reply for their argument, or if we had one, could not find the language in which to couch it. Besides, there was another and a deeper reason. A boy, being what he is, the most sensitive and the most secretive of living creatures regarding his innermost emotions, rarely does bare his real thoughts to his elders, for they, alas, are not young enough to have a fellow feeling, and they are too old and they know too much to be wise really.

In My Youth I Was Spanked Freely and Frequently

What we might have answered, had we had the verbal facility and had we not feared further painful corporeal measures for talking back—or what was worse, ridicule—was that reading Old Cap Collier never yet sent a boy to a bad end. I never heard of a boy who ran away from home and really made a go of it who was actuated at the start by the nickul librury. Burning with a sense of injustice, filled up with the realization that we were not appreciated at home, we often talked of running away and going out West to fight Indians, but we never did. I remember once two of us started for the Far West, and got nearly as far as Oak Grove Cemetery, when—the dusk of evening impending—we decided to turn back and give our parents just one more chance to understand us.

What, also, we might have pointed out was that in a five-cent story the villain was absolutely sure of receiving suitable and adequate punishment for his misdeeds. Right then and there, on the spot, he got his. And the heroine was always so pluperfectly pure. And the hero always was a hero to his finger tips, never doing anything unmanly or wrong or cowardly, and always using the most respectful language in the presence of the opposite sex. There was never any sex problem in a nickul librury. There were never any smutty words or questionable phrases. If a villain said "Curse you!" he was going pretty far. Any one of us might whet up our natural instincts for cruelty on Foxe's Book of Martyrs, but except surreptitiously we couldn't walk with Nick Carter, whose motives were ever pure and who never used the naughty word even in the passion of the death grapple with the embodied forces of sinister evil.

Long-Winded Classics

WE MIGHT have told our parents, had we had the words in which to state the case and they the patience only to listen, that in a nickul librury there was logic and the thrill of swift action and the sharp spice of adventure. There, invariably virtue was rewarded and villainy confounded; there, inevitably was the final triumph for law and for justice and for the right; there, embalmed in one thin paper volume, was all that Sandford and Merton lacked; all that the Rollo books never had. We might have told them that though the Leatherstocking Tales and Robinson Crusoe and Two Years Before the Mast and Ivanhoe were all well enough in their way, the trouble with them was that they mainly were too long-winded. It took so much time to get to where the first punch was, whereas Ned Buntline or Col. Prentiss Ingraham would hand you an exciting jolt on the very first page, and sometimes in the very first paragraph.

You take J. Fenimore Cooper now. He meant well and he had ideas, but his Indians were so everlastingly slow about getting under way with their scalping operations! Chapter after chapter there was so much fashionable and difficult language that the plot was smothered. You couldn't see the woods for the trees.

But it was the accidental finding of an ancient and reminiscent volume one Sunday in a little hotel which gave me the cue to what really made us such confirmed rebels against constituted authority, in a literary way of speaking. The thing which inspired us with hatred for the so-called juvenile classic was a thing which struck deeper even than the sentiments I have been trying to describe.

The basic reason, the underlying motive, lay in the fact that in the schoolbooks of our saplingtime, and notably in the school readers, our young mentalities were fed forcibly on a pap which affronted our intelligence at the same time that it cloyed our adolescent palates. It was not altogether the lack of action; it was more the lack of plain common sense in the literary spoon victuals which they ladled into us at school that caused our youthful gorges to rise. In the final analysis it was this more than any other cause which sent us up to the haymow for delicious, forbidden hours in the company of Calamity Jane and Wild Bill Hickok.

Midway of the old dog-eared reader which I picked up that day I came across a typical example of the sort of stuff I mean. I hadn't seen it before in twenty-five years; but now, seeing it, I remembered it as clearly almost as though it had been the week before when for the first time it had been brought to my attention. It was a piece entitled, The Shipwreck, and it began as follows:

In the winter of 1824 Lieutenant G——, of the United States Navy, with his beautiful wife and child, embarked in a packet at Norfolk bound to South Carolina.

So far so good. At least, here is a direct beginning. A family group is going somewhere. There is an implied promise that before they have traveled very far something of interest to the reader will happen to them. Sure enough, the packet runs into a storm and founders. As she is going down Lieutenant G—— puts his wife and baby into a lifeboat manned by sailors, and then—there being no room for him in the lifeboat—he remains behind upon the deck of the sinking vessel, while the lifeboat puts off for shore. A giant wave overturns the burdened cockleshell and he sees its passengers engulfed in the waters. Up to this point the chronicle has been what a chronicle should be. Perhaps the phraseology has been a trifle toploftical, and there are a few words in it long enough to run as serials, yet at any rate we are getting an effect in drama. But bear with me while I quote the next paragraph, just as I copied it down:

The wretched husband saw but too distinctly the destruction of all he held dear. But here, alas, and forever were shut off from him all sublunary prospects. He fell upon the deck—powerless, senseless, a corpse—the victim of a sublime sensibility!

When Little Sure-Shot Croaked the Redskin

THERE'S language for you! How different it is from that historic passage When the crack of Little Sure Shot's rifle rang out and another redskin bit the dust. Nothing said there about anybody having his sublunary prospects shut off; nothing about the redskin becoming the victim of a sublime sensibility. In fifteen graphic words and in one sentence Little Sure Shot croaked him, and then with bated breath you moved on to the next paragraph, sure of finding in it yet more attractive casualties snappily narrated.

No, sir! In the nickul librury the author did not waste his time and yours telling you that an individual on becoming a corpse would simultaneously become powerless and senseless. He credited your intelligence for something. For contrast, take the immortal work entitled Deadwood Dick of Deadwood; or, The Picked Party; by Edward L. Wheeler, a copy of which has just come to my attention again nearly thirty years after the time of my first reading of it. Consider the opening paragraph:

The sun was just kissing the mountain tops that frowned down upon Billy-Goat Gulch, and in the aforesaid mighty seam in the face of mighty Nature the shadows of a warm June night were gathering rapidly.

The birds had mostly hushed their songs and flown to their nests in the dismal lonely pines, and only the tuneful twang of a well-played banjo aroused the brooding quiet, save it be the shrill, croaking screams of a crow, perched upon the top of a dead pine, which rose from the nearly perpendicular mountain side that retreated in the ascending from the gulch bottom.

That, as I recall, was a powerfully long bit of description for a nickul librury, and having got it out of his system Mr. Wheeler wasted no more valuable space on the scenery. From this point on he gave you action—action with reason behind it and logic to it and the guaranty of a proper climax

(Continued on Page 49)

Apparently He Is Wearing the Costume in Which He Escaped From the Institution

ALL-WOOL MORRISON

By HOLMAN DAY

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"I Have Dared to Intrude Among the Mighty, Mister Mayor, in Order to Impress Upon You That Your Invitation to the Reception at Our Home This Evening Isn't Merely Extended to the Chief Executive of the City"

ON THIS crowded twenty-four-hour cross-section of contemporary American life the curtain goes up at nine-thirty o'clock of a January forenoon.

Locality, the city of Marion—the capital of a state.

Time, that political throbbing, project crowded, anxious and expectant season of plot and counterplot—the birth of a legislative session.

Disclosed, the office of St. Ronan's Mill, in the city of Marion.

From the days of old Angus, who came over from Scotland and established a woolen mill and handed it down to David, who placed it confidently in the possession of his son, Stewart, the unalterable rule was that the Morrison entered the factory at seven o'clock in the morning and could not be called from the mill to the office on any pretext whatsoever, till he came of his own accord at ten o'clock.

In the reign of David the old John Robinson wagon circus paraded the streets of Marion early on a forenoon and the elephant made a break in a panic and ran into the mill office of the Morrisons through the big door, and Paymaster Andrew Mac Tavish rapped the elephant on the trunk with a penstock and only partially wakened from abstraction in figures he stated that "Master Morrison willna see callers till he cooms frae the mill at ten."

To go into details about the Morrison manners and methods and doggedness in attending to the matter in hand, whatever it might be, would not limn Stewart Morrison in any clearer light than to state that old Andrew, at seventy-two, was obeying Stewart's orders as to the ten-o'clock rule and was just as consistently a Cerberus as he had been in the case of Angus and David. He was a bit more set in his impassivity—at least to all appearances—because chronic arthritis had made his neck permanently stiff.

It may be added that Stewart Morrison was thirty-odd, a bachelor, dwelt with his widowed mother in the Morrison mansion, was mayor of the city of Marion, though he did not want to be mayor, and was chairman of the State Water Storage Commission because he wanted to be the chairman; he was by reason of that office in a position where he could rap the knuckles of those who should attempt to grab and exploit selfishly the people's white coal, as he called water power. These latter appertaining qualifications were interesting enough, but his undeviating observance of the mill rule of the Morrisons of St. Ronan's served more effectively to point the matter of his character. Stewart Morrison, when he was in the mill, was in it from top to bottom, from carder to spinner and weaver, from wool sorter to cloth-hall inspector, to make sure that the manufacturing principles for which All-Wool Morrison stood were carried out to the last detail.

On that January morning, as usual, he was in the mill with his sleeves rolled up. On his high stool in the office was Andrew Mac Tavish, his head framed in the wicket of his desk, and the style of his beard gave him the look of a Scotch terrier in the door of a kennel.

The office was near the street, a low building of brick, having one big room; a narrow covered passage connected the room with the mill. A rail divided the office into two parts.

According to his custom in the past few months Mac Tavish when he dipped his pen stabbed pointed glances beyond the rail and curled his lips and made his whiskers bristle, and continually looked as if he were going to bark; he kept his mouth shut, however.

But his silence was more baleful than any sounds he could have uttered; it was a sort of ominous canine silence, covering a hankering to get in a good bite if opportunity ever offered.

It was the rabble o' the morning—the crowd waiting to see His Honor the Mayor—on the other side of the rail. It was the sacrilegious invasion of a business office in the hours sacred to business. It was like that every morning. It was just as well that the taciturn Mac Tavish considered that his general principle of cautious reserve applied to this situation as it did to matters of business in general; otherwise the explosion through that wicket some morning would have blown out the windows. Mac Tavish did not understand politics. He did not approve of politics. Government was all right, of course. But the game of running it, as the politicians played the game—bah!

He had taken it upon himself to tell the politicians of the city that Stewart Morrison would never accept the office of mayor. Mac Tavish had frothed at the mouth as he rolled his r's, and had threshed the air with his fists in frantic protest. Stewart Morrison was away off in the mountains hunting caribou, on the only real vacation he had taken in half a dozen years—and the city of Marion took advantage of a good man, so Mac Tavish asserted, to shove him into the job of mayor; and a brass band was at the station to meet the mayor and the howling mob lugged him into City Hall just as he was, Mackinaw jacket, jack boots, woolen tam, rifle and all—and Mac Tavish hoped the master would wing a few of 'em just to show his disapprobation. In fact, it was allowed by the judicious observers that the new mayor did display symptoms of desiring to pump lead into the cheering assemblage instead of being willing to deliver a speech of acceptance.

He did not drop, as his manner indicated, all his resentment for some weeks—and then Mac Tavish picked up the resentment and loyally carried it for the master, in the way of outward malevolence and inner seething. The regular joke in Marion was built round the statement that if anybody wanted to get next to a hot Scotch in these prohibition times, step into the St. Ronan's Mill office any morning about nine-thirty.

Up to date Mac Tavish had not thrown any paper weights through the wicket, though he had been collecting ammunition in that line against the day when nothing else could express his emotions. It was in his mind that the occasion would come when Stewart Morrison would finally reach the limit of endurance and with the Highland chieftain's battle cry of the old clan, start in to clear the office, throwing his resignation after the gang o' them! Mac Tavish would throw the paper weights. He wondered every day if that would be the day, and the expectation helped him to endure.

Among those present was a young fellow with his chaps tied up; there was a sniveling old woman who patted the young man's shoulder and evoked protesting growls. There were shifty-eyed men who wanted to make a touch—Mac Tavish knew the breed. There was a fat, wheezy, pig-farm keeper who had a swill contract with the city and came in every other day with a grunt of fresh complaint. There were the usual new faces, but Mac Tavish understood perfectly well that they were there to bother a mayor, not to help the woolen-goods business. There was old Hon. Calvin Dow, a pensioner of David Morrison, now passed on to the considerately befriending Stewart, and Mac Tavish was deeply disgusted with a man who was so impractical in his business affairs that though he had been financially busted for ten years, he still kept along in the bland belief, based on Stewart's assurances, that money was due him from the Morrisons. Whenever Mac Tavish went to the safe, obeying Stewart's word, he expressed, *sotto voce*, the wish that he might be able to drop into the Hon. Calvin Dow's palm red-hot coins from the nippers of a pair of tongs. It was not that Mac Tavish lacked the spirit of charity, but that he wanted every man to know to the full the grand and noble goodness of the Morrisons, and be properly grateful, as he himself was. Dow's complacency was exasperating.

But there was no one in sight that morning who promised the diversion or the effrontery that would make this the day of days, to furnish the occasion for the battle cry which would end all this pestiferous series of levees.

The muffled rackelty-chackle of the distant looms soothed Mac Tavish. The nearer rick-tack of Miss Delora Bunker's typewriter furnished obbligato for the chorus of

Then She Looked Full Into Morrison's Face, All Her Woman's Honest Sympathy in Her Brimming Eyes. "But I Understand, Sir!"

the looms. It was all good music for a business man. But those muttering, mumbling mayor chasers—it was a tin-can, cowbell discord in a symphony. Mac Tavish honoring the combat code of Caledonia required presumption to excuse attack, needed an upthrust head to justify a whack.

Patrolman Cornelius Rellihan, six feet two, was lofty enough. He marched to and fro beyond the rail, his heavy shoes flailing down on the hardwood floor. Every morning the bang of those boots started the old pains to thrusting in Mac Tavish's neck. But Officer Rellihan was the mayor's major-domo officially, and Stewart's pet and protégé and worshiping vassal in ordinary. An intruding elephant might be evicted; Rellihan could not even receive the tap of a single word of remonstrance.

Aye, it promised only another day like the others, with nothing that hinted at a climacteric which would make the affairs of the mill office of the Morrisons either better or worse.

Then Col. Crockett Shaw marched in, wearing a plug hat to mark the occasion as especial and official, but taking no chances on the dangers of that unwonted regalia in frosty January; he had eartabs close clamped to the sides of his head.

Mac Tavish took heart. He hated a plug hat. He disliked Col. Crockett Shaw, for Shaw was a man who employed politics as a business. Colonel Shaw was carrying his shoulders well back and seemed to be taller than usual, his new air of pomposity making him a head thrust above the horde. Colonel Shaw offensively banged the door behind himself. Mac Tavish removed a package of time sheets that covered a pile of paper weights. Colonel Shaw came stamping across the room, clapping his gloved hands together as if he were as cold under the frosty eyes of Mac Tavish as he had been in the nip of the chill outdoors.

"Mayor Morrison! Call him at once!" he commanded at the wicket.

Mac Tavish closed his hand over one of the paper weights. He opened his mouth.

But Colonel Shaw was ahead of him with speech!

"This is the time when that fool mill rule goes bump!" The colonel's triumphant tone hinted that he had been waiting for a time like this. His entrance and his voice of authority took all the attention of the other waiters off their own affairs. "Call out Mayor Morrison."

"Haud yer havers, ye leckling loon! Whaur's yer een for the tickit-gillie?"

The old paymaster jabbed indignant thumb over his shoulder to indicate the big clock on the wall.

"I can't hear what you say on account of these ear pads, and it doesn't make any difference what you say, Andy! This is the day when all rules are off." He was fully conscious that he had the ears of all those in the room. He braced back. With an air of a functionary calling on the multitude to make way for royalty he declaimed: "Call His Honor Mayor Morrison at once to this room for a conference with the Hon. Jodrey Wadsworth Corson, United States senator. I am here to announce that Senator Corson is on the way."

Mac Tavish narrowed his eyes; he whittled his tone to a fine point to correspond, and the general effect was like impaling a puffball on a rat-tail file.

"If ye hae coom sunstruck on a January day ye'd best stick a sopped sponge in the laft o' yer tar-pail bonnet. Sit ye doon and speer the hands o' the clock for to tell when the Morrison cooms frae the mill."

The colonel banged the flat of his hand on the ledge outside the wicket.

"It isn't an elephant this time, Mac Tavish. It's a United States senator. Act on my orders—or into the mill I go myself!"

The old man slid down from the stool, a paper weight in each hand. "Only o'er my dead body will ye tell him in yer mortal flesh. Make the start to enter the mill, and it's my thocht that ye'll tell him by speeritual knocks or by tipping a table through a meejum!"

"Lay off that jabber, old bucks, the two of ye!" commanded Officer Rellihan, swinging across the room. "I'm here to kape the place straight and dacint!"

"I hae the say. I'll gie off the orders," remonstrated Mac Tavish. There was grim satisfaction in the twist of his mouth; it seemed as if the day of days had arrived.

"On that side your bar ye may boss the wool business. But this is the mayor's side, and the colonel is saying he's here to see His Honor. Colonel, ye'll take your seat and wait your turn!"

Mac Tavish and Rellihan by virtue of jobs and natures were foes, but their teamwork in behalf of the interests of the Morrison was comprehensively perfect.

"What's the matter with your brains, Rellihan?" demanded the colonel hotly.

"I don't kape stirring 'em up to ask 'em, seeing that they're resting easy," returned the policeman, smiling placidly. "And there's nothing the matter with my muscle, is there?" He gently but firmly pushed the colonel down into a chair.

"Don't you realize what it means to have a United States senator come to a formal conference?"

"No! I never had one call on me."

"Rellihan, Morrison will fire you off the force if it happens that a United States senator has to wait in this office."

The officer pulled off his helmet and plucked a card from the sweatband.

"It says here: 'Kape 'em in order, be firm but pleasant, tell 'em to wait in turn, and'—for meself—'do no more talking than necessary.' If there's to be a new rule to fit the case of senators the same will prob'ly be handed to me as soon as senators are common on the calling list." He put up a hand in front of the colonel's face—a broad and compelling hand. "Now I'm going along on the old orders and the clock tells ye that ye have a scant twinty minutes to wait. And if I do any more talking, of the kind that ain't necessary, I'll break a rule. Be aisy, Colonel Shaw!"

He resumed his noisy promenade.

Mac Tavish was back on the stool, and he clashed glances with Colonel Shaw with alacrity.

"There'll be an upheaval in this office, Mac Tavish."

"Aye! If ye make one more step towards the mill door ye'll not ken of a certainty whaur ye'll land when ye're upheaved."

After a few minutes of the silence of that armed truce Miss Bunker tiptoed over to Mac Tavish, making an excuse of a sheet of paper which she laid before him; the paper was blank.

"Daddy Mac!" Miss Bunker enjoyed that privilege in nomenclature along with other privileges usually won in offices by young ladies who know how to do their work well and are able to smooth human nature the right way. She went on in a solicitous whisper. "We must be sure that we're not making any office mistake, this being Senator Corson!"

"I still hae me orders, lassie!"

"But listen, Daddy Mac! When I came from the post office the senator's car went past me. Miss Lana was with him. Don't you think we ought to get a word to Mr. Morrison?"

"Word o' what?" The old man wrinkled his nose, already sniffing what was on the way.

"Why, that Miss Lana may be calling, along with her father."

"What then?"

"Mr. Morrison is a gentleman, above all things," declared the girl, nettled by this supercilious interrogation. "If Miss Corson calls with her father and is obliged to wait, Mr. Morrison will be mortified. Very likely he will be angry because he wasn't notified. I understand the social end of things better than you, Daddy Mac. I think it's my duty to take in a word to him."

"Aye! Yus! Gude! And tell him the music is ready, the flowers are here and the tea is served! Use the office for all owt but the wool business. To Auld Hornie wi' the wool business! Politeeks and socieety! Lass, are ye gone daffy wi' the rest?"

"Hush, Daddy Mac! Don't raise your voice in your temper. What if he should still be in love with Miss Lana, spite of her being away among the great folks all this long time?"

Mac Tavish was holding the paper weights. He banged them down on his desk and shoved his nose close to hers.

"Fash me nae mair wi' yer silly talk o' love, in business hours! If aye he wanted her when she was here at hame and safe and sensible, the Morrison o' the Morrisons had only to reach his hand to her and say, 'Coom, lass!' But noo that she is back wi' head high and notions alaft, he'd no accept her! She's nowt but a draft signed by Sham o' Shoddy and sent through the Bank o' Brag and Blaw! No! He'd no accept her! And now back wi' ye to yer tickety-tack! I hae my orders, and the Queen o' Sheba might yammer and be no the gainer!"

Miss Bunker swept up the sheet of blank paper with a vicious dab, and went back to her work, crumpling it. Passing the hat tree she was tempted to grab the Morrison's coat and waistcoat and run into the mill with them, dodging Mac Tavish and his paper weights in spite of what she knew of his threats regarding the use he proposed to make of them in case of need. She believed that Miss Lana Corson would come to the office with the others who were riding in the automobile. She had her own special cares and a truly feminine apprehension in this matter, and she believed that a certain strange young man, who was one of the guests at the reopened Corson mansion on Corson Hill, was a suitor, just as Marion gossip asserted he was. Miss Bunker had two good eyes in her head and womanly intuitiveness in her soul, and she had read three times into empty air a dictated letter while Stewart Morrison looked past her in the direction which the Corson car had taken that first day when Lana Corson had shown herself on the street.

And here was that stiff-necked old watchdog callously laying his corns so that Stewart Morrison would appear to be boor enough to allow a young lady to wait along with that unspeakable rabble; and when he did come he would arrive in his shirt sleeves, to be matched up against a handsome young man in an astrakhan topcoat! Under those circumstances what view would Miss Lana Corson take of the man who had stayed in Marion? Miss Bunker was profoundly certain that Mac Tavish did not know what love was and never did understand and could not be enlightened at that period in his life. But he might at least put the matter on a business basis, she reflected, incensed, and show some degree of local pride in grabbing in with the rest of Mr. Morrison's friends to assist in a critical situation.

And right then the situation became pointedly critical. The broad door of the office was flung open by a chauffeur. It was the Corson party.

Colonel Shaw was not in a mood to apologize for anybody except himself. He rose and saluted.

"Coming here to herald your call, Senator Corson, I have been insulted by a bumptious understrapper and held in leash by an ignorant policeman. They say it's according to a rule of the Morrison mills. I suppose that when Mayor Morrison comes out of the mill at ten o'clock, following his own rule, he can explain to you why he maintains that insulting custom of his and continues this kind of an office crew to enforce it."

Miss Bunker flung the sheet of paper that she had crumpled into a ball, and it struck Mac Tavish on the side of the head, which he bent obtrusively over his figures.

The old man snapped stiffly upright and distributed implacable stares among the members of the newly arrived party. He was not softened by Miss Corson's glowing beauty, nor impressed by the United States senator's dignity, nor won by the charming smile of Miss Corson's well-favored squire, nor daunted by the inquiring scowl of a pompous man whose mutton-chop whiskers mingled with the beaver fur about his neck; a stranger who was patently prosperous and metropolitan.

Furthermore, Mac Tavish, undaunted, promptly dared to exchange growls with Old Dog Tray, himself. The latter, none else than His Excellency, Lawrence North, governor of the state, marched toward the wicket wagging his tail, but the wagging was not a display of amiability. The politicians called North Old Dog Tray because his permanent limp caused his coat tails to sway when he walked.

"Be jing, I've been on the job here at manny a deal of a morn," confided Officer Rellihan to Calvin Dow, "but here's the first natural straight flush r'yal, dealt without a draw." He tagged the Corson party with estimating squints, beginning with the governor. "Ace, king, queen, John-Jack and the ten spot! They've caught the office this time, with a two-spot high!"

Mac Tavish played it pat!

"And 'tis the mill rule, it lacks twal' meenutes o' the hour—and the clock yon on the wall is richt!"

Thus referring all responsibility to the clock the paymaster dipped his pen and went on with his figures.

The governor cross-creased the natural deep furrows in his face with ridges which registered indignant amazement.

"You have lost your wits, but you seem to have your eyes! Use them!"

"It's the mill rule!"

"But we are not here on mill business!"

"Then it canna concern me."

"Officer, do you know what part of the mill Mayor Morrison is in?"

The governor turned from Mac Tavish to Rellihan.

"He is nae sic thing as mayor till ten o' the clock and till he cooms here for the crackin wi' yon corbies!" declared the old paymaster, pointing derogatory penstock through the wicket at the crows, who were ranged along the setteea.

Rellihan shook his head.

"Well, at any rate, go hunt him up," commanded His Excellency.

Rellihan shook his head again; this seemed to be an occasion where unnecessary talking fell under interdiction; for that matter Rellihan possessed only a vocabulary to use in talking down to the proletariat; he was debarred from telling these dignitaries to "Shut up and sit aisy!"

"A blind man, now a dumb man. Colonel Shaw, go and hunt up the man we're here to see!"

The colonel feigned elaborately not to hear.

"And finally a deaf one! Take off those eartabs! Go and bring the mayor here!"

Mac Tavish dropped from his stool, armed himself with two paper weights, and took up a strategic position near the door which led into the passage to the mill.

"Roderick Dhu at bay! Impressive tableau!" whispered the young man of the Corson party in Lana's ear, displaying such significant and wonted familiarity that Miss Bunker, employing her vigilance exclusively in the direction in which her fears and her interest lay, sighed and muttered.

The door of the corridor was flung open suddenly. The staccato of the orchestra of the looms sounded more loudly and provided entrance music. Astonishment rendered Mac Tavish *hors de combat*. He dropped his weights, and his lower jaw sagged.

It was the Morrison—breaking the ancient rule of St. Ronan's—ten minutes ahead of time!

II

ALL the Morrisons were upstickit chiels in point of height. Stewart had appeared so abruptly, he towered so dominantly, that a stranger would have expected a general precipitateness of personality and speech to go with his looks. But after he had closed the door he stood and stroked his palm slowly over his temple, smoothing down his fair hair—a gesture that was a part of his individuality; and his smile, though it was not at all diffident, was deprecatory. He began to roll down the sleeves of his shirt.

There was the repressed humor of his race in the glint in his eyes; he drawled a bit when he spoke, covering thus the Scotch hitch-and-go-on in the natural accent that had come down to him from his ancestors.

"I saw your car arrive, Senator Corson, and I broke the sprinting record."

"And the mill rule!" muttered Mac Tavish.

"It's only an informal call, Stewart," explained the senator amiably, walking toward the rail.

"And you have caught me in informal rig, sir!" He pulled his coat and waistcoat from the hooks and added, while he tugged the garments on: "So I'll say informally I'm precious glad to see old neighbors home again, and to know the Corson mansion is opened, if only for a little while."

"Lana came down with the servants a few days ago. I couldn't get here till last evening. I have some friends with me, Stewart, who have come along in the car to join me in paying our respects to the mayor of Marion."

Morrison threw up the bar of the rail and stepped through. He clutched the hand of the senator in his big cordial grip.

"And now, being out in the mayor's office, I'll extend formal welcome in the name of the city, sir." He looked past the father toward the daughter.

"But I must interrupt formality long enough to present my most respectful compliments to Miss Corson, even walking right past you, Governor North, to do so!" explained Stewart, marching toward Lana, smiling down on her. Their brief exchange of social commonplaces was perfunctory enough, their manner suggested nothing to a casual observer; but Miss Bunker was not a casual observer.

"She's ashamed," was her mental conviction. "Her eyes give her away. She don't look up at him like a girl can look at any man when there's nothing on her conscience. Whatever it was that happened, she's the one who's to blame—but if she can't be sorry it doesn't excuse her because she's ashamed."

Possibly Miss Corson was covering embarrassment with the jaunty grandiloquence that she displayed.

"I have dared to intrude among the mighty of the state and city, Mister Mayor, in order to impress upon you by word of mouth that your invitation to the reception at our home this evening isn't merely an invitation extended to the chief executive of the city. It's for Stewart Morrison, himself," ran her little speech.

"I hoped so. This word from you certifies it. And Stewart Morrison will strive to behave just as politely as he used to behave at other parties of Lana Corson's, when he steeled his heart against a second helping of cake and cream."

She forestalled her father. "Allow me to make you acquainted with Coventry Daunt, Stewart."

Morrison surveyed the young stranger with frank and appraising interest. Then the big hand went out with no hint of any reservation in cordiality.

"I'm sure you two are going to be excellent friends!" prophesied Lana. "You're so much alike."

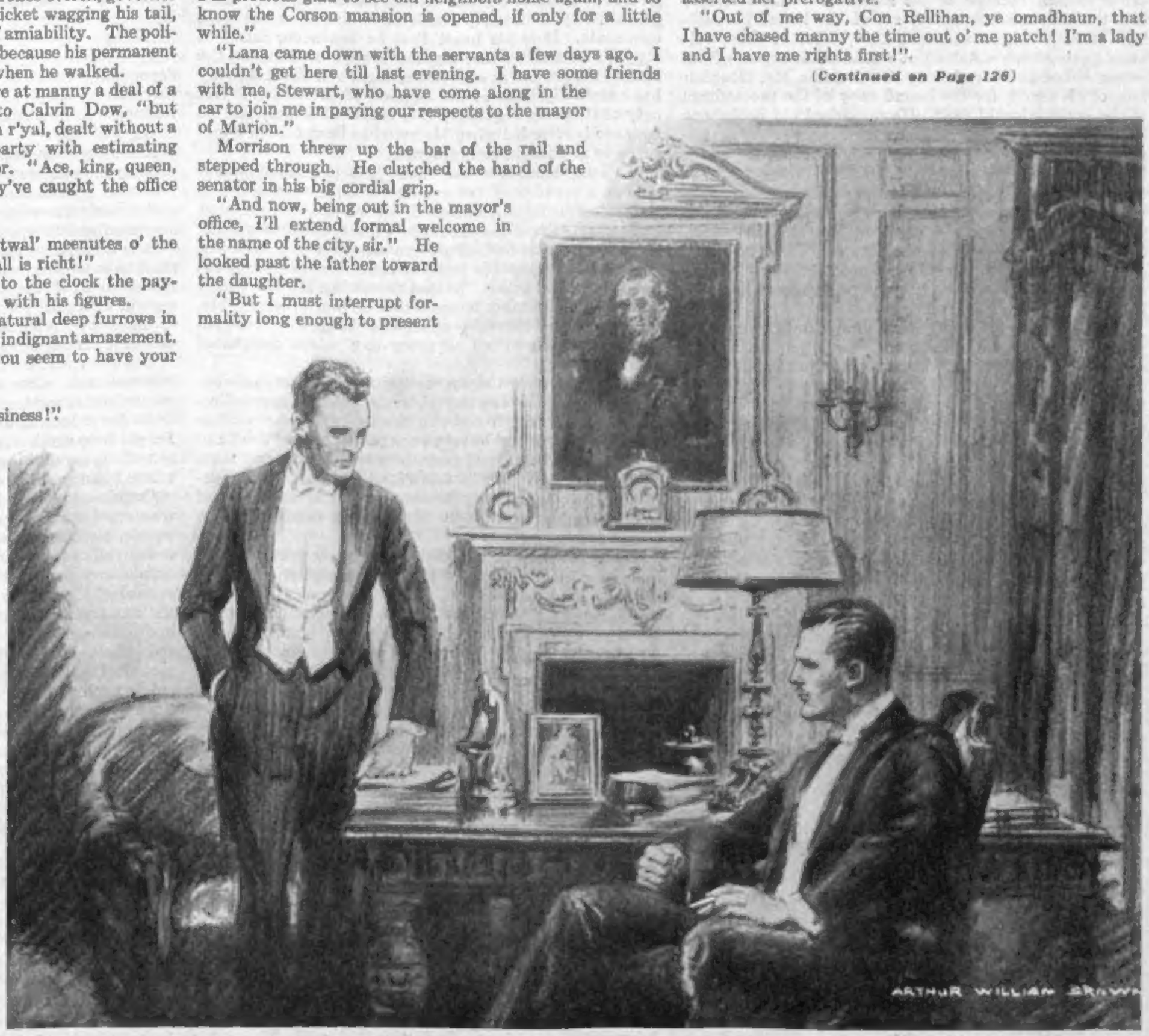
The florid giant and the dapper dark young man swapped apologies in a faint flicker of a mutual grin.

"I mean in your tastes! Mr. Daunt is tremendously interested in water power," Miss Corson hastened to say. "But father is waiting for you, Stewart."

So, however, was the sniveling old woman waiting! She had not presumed to break in on a conference with another of her sex—but when the mayor turned from the lady and started to be concerned with mere men the old woman asserted her prerogative.

"Out of me way, Con Rellihan, ye omadhaun, that I have chased manny the time out o' me patch! I'm a lady and I have me rights first!".

(Continued on Page 126)



"I Don't Ask You to Repeat Any Official Report. But Can You Tell Me What This People-Partners Thing Is?"

ANTHOLOGY OF POLITICIANS

By Samuel G. Blythe

DECORATIONS BY DOUGLAS RYAN

The National Committeeman

CHARLES P. HOOPTON is a successful and influential national committeeman. He never fails to secure a hundred or two more tickets to the national convention than are originally allotted to him, and since 1900 he has been able to obtain the appointment of from ten to twenty assistant sergeants-at-arms and ushers in excess of his quota for each quadrennial gathering.

Besides this, it is Mr. Hoopton's quiet claim that he has a collection of badges that is noteworthy, that he has never melted down any of the gold badges that came to him because of his status as committeeman, and that he has a complete set of the bound proceedings of each convention since 1860, some of these volumes having been obtained at considerable expense from sellers of old and rare books. On occasion Mr. Hoopton tells of his search for the bound copy of the proceedings of the convention of 1868. He ransacked old bookshops in Chicago and other cultural centers, remaining implacable in the search until he found a copy, for which he paid the high price of $1.75. He says, modestly, that expense meant nothing to him when it came to making this collection complete, because he paid $1.25 for the 1884 proceedings, slightly worn, but in fair condition. Also, he has enriched the libraries of his state with copies of convention proceedings since 1900, when he went on the committee, even paying the postage on these gifts himself.

Mr. Hoopton participates thus prominently in national politics for "the love of the game," as he puts it himself, and because he is convinced that it is the patriotic duty of every good citizen to have a hand in the public affairs of the country. When he was a younger man he noted several administrative positions in which he felt quite sure he could be of great value to his community and his state, disregarding the monetary end of it entirely, though these positions, being elective, were also salaried.

Unfortunately, owing to party dissensions and other disturbing causes, Mr. Hoopton, though he was highly respected in his state, was never elected to any office to which he aspired, and decided, after his sixth attempt to place his name on the roster of the state's servants, that republics are ungrateful and that his business required his strict attention.

However, he did not lose his interest in politics, and having prospered to a considerable degree, owing to a combination in restraint of trade which he formed for the development of the resources of his state—with some assistance from the legislature and from the governor, no less a patriot than Mr. Hoopton himself, and a stockholder—Mr. Hoopton contributed conservatively to each campaign fund, and was frequently taken into conference by the leaders when the question of how to pay the deficits was uppermost.

By virtue of this long association the leaders came to know the sterling patriotism and high sense of party loyalty that actuated Mr. Hoopton, as well as his productive qualities.

In the incendiary campaign of 1896 Mr. Hoopton refused to be led by false gods away from his lifelong allegiance, and contributed ten thousand dollars in cash to his party's exchequer, intimating that the only reward he required or asked for his contribution was his own knowledge of a patriotic duty ungrudgingly performed, and his selection as national committeeman. Inasmuch as the selection of a national committeeman was in those days a matter exclusively within the gift of the leaders and required no submission to the votes of the people, the leaders felt it incumbent on them to gratify this ambition of Mr. Hoopton's, making the single stipulation that he should double his annual contribution. This, as a matter of patriotism, Mr. Hoopton was only too glad to do, and he was elected to this dignified and honorable and influential post.

It is not too much to say that Mr. Hoopton, during his service as national committeeman, has exercised a powerful authority in his party's national affairs, as well as in his own state. It is his boast that he has never failed to attend a committee meeting, has always been among the first on the ground at convention time, and that his proxy has constantly been at the disposal of the leaders. Not only that, party regularity is a fetish with him, and no instance is recorded when his vote has been cast in opposition to any formulated program.

His long experience has made him particularly valuable as a member of the committee on credentials, and he has never failed to demand, by voice and vote, that contesting delegations should be thrown out or admitted, as the leaders desired. Furthermore there has been but one occasion when his fealty could not be proved by his loyal individual action. At that time, when Mr. Hoopton's state was unalterably opposed to a certain program, Mr. Hoopton found himself unavoidably delayed by a sudden illness, and telegraphed his proxy to a patriot designated by the leaders.

His service makes him a marked figure at national conventions. Disclaiming any desire for personal aggrandizement, and content to serve in the ranks, the fact that in private conversation he refers to the leaders as "Joe" and "Bill" and "Tom" and casually observes, now and then, "Mike said to me" or "I told Pete," proves his participation in the conferences of the inner circle, astonishing and impressing his hearers with his deserved familiarity with the great.

Though it may be true that during three years and six months of each four years Mr. Hoopton's active service consists in receiving and filing communications from the secretary of the committee, he is always spoken of as National Committeeman Hoopton in the local press and assumes even added importance when convention time approaches.

Always reliable and regular, there have been occasions when the leaders have allowed Mr. Hoopton to attend conferences, and he frequently has been accorded the privilege of subscribing to the funds of the committee when expenses have outrun receipts. He is known to his colleagues as "Good Old Hoopie" and is wont to say that "Orders are orders" and that it would be party treason not to take and execute them.

Upon one occasion the big boss as a mark of his confidence in and esteem of Mr. Hoopton allowed Mr. Hoopton to journey to California, at his own expense, to report on certain conditions there; and in several instances Mr. Hoopton has entertained, at his own home, visiting presidential candidates of his party in ante-election campaigns, and has invariably called their meetings to order in a few well-chosen words.

Several years ago the President himself, when swinging round the circle, used Mr. Hoopton's automobile for one hour and fifteen minutes during his visit to Mr. Hoopton's city, though Mr. Hoopton himself rode in the sixth car in the parade. Owing to his long service, great popularity and sturdy partisanship Mr. Hoopton has been honored this year with a place on the committee on arrangements. He has already made a dozen trips across country, at his own expense, and to him has been confided the important work of seating the alternates.

Mr. Hoopton expects to add at least one hundred badges to his celebrated collection this year.

The Producer

THERE is no closer or more astute student of the economics of national politics as applied to finance than Mr. John J. Beegin, the well-known captain of industry. Mr. Beegin has long been of the opinion, sturdily held, that high finance and national politics are closely allied, interdependent, indeed, and has operated along those lines. It has been his constant endeavor to bring the forces of big business into close and harmonious relations with the forces of big politics.

Mr. Beegin contends that the true prosperity of the country depends on the close and corporated control of its resources by the capable few, rather than the scattered and noncohesive use and usufruct of those resources by the scattered and inexperienced many.

It is a source of constant annoyance to him that there shall be exhibited from time to time in the political representatives of the two great parties at Washington a certain disregard for this tenet, and a certain disposition to make this corporated control of the country more difficult than it need be.

However, Mr. Beegin, inasmuch as he is essentially a business man, views these manifestations with some tolerance and as evidences that in some quarters in politics there is not lacking a modicum of business acumen. Mr. Beegin long ago learned the futility of attempting to get something for nothing, and is always ready to do business where business is to be done.

Convinced as he is that his theory of government is the wise one for all the people, and especially for all his own people, Mr. Beegin naturally feels that if attention is paid to such affairs at their source the result cannot fail to be satisfactory provided the goods are delivered; and it is typical of his single and earnest devotion to the needs of the country, as he views them, that he wisely leaves nothing to chance.

In short, Mr. Beegin in addition to being a great business man is also a prudent business man, and never fails to avail himself of every avenue of approach and stabilization. For that reason Mr. Beegin is usually housed luxuriously, albeit somewhat unobtrusively, in each convention city; and though he may not be seen about the hotel lobbies or in the conference rooms he is none the less not without his influential aspects. Though he retains a firm grasp on his check book he can always make certain guaranties in case his wishes as to candidates and platforms are carried out.

Mr. Beegin feels that inasmuch as men of his stamp have made the country what it is they should have the privilege of dictating what the country shall be, but that that dictation, if worth having, is, of course, quite worth paying for.

It is incomprehensible to Mr. Beegin that there should be hesitation or quibbling over the right of his interests to be conserved and protected adequately in all legislative and administrative matters, and he only seeks what he feels to be their just prerogatives when dealing for the instrumentalities for that protection. He is at a loss to

understand the attitude of the public toward men of his stamp.

Mr. Beegin was never more shocked in his life than by a ribald reporter at a convention where he was unobtrusively using his influence against a certain objectionable candidate.

"What are you doing here?" asked this irresponsible and irreverent reporter, who, much to Mr. Beegin's annoyance, encountered him one day.

"I am here," Mr. Beegin replied, "to defeat So-and-So."

"You are against him?"

"Yes! Unalterably."

"Pish-tush," said the reporter. "You'll never defeat him by being against him. The only way you can defeat him is by being for him."

However, Mr. Beegin, though it was not generally bruited about, early secured retired quarters, but expensive, at both Chicago and San Francisco this year.

The Boss

PHIL BEASLEY is the boss. His word is law. He sits in a rear room of his suite at the convention city, and confers and decides. He weighs all propositions brought in to him, figures on the strength of various candidates, dictates platforms, deals and dickers with delegations, makes promises, moves his forces about strategically, is variously an opportunist or a dictator, and never fails to take what he can get when he cannot get what he wants to take.

Phil Beasley is kowtowed to and obeyed. He holds his position by virtue of his reputed skill as a politician, his wide knowledge of national affairs, his understanding of the trends of thought among the people, his ability to compromise and escape being compromised, his force, his crafty domination.

Phil Beasley determines on candidacies, defines issues, puts down policies. He yields here, opposes there, controls everywhere, so it is said, and always has the determining word. He is a national figure. He is followed by millions of voters, either consciously or because of party affiliations and party loyalty. He is a great man.

Phil Beasley is a fake, and no one knows it better than himself. He is not a national figure. He is a local figure. His interest is not in the good of the party nationally, nor in the good of the country. Phil Beasley's sole determining, actuating impulse, in everything he does, is the maintenance of his state organization, and his control of it, and all the politics he plays is for that personal purpose; because without his state organization he would be nothing nationally. Phil Beasley is, apparently, a strong, virile, commanding figure. Phil Beasley, in reality, is haunted of nights with thoughts that someone may take his state organization away from him, or the city organization he dominates; and everything he does, plans, predicates or proposes is set forth to help maintain himself. He is provincial as a hill-billy and selfish as a usurer.

And every boss is a Phil Beasley.

The Booster

SIX months before convention time Hiram K. Goofus begins telling the folks at home just who will be nominated, and why.. Also, how important to the fortunes of this candidate of his choice it is for Hiram K. Goofus to be at the convention, well in advance of its assembly, in order to help along the good work.

Hiram K. Goofus was an almost-delegate at the convention of 1904. One of the alternates loaned him his badge and he sat right on the floor, among the alternates, during the memorable session when the Hon. Platt I. Tude spoke for three hours on the necessity of maintaining his party in power. Hiram agreed with this speech. He had hopes of getting a job if said party was maintained in power.

Hiram's hands are large and red and have indurated palms. They can be thrown into high for applauding purposes without recourse to the intermediate gears. Hiram once stood on a chair in the gallery, where he had access because he knew a doorkeeper, and cheered his favorite candidate for forty-seven minutes by the clock, desisting only because he inadvertently swallowed one of his tonsils and was thus rendered speechless. Hiram always spoke of this in his home town as the time he stood right out on the front of the stage and led the cheering for his peerless leader.

He arrives at the convention town about six or seven days before the convention opens, securing a room in the outskirts of the city, but remaining constantly in the lobby of the chief political hotel for twenty hours each day; and, on exciting days, for twenty-four. He visits the headquarters of his candidate and gets as many badges, buttons, pennants and other insignia as they will give him, and decorates himself from top to toe. He squirms in and out through the crowd and at set intervals bellows: "What's the matter with McSwatt?" and replies to his own inquiry by bellowing again: "He's all right!" He keeps this up from six A. M. until six A. M. if anybody else is about at all. He butts into the center of those little groups of men that gather, dissolve and gather again during convention times, and waves his pennant in their faces. "That's the guy," he roars. "That's the guy—McSwatt! He'll win in a walk—in a walk. What's the matter with McSwatt?"

He rushes from headquarters to headquarters, stuffs his pockets with literature and accumulates every badge he can. He looks up the correspondent of his local paper and gives him hot tips of what the big fellow said to him, and how Alabama will switch to McSwatt after the first ballot. If he can cadge a ticket or an usher's badge, and he pesters his state leader unceasingly for one or the other, he goes early to the convention and stays late. He howls himself to a quivering pulp before the proceedings have advanced half an hour, but his hands hold out, and he applauds lustily every time there is a chance and many times when there is no chance.

He is in hard luck this year because the bars are closed. Hiram K. Goofus, good as he was elsewhere, was always going at his strongest and most raucous best in a bar about two A. M. Often Hiram did not succeed in getting into the convention at all until the day they nominated the Vice President, but always he could get into a bar somewhere, and almost always some heavily bourboned patriot would buy. Hiram never failed to horn into the most promising bunch lined up and, being a most adaptable person, always modestly took a little of the same in order that no undue attention might be called to himself; this being the one time that he desired to make no noise until after the check was paid.

The Celebrity Who Writes

I. I/MEE, the celebrated celebrity who has been engaged at an almost prohibitive expense—almost, but not quite—to interpret the convention for the millions and millions who read his other stuff, arrives about three days before the convention opens, and is disconcerted, not to say amazed, to discover that the band that begins blaring when his train pulls in has not been sent there by the national committee to greet and welcome him, but is there to escort uptown some mere state delegation or marching club. His coming has been well advertised. The reaction is disagreeable. He resolves to speak to his syndicate manager about it.

As soon as he is installed in his hotel he summons his syndicate manager and mentions the matter. The syndicate manager is apologetic. It shall not happen again. Thus appeased, the celebrity asks about his seat in the convention. Undoubtedly he will be placed in the front row on the platform, where he can see, and also be seen. The syndicate manager regrets that that is quite impossible, the front row on the platform being reserved for national committeemen and other party chiefs, an archaic arrangement, but customary. Mr. Mee asks quite acidly if the men who made the seating arrangement know who he is. The syndicate manager sidesteps by saying that, whether or not, the great throbbing public who consume his books and flock to the movies made therefrom know who he is; and the situation is saved temporarily.

Presently Mr. Mee walks out to gather material for his articles. Though it is quite true that he has never seen a national convention, and has no knowledge of politics or government, or acquaintance of politicians, he has no doubt that there will be a finality about what he will say because the leaders will hasten to impart authoritative information to such a celebrated person as himself. Also his reactions and reflexes and emotions will be valuable; and his interpretation of the psychology of it illuminating and helpful.

Besides, as he lives in New York he is in close touch with the thought of the 104,000,000 Americans who do not live there, naturally.

Mr. Mee finds himself in a corridor where doors are placarded with the names of various candidates. He sees men hurrying in and out these doors and hears cheers and shoutings that carry the name of one or another of them in the lobby and streets below. Some of the names of the candidates are vaguely familiar to him. He has heard of one or two of them before. Indeed a paragraph in a daily paper about the Hon. Pericles K. Blivens arrested his attention only a few days ago when he was looking for some important information about himself he had sent to the editor.

He feels that it would not be inappropriate to enter the Blivens headquarters and confer on Mr. Blivens the distinction of a conference with himself; and he enters. Mr. Blivens, it appears, is closeted with his campaign manager, but a polite and obsequious young man wearing a Blivens button receives him cordially and has full appreciation of his celebrity. This polite young man explains fully how it is impossible that any person other than Blivens will be nominated, and supports his claim by showing Mr. Mee—in strict confidence of course, but for discreet publication possibly—a statistical table wherein it is incontestably proved that Mr. Blivens will gain the nomination on the first ballot. Indeed he allows Mr. Mee to have a copy of these figures, as a tribute to his celebrity. No one else could get them, he assures Mr. Mee.

When conditions for interpretation are in exact temperamental accord with Mr. Mee he produces his first interpretation for his millions of readers, which begins in this wise: "I am here. I have mingled with the crowds. I have seen the vast turmoil and I shall now interpret for the people. I have discovered what all others have failed to discover. I have analyzed the subtle psychology of the clamoring mass. I have found the motive that underlies it all. I have done this myself. I have listened and smiled indulgently at the crude raucousness of it all, and I have separated the kernel of truth from the whirlwinds of chaff. That truth is Pericles K. Blivens. I speak by the card. I communicate this to my readers. I say that Blivens is the man of the hour. Blivens ——"

Next day, just as Mr. Mee is about to interpret the Blivens movement again, his syndicate manager appears, in his hands a sheaf of telegrams. All the telegrams are

(Continued on Page 173)

SLIPPERY METAL

By Holworthy Hall

ILLUSTRATED BY MARSHALL FRANTZ

NOW if ever the spirit of Reginald Boulton comes to the gate which good Saint Peter keeps, the saint may need the balance of eternity to weigh the facts and then to enter judgment. In the meantime Reginald Boulton has been often judged on earth, and the majority of his fellow citizens have turned down their thumbs. Before the court of public opinion, however, he has never been arraigned except as Reginald Boulton; while on the docket of the infinitely high tribunal the same man will be found listed under two different names, of which the earlier is Abraham Levinsky.

At the age of ten Levinsky was selling papers in front of the Citizens Bank at the corner of Main and Front Streets in a little city west of Cincinnati, and whenever he saw the president of the bank he used to stare at him and envy him and hate him. And yet Levinsky gave him a grudging admiration, too, for the period was the hidebound eighties, when even a man like Mr. Griffin was discussed in sewing circles, and indirectly criticized from the pulpit itself, for driving a fast trotting horse on Sunday.

Levinsky didn't know what was said by the minister or by the ladies' auxiliary, but he did know that to drive a standardbred on Sunday was supposed to mortgage one's soul to the very devil. It went with playing euchre for money and holding up trains and all that sort of thing, and Levinsky simply couldn't withhold his fascinated admiration from any man like that. No boy could.

One sultry afternoon in August, just as the gas-plant whistle roared for five o'clock, Mr. Griffin came out to the sidewalk and found young Abraham neatly blocking his path.

"Wuxtry!" shrilled Abraham through his nose. "Wuxtry! All about the big bank rob'ry! Wuxtry!"

The banker paused, alert.

"What's that?"

"Wuxtry! All about the big bank rob'ry! Wuxtry!"

Mr. Griffin drove a fast horse on Sunday, but he still believed in the universal brotherhood of man. He smiled down at the sharp, intelligent, unwashed face.

"Why, my boy," he said, "I read that paper two hours ago! There ain't any bank robbery in it at all." He continued to smile disarmingly. "I suppose if I was a grocer you'd have said 'Big grocery store burned down,' or something like that, now wouldn't you?"

Abraham grinned straight up at him.

"Aw, beesness is rotten," he said. "I ain't only sold four papers all afternoon."

Mr. Griffin put his hand on Abraham's shoulder.

"Suppose I'd bought that paper, how much money would you have made? A cent?"

"Ayop."

A trite old proverb sat on Mr. Griffin's tongue, but he saw the farce of preaching honesty on a penny basis to a small ragamuffin with torn breeches. Nevertheless, he felt that he had come face to face with a civic responsibility.

"What do you do with your money, my boy?"

"Aw, my name ain't Rothschild—it's Levinsky."

"What's the rest of it—Abie? Well, Abie, there's some people in this world that never have to say business is rotten. Do you know who they are?"

Abraham's wink was flippantly confidential.

"Sure, Mike! It's bankers."

"That's pretty near right. Do you know why? Bankers have money to lend, and they get interest for it. Do you know what interest is?"

"Say," said Abraham with humorous indulgence, "vat do I look like? Like I rode in town on a load of hay?"

Mr. Griffin was disconcerted, but he wouldn't retreat.

"Well, you can be kind of a banker all by yourself whenever you've got a mind to. Suppose you save up a dollar and put it in my bank—lend it to me, in other words—why, then every year I'll pay you four cents interest.

"That's as much as you've made so far this hot afternoon. And when you've saved up enough, and you're getting paid four cents interest every year for every dollar you saved—why, business wouldn't ever seem rotten again, now, would it? All shrewd men do that so they won't ever have to do any work after they get old. What do you want to be when you grow up, Abie?"

He Knew Then, as He Knew Forever After, That the Next Ten Seconds Carried Her Soul Among the Stars

"A banker," said Abraham instantly, and Mr. Griffin was pleased by the effect of his teaching. He had quite forgotten his own analogy of the grocer.

"Then you've always got to be honest so everybody'll trust you and put all their money in your bank." He took Abraham by the arm. "Just come here a minute," he said.

When the boy emerged he held in his hand a passbook with Abraham Levinsky written large, with ornate flourishes, on the cover. Within there was evidence of the deposit on August 4, 1884, of the sum of one dollar.

"And as soon as you've saved up two dollars and a half," Mr. Griffin had said, "I'll put the same amount to it, and that'll make five. And then you'll be started on the right road to get rich. But don't let's have any more make-believe bank robberies, my boy! Be honest and thrifty, and you'll always have money and never get in any trouble. And one of these fine days, the first thing you know, why, you can afford to have your horses and your carriages, too, just like me."

Abraham, clutching the passbook to his skinny chest, stared after his benefactor and no longer hated him. His immediate sensations included bewilderment and joy, and also a certain tolerant contempt which was purely racial.

"Vy, the poor old sucker!" said Abraham Levinsky.

Five years later, when he heard the voice of the metropolis a-calling, he had a hundred and fifty dollars to his credit. With this, and against his patron's best advice and argument, he set his face determinedly to the east, and held the trail until he came to Broadway. There his compatriots made him call boy in a cheap theater and gave him for wages a trifle more than nothing at all a week; but Levinsky had absorbed a rigid principle, so that every Saturday at lunch time he carried his germ-laden tribute to a savings bank.

He was keen and energetic, and he never allowed his employers to overlook him. By the end of his third year he had squirmed himself into the private office as general factotum, and when he went out to take the air, which was seldom, he wore his checked waistcoat and his pimples and his glass-amethyst scarfpin with as much presumption as though he had been born on Hester Street.

In the beginning he sent off an occasional letter to Mr. Griffin, but when the answers came they baffled him. At home, in a city of one-night stands and negro minstrels, Mr. Griffin had appealed to Levinsky as a very devil of a fellow, ready to gamble on a moment's notice with his chances of salvation and to whip up the Sunday trotter as he passed the parsonage. But Mr. Griffin, measured by the larger standards of New York, was ridiculously puritanical. He reminded Levinsky that boys who smoke cigarettes are sure to become fiends and die in the insane asylum. He mentioned the historical fact that many a promising young man had taken his first downward step when he went to see Mazeppa or The Black Crook and had ended a nefarious career in the penitentiary. He urged Levinsky to attend church and to associate only with churchgoers and to sign the pledge. He urged him to be poor if necessary, but to find a respectable occupation, and above all he urged him not to pursue the sudden intention of changing his name and affronting his forefathers.

"Be proud of them," he wrote, "and you'll have a better reason to be proud of yourself."

Levinsky bristled at the criticism.

"Proud of a bum peddler and maybe a couple pants makers?" he inquired of his urgent conceit. "Well, not on your tintype!" And as far as his visiting cards were concerned he became of purest British ancestry.

He ceased to write to Mr. Griffin; and Mr. Griffin, when he had composed a few more essays on conduct, stopped writing also. After that Levinsky gradually forgot the man and the little city and all the futile past. The past belonged to Levinsky, but the future belonged to Mr. Reginald Boulton, who planned to remold the world according to his heart's desire.

From the cheap theater, where he had gathered priceless experience, he moved upward to a second-rate stock company and added to his versatility. From the stock company he graduated to a decent music hall as junior in command, and from the music hall he was summoned at length to become the least important representative of the great Imperial Syndicate. From that date he knew that his success was merely a matter of working and waiting and keeping both eyes open, and both hands tightly closed.

He was handicapped by few of the nicer sensibilities, and he never forgot that a dollar has four children every twelvemonth. When Opportunity gave her timid knock at his portal Boulton was prepared to say "Come in," and then as she crossed the threshold to stun her with the sandbag of his ready capital and to make her his slave. He picked up a bargain in the lease of an inferior theater and he blossomed out as an independent and also an inferior producer. After a few lean years, however, he put on a very leggy girl-and-music show which played a golden season to capacity, so that he began to carry loose diamonds in his waistcoat pocket.

At forty he had built his own playhouse, invested heavily in the motion-picture industry and turned conservative in dress and manner. When he was forty-five, with an unbroken record of success behind him, there lived no man in all the universe who had a greater pride in his own achievement or a greater embarrassment in his own origin. To all his later acquaintances he pretended that he was born Gothamite, well-to-do and Christian, and he got away with at least two-thirds of the catalogue.

His secretary brought to him one morning a letter and a beribboned manuscript in longhand.

"Here's something you might want to answer personally. It's by a woman who says she used to know you."

Boulton looked up from his press agent's description of a new soprano with the most symmetrical underpinning on the musical-comedy stage.

Boulton Assembled His Company and Laid Down the Law to Them. He Threatened Them, He Pleaded With Them; Finally He Bribed Them

"Who's it from? Has anybody read it?"

"No, but it's the punkest of the punk. It's by—er—Eleanor Griffin."

"Eleanor Griffin? Who's she?" Boulton glanced at the date line, glanced over at the signature, lifted his eyebrows and motioned toward his secretary. "Maybe she's right," he said. "I'll look it over."

When the man had gone Boulton read a few lines of the letter and slowly put it down. He sat motionless for an instant, gazing into space, and what he saw was a little brick building at the corner of Main and Front Streets somewhere west of Cincinnati. Through the soul dust of more than three decades he could see the wicket of the savings department and the flaring side whiskers of the old clerk and the kindly smile of the president of the bank.

"Jim," the president had said, "it's after hours, but this is a special case. This young man is Mr. Abraham Levinsky and he wants to open up an account. Here's a dollar to start it off with."

Somewhat to his own astonishment, Boulton sighed. He came back to earth with a start and picked up the letter.

Dear Mr. Boulton: As you see, I haven't forgotten you. I was a little girl when you left, but father often pointed you out to me and told me you were sure to succeed. If you hadn't gone away so soon he was going to offer you a position in the bank.

When the bank was looted by the cashier in 1892 it ruined father and broke his heart. He died soon after. Since then I've been living with some distant relatives here. When I was ten one of our blooded horses ran away with me—that was before we lost our money—and hurt my spine, and I never get over it. That was just before the bank failed. I've been in bed ever since, so I've never been in a theater. Just the same, I've always been interested in it, especially because I understand the morals of it are perfectly terrible, when they ought to be an influence for good. I've often talked this over with our minister, and he agrees with me perfectly.

So I'm sending you my play. Of course you're familiar with all the old English dramas—I got them out of our library here—so you'll know that I got my title from the song Oh, Saturday Money is Slippery Metal from one of the best-known classics of a bygone age. The moral of my play is really beautiful, and it can't help but improve everybody who sees it, and most people will want to see it several times. It's about the soul wakening of the laboring classes, and most of it is absolutely true, as I can prove by competent witnesses.

I am sending it to you because I read somewhere that you never had a failure, and I hope you will send me a large payment as soon as possible. I need money very badly, and I can't be dependent any longer. It's a very unhappy situation. By return mail, if it's convenient for you. Nobody but our minister has read my play, but he's an educated man—A.B. and D.D.—and he says it is a beautiful sermon. Out here we think his opinions are worth a great deal. Perhaps you remember him at the First Baptist. He's very old now, but his mind is as clear as a bell.

I couldn't bear to have a single word of my play changed. I wrote it just as it came to me, and as you must realize from your own experience, it is almost sacred to me. I should like to have E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe act in it, because of what I have read about them, and dear Maude Adams for the hero's daughter—if she can play the piano—and William Gillette or Otis Skinner for the villain, and the rest I leave entirely to you.

Please tell me how much you pay for plays, and please send me the first payment as soon as you can. I am,

Respectfully yours,
ELEANOR MONTEITH GRIFFIN.

Boulton wanted to laugh, but humor was merged with introspection, and instead of laughing he found himself thinking. He was thinking of the past—of Mr. Griffin, the only man who had put out a hearty hand to him and given him money and taught him how to save it and spoken kindly to him every day for five years. Mr. Griffin had even taken him to ride twice behind the Sunday thoroughbred. On the second occasion there had also been present a dark-haired little girl, so eager with life and energy and explosive joy that her father had called her—let's see—it was a descriptive name—Bombshell! That was it—Bombshell. That was Eleanor. She was a cripple now, and a charge upon her relatives, and therefore she had written a beautiful sermon which she confidently expected that Boulton, the czar of the anatomical stage, would purchase from her for spot cash. Boulton's lips twitched.

"One of these fine days," her father had said to him, "the first thing you know, you can afford to have your horses and carriages, too, just like me."

Boulton's lips twitched, for the president had died insolvent, and a luxurious limousine was waiting at the curb for Boulton.

In advance he knew the utter hopelessness of the play, and when he undid the ribbons from the manuscript and a breath of lavender came floating to his nostrils he began to shake his head with stern, machinelike regularity. As he turned the pages at random and snatches of dialogue leaped out at him he added a scowl of pity for the author. But the author was Eleanor Griffin, the crippled and impoverished daughter of his first friend.

The sentimentality of his race was strong within him, and for the moment he yielded to it. He was seized by a generous impulse to run out to that little city west of Cincinnati to see what he could do for Eleanor Griffin, and he told himself that he was willing to do almost anything imaginable, except to produce her play.

He was interested to consider how Mr. Griffin's investment in him had turned out. Of the original fund which he had brought with him to New York, Mr. Griffin had contributed outright a scant fortieth, and that proportion of his present worth was more than fifty thousand dollars. Here Boulton's memory served up a picture of the window of the Citizens Bank with its gilded legend of capital and surplus.

Fifty thousand dollars had once seemed to him—and to Mr. Griffin—a royal figure. It had been the total capitalization of the Citizens Bank, and now it was only a scant fortieth of Boulton's wealth. He could devote that much to charity and never miss it. Of course there was nothing significant about the figures—they were merely amusing. But at any rate he would make a flying visit to the little town to see Eleanor. That is, he would think it over.

In the privacy of his bachelor apartment that night he read every word of the fragrant manuscript, and when the task was completed Boulton's mood was as blue as the ribbons which served for binding. Morosely he told himself that twenty-five thousand dollars would be a godsend to a crippled orphan, and he began to wonder whether, in view of all his engagements, he could go west before the middle of the summer. As he recalled certain of the passages he began to wonder if he could go at all. Then his eyes dimmed.

"Why, the poor little kid!" said Reginald Boulton softly. "The poor little crazy fool kid! And her papa went and died broke on her too."

He delayed his journey only long enough to complete by cable arrangements for the purchase of a Viennese operetta which he planned to describe in the billing as a bedroom farce with living-room music and to put on for the delectation of the tired business man in hot weather.

A building boom had pulled the sky line out at both ends until it suggested the teeth of a broken comb,

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"So I Ask You to be Big and Broad-Minded, and Remember When the Boot Was Pinching on the Other Foot"

MADE OVER

By KATE JORDAN

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

THE city seemed to have slipped into some smoky, sound-deadened abyss. It was the very worst fog of a bad winter. Mrs. Critchley had no idea where the cab was taking her. From her experience as an American of various periods of residence in London she trusted in the driver as she had come to trust in the bobbies on street corners. Both seemed born with a fog instinct unshared by the bewildered stragglers who hugged the houses for direction; or they seemed to receive tips from some arcanum in the sense-benumbing mists, just as a few men on the Exchange would get mysterious notice when to buy some certain stock and—lucky beings!—just when to get rid of it, leaving the herd who still held it to flounder on to disaster.

This last thought brought the memory of recent losses very clearly before her, and her heart grew troubled. What a little fool she had been not to sell those Calcutta mining shares when her broker had advised her! A little fool trying to scoop in huge profits.

"Little pig!" she muttered.

Mrs. Critchley often called herself names this way, and always took the sting from them by prefixing the word "little." All her life this word had shielded her from the consequences of mistakes and quick temper. For she was a very small woman—adorably and consistently so from the top of her piquantly poised head to the feet that carried her blithely along in number one and a half slippers. And honest though she was to the core of her heart that no doubt was also diminutive, she not only had come to know the value of this pseudo childishness but instinctively she imposed on it, sure that one hundred and nine pounds of womanhood measuring just five feet would be forgiven what would be sneered at and punished in a woman who threw a shadow like a young tree and made a footprint not much smaller than a man's.

The cab crawled on with her. It seemed a cube made of mist. She could see nothing outside the panes but a floating ocean of cloud through which far-off shadows rushed and glints of variously hued lights rippled deep down. So with nothing to entertain her from without and the long journey from St. John's Wood to a certain narrow passage in the neighborhood of Regent Street, thoughts of herself and her life took imperative hold of her.

The reduction of her income through her American ignorance of the English market was not causing her personal pain or inconvenience. She needed less than a thousand pounds a year for the simple and tranquil existence that pleased her, and she had them in rock-bound United States securities. What regret she felt was for her daughter, Dorothea Burr, the child of her first husband, who would have just so much less as inheritance if untimely death should bear away her mother.

Mrs. Critchley liked the word "untimely" as, with a shudder that twitched her toes, a picture of herself in her coffin, nestling in gardenias, and bewitching then as always, passed across her fancy. For surely death was untimely at forty. She paused here on a detail. What years she had over this number she was really scarcely sure of, so energetically and continually was thought of them evaded. She let it go at that and gave a gentle sorrow to the reflection of her possible passing out of the world she loved at—well, at forty!

She wished she could leave Dorothea rich. She wished this just because she was overwhelmingly generous and enjoyed giving with both hands. For Dorothea made no special appeal because of helplessness. Big, deep lunged, healthy as a cowboy, clear brained, she was not one to be downed by circumstances.

"Unless," thought little Mrs. Critchley, and drew her moleskin-covered shoulders up squeamishly from her own imagination—"say a motor bus knocked her down and—mangled her. Not just lameness, for Dorothea could do more on two crutches than I could on four legs; but if she were—well, all smashed up—or blinded by something. Oh, then to have all the money I've lost, so she could pay for nurses and all that, would be nice!"

This thought did not persist. A motor bus impertinent and rash enough to dare to run down Dorothea so eluded imagination that Mrs. Critchley opened an ancient snuffbox that she had picked up in Rome, took a sugared violet from it and nibbled it in comfort.

Her thoughts easily slid away from her daughter, who for six months before the armistice had driven an ambulance near the Front, who previously had received a Paris diploma as an architect, who more previously when just out of a Geneva high school had for a while studied law and, her mother felt sure, could just as easily have opened a meat stall in Covent Garden and made it pay. Her own self—she, Deborah Critchley, called Debby, twice married, twice widowed, of more years than she had any use for—and that self's definite needs passed under her mind's scrutiny. This made her consult the large vanity case she carried, whose under lid was all mirror.

"I Suppose It Has Never Occurred to You That by Your Own Acts You Have Become a—Hybrid?"

Framed in glistening wispy hair that had the ruddy tints of nasturtiums—or henna—she saw a charming face of the permanently ingénue type. It had blemishes though; one was a dent like a thumb dig between the brows, the mark that bespeaks the nervous woman who through decades has frowned over the worrying questions of life; and the cheeks were sunk a very little from the contour of the chin, under which there was also a perceptible slackness.

Mrs. Critchley eyed dolorously these signs of wear and tear. Her bright head swayed over them.

"Why can't we just stay—fixed?" was her distracted demand of the air. "Why should we begin changing hideously until—say—we get to—well, to sixty? Nothing matters after sixty!"

Vigorous as this statement was, a shadow of doubt grew with it, made her eyes round and inquiring. Could it be that was her thought to-day because she was still a good stretch from that appalling milestone? Could it be that when she had reached sixty she would hate time's creases and puckers in her little face as much as she did at this moment, and maybe move the outposts of physical desirableness another ten years ahead—even twenty? She might.

What was that she remembered reading about Ninon de L'Enclos, who, when over seventy and as lovely as always, had refused to marry a wealthy French aristocrat of thirty?

And what was that story of a like ancestress of her own? Often during childhood in her Maryland home she had heard her father recount it with chuckles: How a grandmother of his in one of the hunting shires of England had never grown up. At seventy-five, a man's arm about her, she had danced the new audacious polka so wildly that the shocked débutantes, flat against the walls, had watched her with saucer eyes. At fox hunts she had ridden like a devil, her trailing skirt often torn from her and left behind on hedges, while in the short red flannel petticoat worn by all respectable women in those unenterprising days she had swept on to get the brush. This same fighting spirit had remained so strong as she neared death that with a sense of dramatic fitness for the closing act she had ordered from London a wig of guinea gold to be part of her funeral outfit.

"I know so exactly how the poor dear felt, I'm sure I take after her!"

Mrs. Critchley said this inwardly with the glow of a champion while rebellion against long-whiskered Time, always pictured in a sort of baggy nightgown and leaning his elbow on a silly, back-numbery scythe, grew heated.

"The day will come when the surgeon's knife will be allowed openly to aid our faces as well as our internal selves. Why not? Why shouldn't we be kept from changing into things that look like hickory nuts—when we don't want to change?"

After this she hardened and put away thoughts of inevitable old age, though they had the comfort through them of touching on a condition for her almost inconceivably remote. She munched another violet and sat back with closed eyes.

"I must get myself very peaceful and relax—relax," she thought; "or, even with all the bromide he'll give me, I won't be able to keep from giving jumps."

The cab rocked her so soothingly the motion seemed a boat's on gently disturbed waters. This sent her into a half dream where she saw swan-starred Lake Leman with the houses of Geneva, as white as the floating birds, facing it; she on a familiar balcony looking down upon it; with Mont Blanc's soft mound of snow, ethereal and remote against the pure blue, looking down on all. Oh, soon, soon, she would be back in that beloved spot, ravished by its beauty, but most of all holding to her its peace. Ah, that was best of all—peace! She fairly tasted this, drew it into herself as if it were a confection as material as the violet. Peace!

The cab was turning into Regent Street when she came back to reality. She was not aware of this, for the stretch

seemed a gully of smoke. A sense of locality told her, however, that she must be in that neighborhood and close to her goal. A moment later she felt herself brought to a pause and through the murk saw the man climb down from the box.

"Well, I've navigited you, miss," he called as he pulled open the door, his face a huge misted cherry between his hat and coat of oilskin, "and without one mistike!"

Mrs. Critchley could have hugged him for the "miss," though she remained conventionally demure. She stepped out gingerly while opening her purse.

"A very good job, driver, but are you quite sure you're right? I can't see a single thing."

"We can abaht see through a stone wall. This is the place, miss," he assured her. "But you'd better step in again and I'll tike you hup to the door."

"Oh, that won't be necessary." Through her lorgnon Mrs. Critchley had made out on the lamp-post the name of the narrow little byway she was seeking. "It's only a step. Here's the half crown I promised you for yourself."

"'K you, miss!"

The man was smiling as he clambered back to his box. Somehow this wide-eyed fluttering little passenger made him think of a rabbit venturing upon some reckless excursion.

As he drove off he added out of the freemasonry as often born of fog's bewilderment as of seasickness' disorganizing misery: "Keep your eyes abaht you now! I wouldn't be glad, miss—not arf—to 'ave you bunk into anythink!"

Mrs. Critchley gave him her brightest smile and entered the small street, wedged in like a French *impasse*. At the end of it a light above a door seemed a giant lens burning through a circle of purplish mist. This marked her destination. With small and careful steps she went toward it.

II

TWO hours later, veiled now in chiffon, Mrs. Critchley put her latchkey into the door of the charming St. John's Wood residence, where she always had exclusive lodgings whenever she stayed in London, and she did it in a way that was definitely stealthy. Her going in also had the silken secrecy of the furtive thing. The hall before her was just as she wished it to be—empty, save for a familiar face bent down from the top of the first flight of stairs, one that regarded her fixedly.

As the owner of it—an angular maidservant of about fifty—came down, it was revealed as a face that might be called unbalanced; so much more of cheek was on one side than on the other—an affair that with a pear's narrowness at the base spread into the rotundity of a huge onion, the whole wrapped in a bandage of flannel from which the acridity of liniment swept.

On felt-slippered feet the woman flashed to Mrs. Critchley, who had paused at the stair post to hold out mutely one imperatively appealing hand. She put her arm about her mistress and piloted her up to the front parlor. Through the stillness of the house they moved like ghosts, the caution holding until they were well within the room, the door leading to the hall closed.

Then Mrs. Critchley, who had dropped into an armchair as if some supporting rope had been jerked from her, emitted several murked little yelps of woe through her veil. In the meantime the maid was a whirlwind of energy. She darted to the table set with a tea service, and started the alcohol flame under the kettle, swooped to the fender to pick up a pair of inconsequent *mules* that warmed before a blaze of sea coal, and with these in her hands flashed back to Mrs. Critchley. On her knees before her mistress, who was a caved-in, muddled heap of fur turban, shielding veil, moleskin coat, limply held muff and vanity case, she began unbuttoning the boots on the feet that stuck out as if they belonged to a lifelike wax figure.

"There, there!" the woman cooed. "You'll feel better, dearie, when you've 'ad your tea. There, there!"

"Oh, Robinette!" came with a sniff through the veil.

"Was it so 'ard?" Robinette crooned.

"Dreadful!"

"'Urt you cruel?"

"No. The cocaine takes away all the—hurt. But oh, I felt so lonely there! No one to hold my hand—as he—stitched!"

"Wot a shame I couldn't 'a' been with you. This tooth of mine was a fair devil from the start. 'Hout it must come,' says the dentist to me, 'hif you're to escape sufferin',' he says. 'Hout with it, then,' says I, right on the dot, for I wanted to be well and strong for you in this 'ere hordeal to-day. An' then—wot 'appens?" she declaimed, the while briskly rubbing Mrs. Critchley's silk-stockinged foot between palms that were like flexible polished leather. "Why, the sufferin' only begins then. On my Bible oath, mum, I didn't know wot hagony was until after the measly tooth was lyin' in the 'ollow of me 'and, an' I could—so to speak—look it in its face." A sound of utter wretchedness burst from behind the chiffon.

"Oh, don't talk of it! I'm sick enough ——"

"Dear, dear, course y'are! I only wanted you to know that if this jawr o' mine 'adn't, with fair torture, seemed trying to strike twelve o'clock every minute, I'd 'a' been with you. An' I thought, too, dearie, that maybe 'earing of somebody else's misfortune might 'elp you to bear your own."

"Well, it doesn't," Mrs. Critchley said succinctly, and rising, still veiled, slowly wabbled on her *mules* into her bedroom.

Not long afterward she returned in a purple brocade robe, heavy with bands of gray moufflon. A boudoir cap edged with full ruffles was pulled down so far it covered her brows and all of her ears, leaving exposed only a diminutive circle containing eyes, nose and mouth. It had long lappets, and these were fastened high and shieldingly about her throat. The fur collar was also drawn up.

Seen now, tear-blurred and drowsy of gaze as from some drug, Mrs. Critchley's features were unlike what they had been in the cab. They presented a curiously flattened appearance. While submitting reposedly to all of Robinette's comforting attentions, what there was of her face seemed to emerge from the ruffles with an enamel-like surprise carved into it; the outer points of the eyes particularly contributed to this—dragged up on a slightly Mongolian slant, they seemed permanently astonished.

"Come close to me, Robinette." This was murmured after sips of the China tea had been taken in with hissing little breaths, the result of economy in lip exercise. "Look at me."

At the invitation Robinette wheeled about and bent her lopsided face close to what was now Mrs. Critchley. The awe in her intense interest had resemblance to what a layman might express if permitted a peep at the marvels and horrors of the dissecting room. When this had lasted some seconds her mistress allowed the faintest impatience to ruffle her changed oval.

"Well?" she demanded but without force, a well-oiled sound from a mouth whose movement was preciously conserved.

"Prodigious!" broke from Robinette on a gasp. "Fair takes me breath it does, mum, it's so flabbergastin'! Magnificent, I calls it!"

"One would think I was a cathedral—or Vesuvius in eruption," Mrs. Critchley commented caustically. "But I don't look—natural—of course. Do I?"

"No, mum. Speakin' the Gawd's truth you look onnatural. But that's only for the present. You know you'll come all right, dearie, once the stitches are taken out an' your face shakes down the least bit. Now you're sleepy. He give you the bromide, o' course, an' you're feelin' it."

Mrs. Critchley nodded, started an impulsive yawn, and checked it on a careful afterthought. Robinette's next words came as a shock as she stood very straight, one finger held up: "But you can't sleep—you dassent, mum!"

With an unmoving look of inquiry her listener allowed herself several lash flutterings to express surprise, as she said: "Eh?"

"Dassent, mum, is wot I say; an' you'll see why your own self when you 'ear wot I got to tell." Robinette was on her knees now. "A call come for you on the telephone, mum, soon after you left," she went on, a nervous swallowing showing among the tendons of her sallow throat. "It was—it was—Miss Dorothea speakin', mum."

"From—Paris?" This, after a Buddhalike fixedness, was a breath of unbelief.

"No, mum—not from Paris, mum. She's 'ere. She's 'ere in London; got in larst night; an' she's comin' in after dinner to see you."

During these words Mrs. Critchley had the effect to Robinette of slowly turning to iced gelatin: a pink-and-white mound of it on a purple-and-gray dish.

"To see you most particular, she said. And I thought she sounded—well, very queer indeed."

"How do you mean—queer?" the gelatin demanded.

"Hexcited, mum. Rushy, sort of! 'Sif she couldn't get her breath natural. Like she was." Robinette added on a sudden inspiration, "that day after you told her young Mr. Stringfellow had asked you to marry 'im, an' she got you to promise you'd refuse 'im."

(Continued on Page 56)

"It Doesn't Matter a Pin to Me How Sedate Your Tastes are for Your Age, Nor How Weak Your Heart May Be—I Shall Not Marry You"

NOBLESSE OBLIGED

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

"Prince Napolium—I Sho'ly Is Much Obliged to Meet Up With You"

FLORIAN SLAPPEY scrutinized the other negro approvingly. "Napolium," he remarked, "ev'y time I obse'ves you I has a new idea."

Mr. Beezly nodded his shiny head meekly. "Yassuh, Mistuh Slappey."

"In fac'," continued Florian, "when I looks at you it seems 'sif ideas is the on'y things I ain't got nothin' else but."

"Yeah. Ain't you tootin'?"

"I is. I is suttinly doin' that, Mistuh Beezly. I is speckilatin' reegahdin' yo' immedjit future."

"Ain't it the truth?"

"It sho'ly is. Now, lemme think by myse'f fo' a minnit."

Napolium Beezly nodded acquiescence and the dapper little fashion plate from Birmingham walked to the window of the dingy little room, where he stood gazing thoughtfully upon the dark seethe of traffic in South Rampart Street.

Napolium Beezly watched rather apprehensively. He was considerably awed by Florian's magnificence; frankly dazzled by the silk shirt, the immaculately pressed gray suit, the sporty straw hat, the silken hosiery and aggressive patent-leather shoes. And though Napolium was enormously flattered that Florian Slappey should find in him food for thought, he was nevertheless more or less frightened for fear those thoughts might result in a disruption of his placid cosmic scheme.

Napolium was supremely negative in type. He didn't claim his soul as his own because he wasn't at all sure of it. For three years he had existed in New Orleans, scraping along on odd stevedoring jobs, aloof from colored society, friendless, timid, bashful, retiring.

Suddenly Florian whirled. He had come successfully through the process of having an idea and his chocolate-creamy face was wreathed in a smile of triumph.

"Napolium," he quizzed, "you ain't got no frien's down heah in N'Yawlins, is you?"

"Nossuh. Nary one."

"N'r neither no relytives?"

"No kin n'r nothin'."

"Good job?"

"Once ev'y so often."

"Not now?"

"Nossuh."

"Them what does know you—they don' give much of a darn 'bouten you, does they?"

"How you know that, Mistuh Slappey?"

"You looks it." Florian paused, then: "You know I is from Bummin'ham?"

"Yassuh. I is hearn tell 'bouten you."

"Well, what you is hearn tell 'bouten me ain't even half of what I is. Mebbe so you don' know that I is a philandererpist, an'——"

"A—a—how much?"

"A feller which gits his happiness outen doin' other folks good."

"No?"

"Yeh. An', Napolium, I is fixin' to do you good!"

Napolium ducked. "I ain't astin' nobody to do me no good no time; a feller done that to me once an' I ain't gotten over it till yet."

"I is gwine he'p you whether you wan's to or not."

"I don' need no he'p."

"Huh!" Florian surveyed the other contemptuously. "As a man, you jes nachelly ain't! I is gwine do you a favor."

"I ain't gotten no money, Brother Slappey. Hones' ——"

"I ain't ast you fo' no money, is I?"

"No-o. But you mos' likely was fixin' to."

"I wa'n't fixin' to do nothin' of the kin'. N'r neither I ain't never gwine ast you fo' no money, on 'count I reckon it woul'n't be no use. Ise gwine he'p you—an' he'pin' wuthless fellers like'n to you is 'bout the fondes' thing I is of."

"Nossuh! Please ——" Napolium extended a pleading hand. "I reckon I is too wuthless fo' you to he'p."

"You mos' is, fo' a fac'. But not quite. An' not on'y is I gwine he'p you but I is gwine pay you fo' bein' he'ped besides."

"Huh?"

"Tha's which." Florian lowered his voice discreetly: "Napolium—how'd you like to be a prince?"

"A which?"

"A prince!"

"Who's him?"

"Who's him? Lis'en at you. Ain't you even know what a prince is?"

"No-o. Not prezac'ly. What he is?"

"He's a—a—a—well, he's a feller that w'en he marries a woman she gits to be a princess!"

Napolium fancied that Florian was attempting humor and it therefore devolved upon him as host to laugh. Wherefore he crinkled up the corners of his eyes, opened his lips and emitted a throaty roar.

"Haw-haw! You is the jokines' feller, Brother Slappey!"

Florian became a mite peeved. "Ain't jokin'."

"You talks thataway."

"Trouble with you, Napolium, you ain't know when a man is se'ious. Now I asts you, frank an' man to man, how you would like to be a prince?"

Napolium couldn't understand and remarked as much. "How come you to talk sech foolishment, Brother Slappey?"

"I is got a reason. You know"—he glanced at the other speculatively—"you woul'n't make sech a bad prince if'n you was dressed swell an' proper an' was to be teached sumthin' 'bout princin' befo' you tried the job."

"Huh. Never heard of no princes like'n to what I is."

"They is a heap of things you ain't never hearn of, Napolium. They ain't ary single thing that I know of to keep you from bein' a prince," Florian declared.

"'Ceptin' that I ain't one."

"Who says you ain't a prince?"

"Nobody says I ain't. But they ain't nobody says I is."

"What nobody says you is don' matter a-tall. It's on'y when they's sumthin' folks says you ain't that you hadn't oughter be it. If'n they ain't no one says you ain't a prince an' I says you is a prince—then you is a prince by a majo'ity of one vote. Ain't that right?"

"H'm!" Napolium scratched his head. Florian's logic was irrefutable. "You talks soht of convincin'."

"You is wuthless-lookin' enough," pursued Florian, "an' I un'erstan's you talks French, ain't it?"

"We-e-ell," answered the dazed Napolium honestly, "not prezac'ly."

"What you mean—not prezac'ly?"

"I talks French, but I don' know what I says when I talks it."

"Huh?"

"Y'see, I useter wuk with a cullud man fum the inside of Louisianny an' he di'n't talk nothin' but French, so tha's how come me to pick up the langwidge. I c'n make the same soun's he useter make, but I don' know what Ise sayin' when I does same."

Florian considered this phase of the question carefully. "Well, seems to me tha's the same as bein' a prince. They ain't ary cullud pusson in Bummin'ham gwine know what you is talkin' ain't French, so it's plenty good French fo' them."

"Says Bummin'ham?"

"Yeh."

"What I is got to do with Bummin'ham?"

"You is goin' there with me."

"Whaffo'?"

"Tha's where you is gwine begin yo' principleness."

"Oh!" Napolium thought it over for a while. "How come you to pick on me, Brother Slappey?"

"'Cause," returned Florian in all honesty, "you looks 'sif you was jes nachelly bohn to be puck on. An' you looks like you had li'l' enough sense to do what I says to do."

"H'mph! That depen's upon which you says do."

"I ain't gwine say nothin' which ain't easy. All you is got to do is to dress good, eat plen'y, don' do no wuk an' tell folks which bothers you to go to hell."

In the eyes of Mr. Napolium Beezly was born the faint light of interest. "Soun's like that job was made fo' me, Brother Slappey."

"It were—an' don' you never fo'git that I made it."

"I ain't. But—but—I ain't never be'n no prince befo'."

"Well," answered Florian sententiously, "it's a long worm which ain't got no turnin' an' they ain't no time like pretty soon to begin."

Napolium said nothing. For several minutes he repeated himself and then finally stammered forth a question: "C'n I ast you sumthin', Brother Slappey?"

"You c'n."

"Why you want I should be a prince?"

Florian hesitated, but only for a second. Then he seated himself on the edge of the rickety contraption which served the to-be prince as a bed and easy-chair. He extracted from the pocket of his beflowered waistcoat an imitation-silver cigarette case, from which he drew forth a Turkish cigarette. This he tapped delicately on a

well-manicured finger nail. He inserted it languidly between shiny teeth, ignited the end and inhaled a refreshing puff of the heavy smoke.

"They's a woman in it," he began.

"I knowed that," came the unexpectedly sage answer from Prince Napolium.

"H'mph! Tha's one thing you ain't got to do—know things. Anyway, they's a woman in it an' her name is Marshmallow Jeepers, an' what she ain't got in looks she is got in money. Funny, ain't it, Napolium, how kind the good Lawd is to folks. If'n he don' han' 'em one thing he han's 'em another.

"Now, Marshmallow was done dirt when it come to bein' pretty, but her pa up an' died on her an' lef' her eight cullud houses which brings in rents of mos' a hund'ed dollars a month, cash money.

"Co'se, havin' all that money, Marshmallow don' need no looks in order to have men wantin' to ma'y her. Now me, I ain't merchantnerry, but one time I was gwine git ma'ied fo' love an' it di'n't git me nothin', so this time I says to myse'f I should ma'y Marshmallow an' git her money an' I c'n stay away fum the house so much it don' noways matter how ugly she is."

"Ain't you tootin'?" interjected Napolium admiringly.

"I is. An' also they is another feller in Bummin'ham which wan's to ma'y Marshmallow. His name is Maximillion Anslum, an' Ise heah to tell you, Napolium, that when it comes to wuthless, no-'count shiftlessness, that Maximillion is 'bout the mos' shiftlessest thing what is. Fu'thermo' he is got money of his own. Now I is sayin' to you, Napolium, that it's bad enough a feller should ma'y a woman like Marshmallow when he ain't got any money of his own, but when he is got some an' is willin' to ma'y a woman like'n to what she is, then I says he's a plumb hawg.

"But bein' rich, Maximillion is soht of gotten the inside track over me fo' Marshmallow's han' on account he is got money to spen' on her an' I ain't. Co'se I is got enough to sen' her a few flowers an' a bag of candy oncet in a while, but him—he takes her ridin' in taxis an' sen's two dozen flowers ev'y couple of days an' big boxes of candy an' takes her to the theayters all the time; an' he is jes' nachelly dizzled her offen her feet an' they is danger that I is gwine lose out. Tha's how come I to git the idea of you bein' a prince."

Napolium looked up. "Says which?"

"I is gotten a li'l' money an' I is gwine inves' it in you, Napolium. I is gwine buy you a book 'bout Africy an' you is gwine read all 'bout African princes an' all what they does. Then I is gwine back to Bummin'ham by myse'f an' let on that I is met up with a ginuwine prince an' what good buddies we was. They ain't ary pusson gwine b'lieve me, an' then I is gwine gitten me a letter fum you sayin' that you is gwine come to Bummin'ham to visit me. An' ——"

Florian looped fingers in the armholes of his vest. "When the Prince Napolium gits to Bummin'ham an' buddies roun' with me, they's a heap of folks in that town, an' specially Miss Marshmallow Jeepers, which is gwine be glad they knows Florian Slappey which knows a prince. Ain't it the truth?"

Napolium admitted that it was the truth. But he denied ambition to royal blood. Florian then turned loose the floodgates of his persuasive logic. And finally Napolium capitulated to the influence of one hundred dollars in currency as forced into his hands by Florian.

That night Florian Slappey boarded the Southern for Birmingham, leaving a frightened and bewildered Napolium Beezly in the colored waiting room clutching in his right hand a frayed volume entitled Tribal Customs in Darkest Africa.

Napolium glanced miserably at the book. "It soun's fine when he tells it," soliloquized the unhappy scion of royalty, "but if'n I ever gits unprinced—oh Lawsy!"

"Tha's a War Club What You Uveter Kill Yo' Enemies With"

No matter what Florian Slappey may have lacked to make him a valuable member of Birmingham's colored community, he was there seven ways from the ace as a publicity expert. His postulations of the disbelief which would greet his boastings regarding a friendship with a genuine prince were borne out. His friends laughed good-naturedly and kidded him along; his enemies called him harsh names. Maximillion Anslum sneered openly at the obvious effort to impress the wealthy Marshmallow; and as for the lady in the case—she said little and thought less. Marshmallow was not given to too great thought. It caused headaches.

But Florian was persistent, and finally in the minds of Birmingham's dusky society there became well implanted the idea that there was actually a genuine Prince Napolium who did live in New Orleans. They did not believe that Florian knew him, but within a week they raised no question of the press-agented gentleman's genuineness.

Florian stuck gamely to his story and eventually convinced even the most skeptical of the following facts: First, that there was in New Orleans a royal gentleman of leisure, by name Prince Napolium, of Kazombo, Africa. Second, that though Prince Napolium was by birth and breeding a head-hunter, the soothing effect of Occidental culture had modified his inherited murderous tendencies until he had become quite mild. Third, that Prince Napolium was a modest man who lived in a modest way and made friends in truly democratic fashion. Fourth, that he had hinted he might some day come to Birmingham to visit his very good friend, Florian Slappey.

So frequently and so passionately did Florian discourse upon his royal friend that all came to believe in the facts as told by Florian with the exception of the friendship. And long before the day of Napolium's advent to Birmingham the public mind had been lulled to blissful quiescence. It was a certainty that there would be none to doubt the honesty of Napolium's royal pretensions.

And then came the letter to Florian from the prince in New Orleans announcing that, if it suited Florian, the son of an African king would visit for a few weeks in Birmingham. Florian exhibited the letter to his friends, commencing with Marshmallow.

Birmingham colored folk gasped. A prince to walk in their midst! A real, honest-to-goodness prince to be the guest of Florian Slappey! In a trice Florian became a lion. Ambitious matrons clamored for his favors, marriageable daughters made eyes at him and flattered him with the ultimate idea of being presented to Prince Napolium when he should arrive. Maximillion Anslum swore fearfully and knew that he was matrimonially out of it. And as for

"Me—I Comes From Africa. Ise a Prince—a Real, Ginuwine Prince ——"

Marshmallow Jeepers, she beamed beatifically upon Florian and gave him to understand that he was a very nice man indeed.

Florian swelled with importance, bought a new suit and got busy. He was distant and aloof with those who now sought his favors and threw their scoffing back in their teeth. Prince Napolium was not one who wished to be besieged with social attentions, he informed them scornfully. Democratic as he was, he cared nothing about associating with the proletariat. He was coming to Birmingham.

And then Florian negotiated a master stroke. He engaged a suite of two rooms for the prince at the home of Marshmallow. His reasoning was simple: With the prince a resident at the home of Marshmallow, Florian would have an excuse to be there constantly, with every intention of returning a good crop of hay while the royal sun was shining.

Marshmallow almost wept with gratitude when Florian consented to allow the prince to board at her home. In an instant the social eminence which she had long craved was hers. Matrons who had persistently snubbed Marshmallow despite her wealth now hung sycophantically about her parlor.

She was elected to a minor office in The Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise and chosen a member of the Junior Beautifying Society.

Florian looked upon his preliminary work and knew that it was good. Then he progressed a step further. He visited an antique shop and made a few purchases. These were carted to the home of Miss Marshmallow Jeepers and placed in the royal suite the day before the arrival of the prince.

The prince was due in at the L. & N. depot from New Orleans at noon. Birmingham—white and black—quivered under the impact of his advent. Colored folk all found themselves with business which carried them in the general proximity of the depot at train time and the majority of homes in the fashionable South Highlands residential section mourned the absence of cooks, nursemaids and gardeners.

Florian strolled downtown early in the morning, a sartorial epic. He chartered Clarence Carter's seven-passenger taxi for the morning and took in Miss Marshmallow Jeepers as an honored passenger. He whiled away two hours driving in slow magnificence through the principal streets of the colored residential section, basking radiantly in the limelight and spurning overtures of friendship from folk who had been inclined to look down upon him in days immediately past.

At eleven-thirty Florian climbed to the zenith of beatitude when Maximillion Anslum bowed from the sidewalk. The angular Marshmallow snuggled coyly against Florian.

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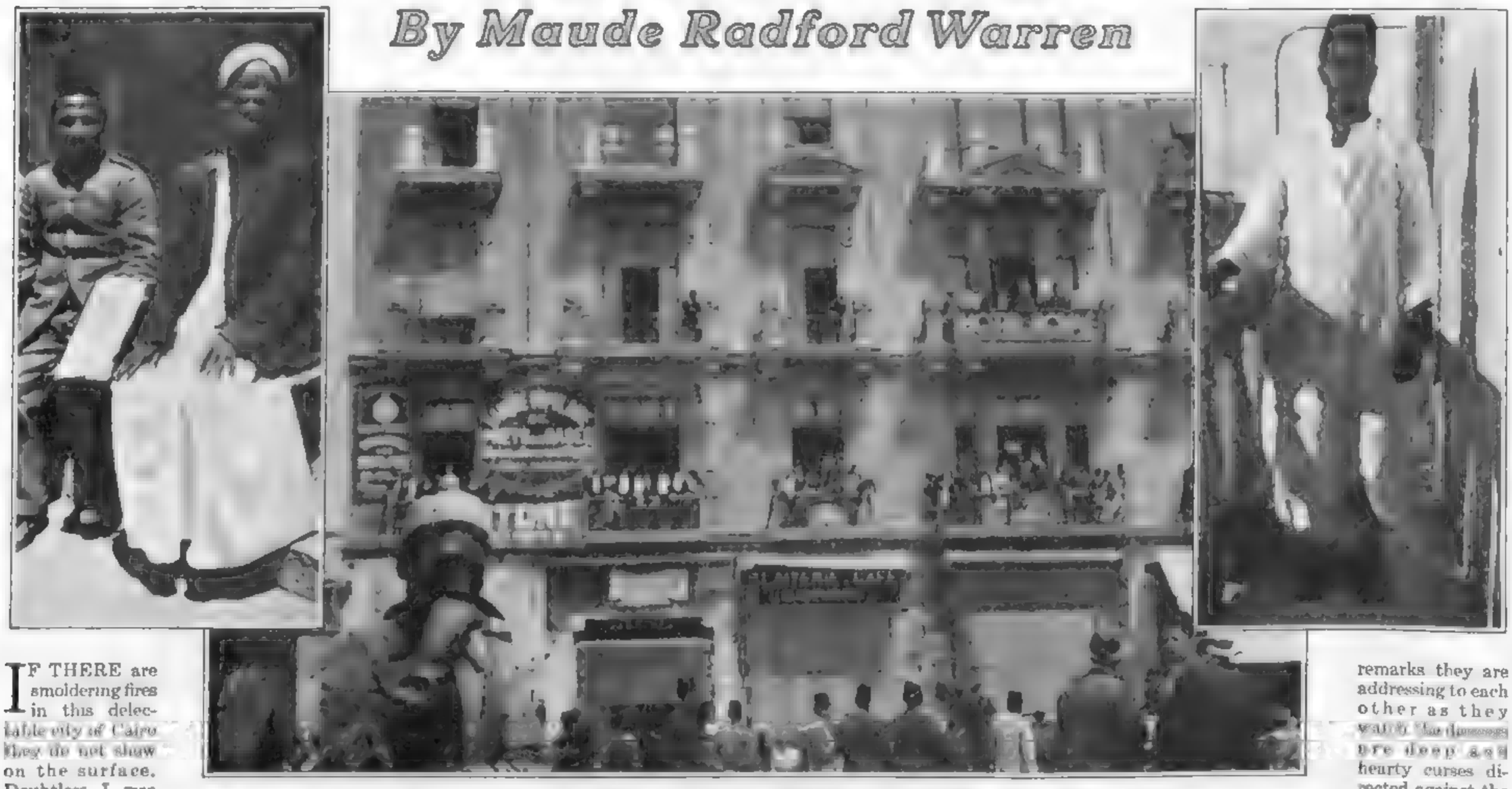
FLESHPOTS OF EGYPT

By Maude Radford Warren



Demonstration in Alexandria. At the Left—Bomah, a Doorkeeper. At the Right—Said Belah, a Servant

IF THERE are smoldering fires in this delectable city of Cairo they do not show on the surface. Doubtless I was influenced by my experience with the Army of Occupation in Germany a year ago, but I came here expecting to see hostile faces, looks either menacing or cringing; I expected to feel an impalpable atmosphere of hate and suspicion. Whatever there may be underneath, the surface is serene.

I wander up and down the roomy sidewalks of the main streets; I see British officers and soldiers passing among the Egyptians; no one sticks a knife in their backs; no one even glares at them. The groups of lower-class men in their long white or blue robes do not falter in their talk or laughter—do not even trouble to turn their heads. The effendi, middle-class Egyptians who wear European clothes, all except the tarboosh or head covering, sit at little tables in front of the cafés drinking coffee. Their calm faces do not change when the men in khaki pass.

In Groppis, where some of them sit drinking wine—which is against the rules of the Koran—they are cheek by jowl with Englishmen, also drinking wine. There is an air of easy-going business and spacious leisure about Cairo which seems to have in it no place for revolt. This is a point of view acceptable to one from the Western world, delighted to be in a spot where the climate keeps one from working hard and at the same time drugs the conscience so that work seems inconsequential. It is the Egyptian spirit of malish—never mind.

The Mingling of East and West

THE day I arrived I thought a riot was breaking out at that corner of Kasi-el-Nil where there is a compound of British soldiers. But it was only two Egyptian fellahin quarreling apparently about the price of an armful of fodder. They stood in the middle of the road and held up one automobile full of insistent Greeks, one haughty-lipped camel carrying two crates of oranges, one donkey on which rode a man, while his wife walked beside him, carrying on her head two big sacks of produce and in her right arm a baby, and one horse drawing eight women and nine children—the Egyptians have their own ideas about beasts and women. Only the people held up showed any interest in the quarrel. The old men dozing on the sidewalks did not lift their eyes. A native policeman took the opportunity to stroll over to a peanut vender and hold out his hand, just as a New York East Side policeman takes the tribute of a banana from an Italian vender's wagon. Not a hint of a riot.

In Shepheard's Hotel—and please notice that I have not mentioned Shepheard's till the fifth paragraph. Nearly everyone who writes about Egypt—novelist or traveler or magazinist—brings in Shepheard's Hotel in the first paragraph. To do so is a cachet of sophistication—a sign that though you have heard the East a-calling, you don't propose to lose your head over it. Somewhere, too, you are supposed to speak of a more than Oriental splendor, but to speak of the supercilious camel is to be in a rut.

In Shepheard's, then, the pashas, or upper-class men, and the effendi walk up and down the foyer, where are also walking English men and women. Sometimes an English official will shake hands with a pasha, whose impassive face at once takes on genial lines. On a dance night the Egyptian gentlemen occasionally stand near the doorway looking on with suave expressions. It may be that the remarks they are addressing to each other as they watch the dancers are deep and hearty curses directed against the British and all their works. If the British could hear the East a-calling they might find it calling names.

Street Vendors of Alexandria

I am reminded of a time a year ago in Coblenz, when in a certain hall some of our officers were dancing with Y. W. C. A. girls and nurses, watched from the doorway by blank-faced privates. When I joined the privates in the doorway this was the conversation ejected from the corners of their respectful-looking mouths:

"Somebody should have warned that girl that the captain couldn't dance. Her poor mother didn't bring her up with patience and tears to have her mangled by a boob that can't dance any better than he can drill."

"Say, Bill, watch old shave-tail. I bet he's telling that girl that she's the only woman he's met since he got in the war to whom he felt he could express his real feeling. That's his formula."

"Look at the colonel—oh, heavens! Say, lead me out, fellows, gently. I'm going to be sick—a man with an outline like that! Quick, fellows!"

Two sympathetic youths led him into the hall, where he doubled up and rolled over, while his friends solemnly administered first aid; and the shave-tail, coming out with the girl to whom he could express his feelings, asked who was ill.

Increased Prosperity Everywhere

NOT that I would belittle the troubles in Egypt. They have been serious, and they still are. Egypt shares in the unrest that is rife the world over. What perhaps people outside of Egypt do not realize is that the unrest takes two forms—one economic and the other political. The politicians here, of course, made use of the industrial unrest. For the moment politics in Egypt stands in the foreground; but already many people who were crying "Independence" are now crying "Bread"—and they do not find the bread in the gift of the politicians.

Go back to your childhood and remember your Bible phrases: "There is corn in Egypt." "In the land of Egypt, when we sat by the fleshpots and when we did eat bread to the full." Fleshpots in Egypt there always have been, though the prosperity of the land has increased amazingly since the British repaired the barrage and constructed dams and canals for irrigation and began to reclaim waste places. The desert draws sharp, menacing boundaries about Egypt, but as if to make up for its arbitrariness it allows superb wealth within the boundaries.

Egypt is not large in area, yet every one of the 13,000,000 inhabitants should have his hands in a

fleshpot. It is the richest non-industrial country in the world, perhaps the richest agricultural country. The traveling soil brought down by the Nile and spread over the farming land during the period of inundation works such wonders that the land has only to be scratched, as it were, to produce. The farmers use the same crude implements that they used in the time of the Pharaohs. To an American, accustomed to huge tractors, an Egyptian plow looks like a piece of pointed iron joined to a couple of sticks.

Not that there isn't plenty of hard work. Hour after hour the fellahin, or peasants, have to irrigate with the wide water wheel which a blindfolded ox turns, or a little old hand-worked screw wheel which Archimedes invented some 2000 years ago, or by slowly dipping up jars of water out of the canal and pouring it yard by yard over the fields. But the rewards are ample. Two or three crops can be grown each year—that is, of everything but cotton. For that, because it now means so much to the Egyptians, a particular rotation is observed.

In February cotton is planted. The following December the land is planted to wheat. From then till the end of July it lies idle. Then comes a maize crop till the end of December; the burseen—or clover—for horse feed during December and January. Then cotton again.

Quick Fortunes in Cotton

COTTON is king. Even a dozen years ago it used to bring as high as eighteen dollars a kantar. A kantar contains 100 pounds of cotton lint and 218 pounds of seeds. Since the beginning of the war it has been up as high as $140 a kantar.

Cotton has been the golden king. Wealth has showered upon thousands of people in a way that makes a fairy tale seem pallid. Millionaires have become multimillionaires. Merchants who five years ago were hole-in-the-wall people have speculated in cotton and become rich. Men who walked barefoot three years ago are able to buy whatever their hearts desire; and they are spending wildly, as if they thought their wealth was a mirage. They must grab at concrete things to be sure they aren't dreaming.

One day I was looking into a jeweler's window that was one blaze of blue-white diamonds in all sorts of bizarre and conspicuous shapes—diamonds that had come from Paris, which means an added price. If the window was well filled, so was the shop. I went inside. The customer beside whom I stood was—I should judge by his manner—a pasha. He had more heavy composure than the effendi. He was poking his fat finger through three trays of diamond bracelets, diamond pendants and huge diamond brooches. He handled them as carelessly as a child handles gray pebbles on a beach.

Finally he selected five of the heaviest and most tasteless ornaments and put them loosely in his pockets—just some little trifles to carry home to the children at teatime! I looked for him to pull out a stupendous roll of money, but he walked out of the shop without troubling to find out what his purchases totaled. Just a little inconsequential cash account! I would not dare guess how many thousand dollars his brief shopping bout had cost him. The proprietor of the shop did not look particularly rapturous. If the pasha had not bought his wares he would have made just the same sale to someone else.

I went one day with an American friend to try to buy some rugs in the Muski or native bazaar. My friend had not been buying for a year or two because her own house is crowded with beautiful specimens, of which she says: "I paid fifty dollars for that and fifteen for this." She is not only a good judge of rugs, but she is a good bargainer. She told me beforehand that we ought to give from a third to a half of what we were asked. We entered a shop as lofty as a cathedral. One felt the delight that is close to reverence for the sheer beauty of the sheen of the crimson and roseate and golden rugs, hung all over the walls and piled deep on the floor.

A prayer rug? Ah, no, they were all sold! What was the price of that Baluch rug? Two hundred dollars. My friend emitted a silver laugh—a triumph of mingled indulgence and scorn.

"But I'm not a tourist, you know," she said. "I live in Cairo. I know the real price of rugs."

There followed no successful bargaining, no pleasant parting of Egyptian pounds and magic carpet. The shopman was obdurate.

"It is the rich effendi," explained the mender of rugs, who sat at work in a corner and who had lived on Broadway, "the effendi who are just lately rich. They are Egyptians, yet they do not trouble to bargain. What they want they buy. Why not? Cotton sells and cotton grows."

Rugs High and Going Higher

"EXCUSE me for putting in my oar," said a young American traveling man, "but if you want anything you'd better get it quick. I'm just up from Alexandria. A rug merchant there showed me a letter from a New York rug man. It had a check for $10,000—an advance only. There is a rug famine in New York and Chicago."

Well, they'll only get leavings, for thousands of Egyptians are buying. The country is rotten with money. They could afford to carpet the whole Nile Valley with rugs if they wanted to. Not only have pashas and effendi become richer, but even the small farmers. Men who own no more than five acres have of late made as much as a thousand or twelve hundred dollars an acre, and they, too, are spending like drunken sailors.

Up to about two years ago the farmers were nearly always in debt—nearly always a year behind. They would borrow money to buy seed and to live on, and then the crop would have to go in exchange. This has been the rule since the time of the Pharaohs, but now the agricultural banks of Egypt, which had several millions in circulation, have almost no money out at all.

The fellahin are free of debt. They can spend and pay exaggerated prices if they want to, and what is very

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An Alexandrian Crowd During a Street Demonstration. In the Center—A Funeral Procession at the Pyramid of Cheops, Near Cairo At the Top—Sheep and Goats, Unseparated

DATED

By MAXWELL SMITH

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

In the Gully—the Snow Would be Deep There

WHEN he killed Sorley, Gannell did not pause to think how he would get away with it. The loophole given him was a greater surprise to Gannell than to anyone else in the community. Gannell had been away several months, out of touch with the little town in which he lived and its gossip. But he should have let well enough alone. He should not have tried to implicate Kirschner further. The knowledge that the body of Sorley was lying out there, the growing suspense as it remained undiscovered, was responsible for that. Gannell was secure enough, but his nerves ran away with him. He felt that he had to make himself more secure. So he endeavored to create a case against Kirschner, on whom a certain amount of suspicion already centered.

The night after his return Gannell killed Sorley. But for Sorley's impudent reappearance it probably would not have occurred. It was that which touched off Gannell's slumbering fury. Sorley was not only defiant, he was contemptuous. Gannell could not be tolerant of contempt from Sorley; nor of defiance. He did not anticipate killing Sorley. Abruptly it was done.

On his homecoming Gannell scarcely even recalled the existence of Sorley. There was no reason to think of the man who tended the furnace in the Gannell house and a dozen others, even though this furnaceman was of better caliber, who held such humble task that it might help him go through college. Gannell certainly never would have thought of associating May and—the furnaceman! He never would have associated May with anyone if ——

Had they heard him a minute earlier Gannell would have continued in ignorance. He might not even have known that Sorley, who looked after the heating plant the previous year, was doing so again. He would have had no occasion to inquire who had the job. And had Sorley not come back next night he would not have been killed. Gannell ordinarily was not murderously inclined.

Gannell was on the front steps when the light blinked out in the alcove off the sitting room. The sudden darkening of the windows made him halt. It seemed—an odd idea!—to have been caused by the alarm of his footfall. He stretched his head backward to view the front of the house. There was no other light. But that, surely, had no significance. Rather ashamed of his quick unexplainable scrutiny—it savored so of spying—he went on up the steps.

Then, mere shadows in the dim illumination of the hall, he saw the two figures through the glass in the door. The man was in advance, hurrying. The woman's arms were extended as though she urged him to greater haste.

The man disappeared while Gannell's key was in the lock. Gannell took time to open the door. The woman receded into the sitting room from which the pair had come.

Gannell walked in with normal deliberate tread. But his hearing was tuned up. He caught a sound on the cellar steps, retreating; a muffled scurrying. From the sitting room, or from the alcove beyond it, came a creaking—stealthy but defined to his sharpened senses; his wife settling cautiously into a chair.

Crossing to the stairs leading into the upper regions he called, "O-ho, May!" His tone was unchanged. There was nothing unusual in his hail. "O-ho, May!" He stood by the stairs, looking upward.

The lights in the sitting room flashed on. Behind him his wife laughed—playfully, with an assurance that hurt yet did not hurt him. A tremor in her laughter might have served as the detonator at that moment. He had been curious—strangely, impassively so—about how she would act. Her ease of manner, her disregard for him, left him queerly quiescent.

Calm of countenance he turned. She was in the doorway, her hands outstretched invitingly—the hands that sixty seconds ago had hastened the other man in his flight.

She did not move as he went to her. He took her hands. His brain, already past the initial shock, was stampeding, but he kept it in check. He smiled into her face. He could not help smiling at the wonder of that innocence in her unclouded eye. That was masterly—the frank unshaking glance with which she met him. It was difficult to believe that this was May, his wife.

"You're a day early, John. I'm glad." She ran a soft hand over his cheek. "I was thinking of you. I put out the lights only a moment ago because"—she pushed his overcoat back on his shoulders, her arms caressing, her face close to his—"because," she murmured, "it's so much nicer to dream in the dark of those you love. You old dear! I am glad to see you again!"

From below came the rattle of grate bars. The man had nerve. In like situation, Gannell imagined, he would have bolted.

"Hello!" Gannell commented on the clamor from the cellar. "Furnace crew's late." It was past ten. "I wouldn't let a roustabout into the house at this hour, May, with only you and a couple of women servants round."

He slid off his coat, dropped it on a bench, and put an arm about her. They moved into the room.

"I wouldn't either, dear—not a roustabout." He felt her eyes search him; eyes hideously clear since through them he now could see her impure soul. "It's like you to think of me all the time, John." She smoothed his grayed hair and snuggled into his arm. "I wouldn't let him come so late if he were a roustabout, but he isn't. It's the young man we had last year—I forget his name. The boy who's paying his way through college."

"Oh!" Gannell nodded. He was astonished by his own inverse reaction to the crisis. That was as amazing as her brazen confidence. "I remember him."

"He came a month or so ago—has taken the same houses," she explained. "He put in the summer on a farm, he said. He isn't always so late as this, but ——" She shrugged prettily.

"I understand." Gannell kept the grimness out of his voice. "A chap like that deserves to be—encouraged." He smiled into her eyes and snapped together a fastener on her waist that was undone. "Lonely sort of job, trailing into folks' cellars nights to tend furnaces."

"Yes." She was solemnly, impersonally sympathetic. "It must be. Now"—she drew away from him—"let me fix you a bite and you can tell me about your trip. It's been so long, John—you've been gone so long, you old dear! Weren't you lonesome for me at all? Tell me," she demanded with a stamp of her foot—"tell me how lonesome you were or"—she pouted and he kissed her, but not on the lips—"or I'll—I'll think there's someone else!"

Of course Gannell told her. He told her again as he watched her set the percolator going and produce a snack from the ice box. But all the while his ears were bent on the noises from the cellar. The brief periods of quiet down there, Gannell judged, were while the man listened—listened for some indication that all was well—or not—between husband and wife.

Throughout the night and the day Gannell pondered. His wife gave no evidence of a care in all the world. She was as gayly devoted to him as ever, seemingly; as lighthearted and happy in his presence. She was satisfied, he saw, that he had no suspicion.

He couldn't quite decide what to do. His life had been serene. Its very placidness had excluded any suggestion of danger in taking a wife twenty years younger. He wished now to avoid any violent break-up.

Because he never had contemplated anything like this he was the better qualified to deal with it. He had heard men remark that in such a position they would kill. Never having thought of it he had no preconceived notion of what course to take. He faced it as a problem, a shocking and astounding problem. The end, so far as he could see,

must be his departure and the sending of word to May that he was gone for good. That would be simplest. She could return to her people, divorce him if she pleased.

The affair was so unnatural; his attitude and her own alike were so. They were acting as usual toward one another, yet the impossible had come between them. She, of course, was laughing at him. He—wasn't he laughing, too, at her, in this peculiar detachment with which he viewed the matter?

The evening following his homecoming she wanted to phone some neighbors to come over. He said no.

"Play for me, May," he said, "and sing." He would have her do that—for the last time. That at least was something she never had done for the other man—for this Sorley, the furnaceman college student.

"No; don't do that!"

He stopped her on the opening notes. Perhaps she had played for Sorley. Who knew what love songs from her lips he had listened to while he—it was laughable, and Gannell laughed! —while he sifted ashes and shoveled coal! Romeo among the cinders waiting for some particular love song that would tell him it was safe to join Juliet in her husband's house!

Her fingers still trailing over the keys, she turned her head to look at him tenderly.

"Don't do that, May," he added. "Just let us sit here. I want—to think."

"You're tired, dear; you look tired." She left the piano, to sit beside him, drawing his head to her bosom.

He rested, closing his eyes because he could not bear to look into her lying eyes. Actually he wanted to listen. It was past eight o'clock. He wanted to listen for—Sorley.

Sorley had skipped his morning chores at the Gannell house. Gannell hoped that the interloper had experienced a decent enough fear to make him leave town. He did not wish to see Sorley. Nothing could be gained by that. The damage was done. Yes; he hoped that Sorley had gone away.

But Sorley had not fled. The presence of Gannell's wife about the house had reassured him. Reconnoitering that evening, he heard her song. Whereat he smiled and concluded that Gannell was twice fool—as his wife was a fool. Anyone so dull, who would leave a woman like May for months and then be blind enough to let her liaison go unnoticed when he was within a step of discovering it—anyone so dull deserved no more than he was being meted.

Sorley went whistling into the cellar. He whistled to let her know that he was there; that he was not afraid. He rattled the grates unnecessarily to emphasize his message.

Gannell sighed as the clangor rose. He realized that he would have been disappointed had Sorley not shown up. Gently he released himself from his wife's embrace.

Something in the machinelike way in which he got to his feet woke a momentary fright in her.

"Something I can get for you, dear?" She also made to get up.

"No." He pressed her back on the divan. His expression, mild and thoughtful, dispelled her fright. "Some papers I want to look over," he said. "I'll be back in a minute."

She let him go. He heard the rustle of her gown and knew that she was watching him as he crossed the hall, but he did not glance back. He went upstairs. On the landing he hesitated the fraction of a second and he smiled as her deep breath of relief wafted up to him. He had disposed of her fear that he was going into the cellar. He went on upstairs. Intentionally he stumbled on the upper floor to advise her that he really was there. Even then he had no intention of killing Sorley.

But though principally it was Sorley's own fault that he was killed, that surveillance by May was a contributing factor. It gave Gannell the idea to look at this furnaceman who had stolen his wife's love.

From a second-floor side window Gannell dropped to the ground. Quietly he went round the house, avoiding passing the dining room and kitchen, where the servants were clearing up the dinner things. Snow was beginning to fall.

He entered the cellar by the door left open by Sorley. He made no attempt to walk silently, to surprise the man. Sorley was shoveling coal.

In the glare from the open firebox Gannell studied him. Sorley was good-looking. He was grinning. Perhaps it was then that Gannell ——

Sorley, gathering himself for another shovelful, saw Gannell. He leaned on the shovel.

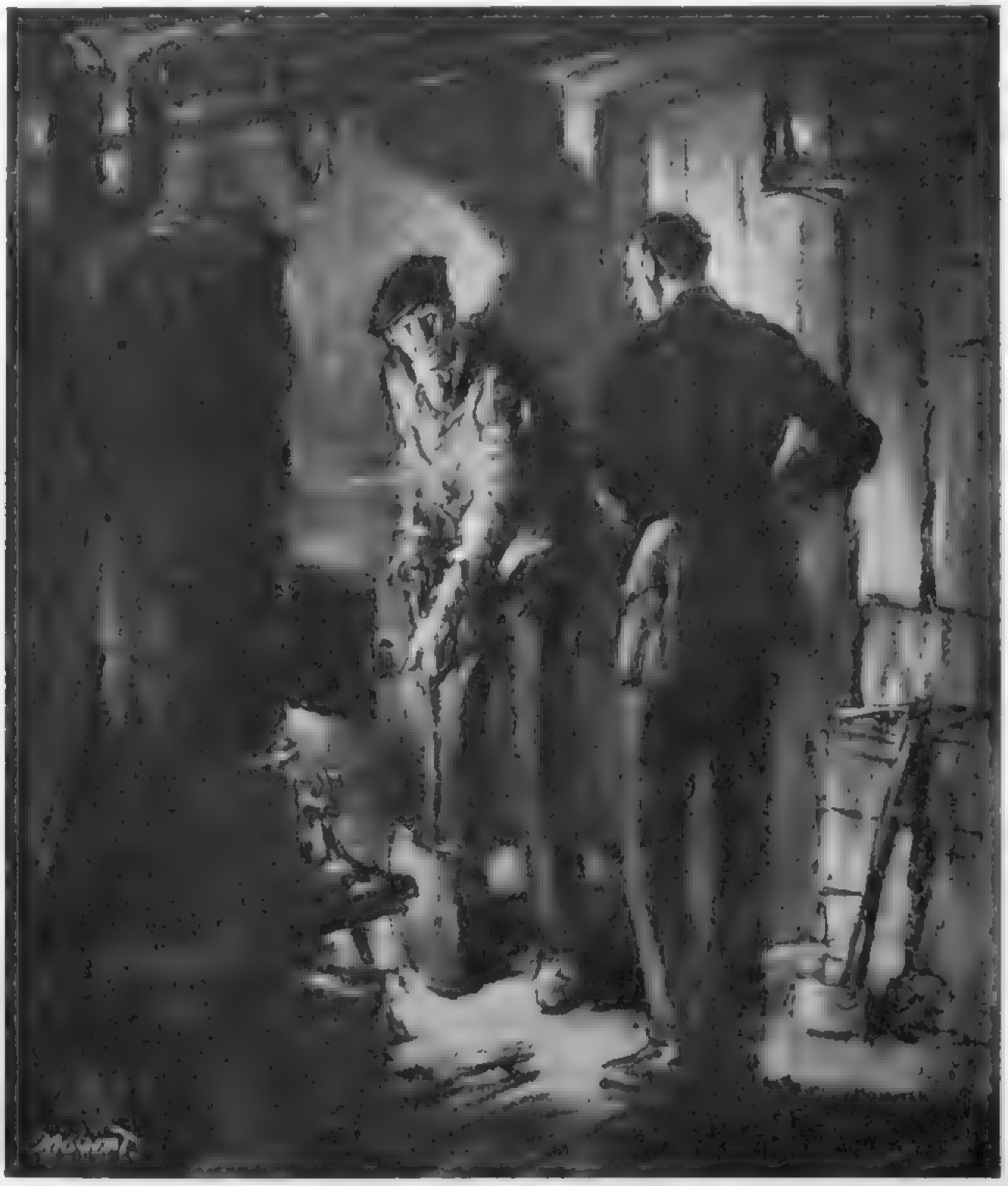
"Hello?" he inquired.

Gannell stepped from the shadow. He didn't like Sorley's eyes. They were the sort of eyes unhealthy to another man, often attractive to a woman. Sorley's mouth—he didn't like that either. It was—loose; that was the best description. And it grinned—reminiscently.

"Hello?" repeated Sorley interrogatively. "What are you doing here?"

Gannell smiled. "Just stopped in—to get acquainted." He waited. The furnaceman did not recognize him; no more would he have identified Sorley. "I'm Gannell," he explained.

"Oh!" More likely it was then that Gannell decided. "Oh!" said Sorley, and his grin widened.



Gannell Stepped From the Shadow. He Didn't Like Sorley's Eyes. Sorley's Mouth—He Didn't Like That Either

The ejaculation and the grin made an unfortunate combination. With a sweep of the arm Gannell picked up an ax and swung it. Sorley's grin was cleft!

Gannell caught the shovel to prevent its jangling on the concrete. Sorley fell with his head on a pile of ashes.

Wasn't it Sorley's own fault? His and May Gannell's? Gannell should have pleaded the unwritten law—self-defense. He could have done that. He shouldn't have become panicky. He didn't then, but later. He shouldn't have sneaked behind Kirschner—taken the loophole that offered through Kirschner. As it was ——

Leaving Sorley where he had fallen, Gannell shut up the furnace, closed the cellar door and went steadily upstairs. The door from the cellar stairway was open; force of habit on May's part, he reflected. He took a few letters from his pocket and rejoined her. Without nervousness he sat making pretense at reading the letters. When he put them away he kissed her—not on the mouth.

"Play for me, May," he asked, "and sing."

"What"—she brought back her thoughts—"what shall I sing for you, dear?"

Again he detected her sigh of relief. He noticed her relax from the strain of listening. She was thankful that the noise in the cellar had ceased. She was thankful that Sorley had departed.

"Play that little lullaby thing," he said. "You know how it goes." He hummed.

"I know." She touched the keys. "Brahms. You're moony to-night, John," she laughed.

"That's it." He leaned comfortably. "Then sing Marble Halls or Whispering Hope or"—he laughed quietly—"or something like that."

For an hour, while the gusty wind more and more persistently rattled the casements, she entertained him. Suddenly she became conscious of his gaze boring into her. She wheeled uneasily. He seemed to be half dozing. He was thinking of the thing in the cellar that never again would hear her voice or the music rippling from her fingers.

The wind whined and she shuddered. Gannell's eyes opened wide.

"Let's hope Sorley"—he said the name distinctly, but without undue emphasis—"built a good fire and set the clock early. It's a wild night."

Sorley? Her brows contracted slightly. She could not remember his name having been mentioned. She had said she did not recollect it. Sorley.

She sensed the veiled amusement in his face but she could not understand it.

"Dirty night to be going from house to house," he said, "tending furnaces. He ought to get a better job."

She nodded, doubtfully, in perplexity. She did not know what to say. She assured herself that she was magnifying a fear that was needless. There was, could be, no point to his remarks about Sorley. She was mistaken in finding a pregnant inflection. Her imagination was at work, her nerves.

"I think I'll go to bed, John." Any excuse to escape from this atmosphere that was unreasonably alarming; which she could not comprehend. "I have to be up early to—to—to go into New York shopping. You don't mind if I leave you?"

"No." He accepted her embrace and returned it. "I'll sit up a while. Good night, May. Dreams of the brightest."

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HOW OLD ARE YOU?

By Stanley M. Rinehart, M. D.

DECORATION BY DOUGLAS RYAN

THE number of years one has lived is not the sole standard by which his age should be judged. Some are old at forty and others are young at sixty-five or seventy. To the young forty seems old and sixty-five incredibly ancient. As the years increase age keeps receding, ever ahead, and the man of three score salutes his friend: "Hello, my boy!"

One's age, then, is not altogether or essentially a matter of years. It depends much more on the state of the mind, and most of all on the condition of the body. Some people live much harder than others, with consequent greater wear and tear upon the machinery. And this wear and tear more frequently results from abuse than from legitimate use. If one is old at thirty-five or forty it is not to be expected that he will live appreciably longer than if he had already reached sixty-five. As far as concerns himself he might just as well be sixty-five if he does not change his method of living so as to delay the inevitable end. Age should be reckoned not by the length of time one has lived but by the years to come.

The outward and visible signs of age are merely indications of what is going on within the body. Baldness is often an early sign, but it is a sign nevertheless, the evidence of impaired circulation in the scalp. Gray hair is another; and wrinkles, especially the folds in the neck that hang down from the lower jaw, caused by absorption of fat; and from the same cause, the thinning hands, the skin of which will remain pinched up momentarily after pressure has been removed.

Subjectively there is a gradual lessening of the emotions—of joy, of the zest for adventure, of the passions; one by one their heights decrease in altitude. The appetite for food becomes less keen, and the desire for physical activity less insistent.

But long before these signs appear changes have begun that are neither tangible nor visible until well advanced. Whether they are to progress with rapidity or to be retarded depends at least in part upon ourselves.

Old age is unavoidable and its marks are indelible. If it came to all alike, relatively at the same time, there would be little use to write about it, and no use whatever to warn against it. But to some it comes prematurely, and of those to whom it comes with accelerated pace many could have postponed its advent if they had taken heed in earlier years.

Favorite Points of Attack

AS ONE'S years increase there is a gradual deterioration of the organs and tissues, with lessening of function. This is met by a compensatory slowing up of the machine, a restriction of the field of activities. These processes normally come on so slowly that the summer of life glides into autumn and autumn into winter and one does not perceive the transition. That is the normal approach of age.

But senility, premature old age, is a different matter. It may be caused by bad habits, self-indulgence, passions, greed of wealth or fame—everything which overtaxes the delicate parts of the machine. The immediate effect of this misuse is the manufacture of poisonous compounds within the body; and their continuous manufacture results in chronic poisoning, destruction of organs and decay. Seneca wrote: "Man does not die, but kills himself"; which would seem to indicate that the Romans were very much like ourselves.

"A short life and a merry one," is a favorite proverb with those who believe in going the pace either along the highway toward fame or wealth, or through the byways of illicit pleasure. But sometime they will discover that the short life is not a merry one; that the byways are only bright in spots; that even before their early termination there are more dense shadows than sunlight. Whether made merry by a mad pursuit of business or of pleasure, such a life toward the end is compassed about with infirmities.

This is not to decry work in proper measure. Work and recreation are both beneficial, both contribute toward long life and, what is infinitely more important, toward contentment. It is the judicious mixture of the two, however, which benefits, and not utter absorption in either to the exclusion of the other.

Premature decay may begin anywhere in the body, but there are favorite sites where in the majority of cases it is first made evident. These are the blood vessels, the heart and the kidneys; not necessarily in that order of their occurrence. Changes may have been going on in the kidneys long before they are manifested by any symptoms, and the arteries are quite often affected before the heart.

One may not have discovered anything wrong with himself until certain facts are brought out during a physical examination, perhaps for life insurance. Then, if the circulation is at fault, it is usually indicated by high blood pressure and hardening of the artery walls, frequently accompanied by signs of impaired kidney function.

To say that one is as old as his arteries is to express a great truth—partially. Remembering that all the organs and tissues normally wear out as the years increase, and that any one or several of them may be broken down by misuse, one is as old as the weakest of them. Judged by this standard, how old are you? You may have a good digestion, but how about your arteries? You may be muscularly strong—are your kidneys normal? Your brain may be clear, your thinking consecutive, your capacity for mental tasks as great as ever; but how have you treated the other parts of the machine? It is as strong only as its weakest vital part.

Each part of this marvelous machine is so dependent upon all the others, and the general efficiency of the whole upon each and every part, that it would be difficult to treat their use and misuse within the limits of a single article. And so we shall consider particularly the circulation.

The circulation of the blood is brought about by two factors, a pump and a piping system. The latter is really an irrigation and a drainage system combined, with the added condition that the fluid must be pumped through the pipes with such force that it may return again to the pump. To accomplish this, much depends upon the condition of the pipes.

Every artery, from the great main, the aorta, to the smallest arterial branches, has elastic walls made up of muscle and elastic fibers. With every wave caused by the expulsive contraction of the heart the vessels distend and after the impulse passes they resume their normal size. This expansion and contraction promotes the steady flow of the blood through the capillaries and its return to the heart by way of the veins. If the vessels were rigid the heart would have to exert more force with each contraction.

No pump devised by man ever attained such efficiency as the heart, or such power of endurance. When one is at rest his heart contracts sixty to eighty times a minute, and physical exertion increases this rate by about one-half. During a large part of every twenty-four hours the healthy person is exercising in one way or another.

Taking the average rate of heart contractions, at rest and at work, as eighty per minute, the heart contracts and expands in one year more than thirty million times; and in seventy years the total would be nearly three billions. No pulling of fires on Sundays; no stopping for rest and repairs, except for the fraction of a second at the moment after each expansion. There is need, then, that the circulation be unimpeded if disaster is to be averted.

Two changes normally occur with advancing age—arteriosclerosis, or hardening of the artery walls, and increased blood pressure. The aged have more or less hardening of the arteries, and because of the lessened vascular elasticity the heart must contract with greater force.

Within the vessel walls a gradual change ensues: the muscle and elastic fibers disappear, and inelastic fibrous tissue takes their place. This not only makes the vessels more rigid but lessens their caliber, thereby obstructing the circulation. Later, lime is deposited in the walls, and they become stiff and ringed, much resembling to touch a rubber hose bound with wire.

Blood pressure is a measure of the contractile force of the heart. It is high or low, depending in part upon the strength of the walls of the expelling chamber, the left ventricle; in part upon the needs of the circulation, the presence or absence of impediments; and in part upon the presence or absence of certain elements in the blood. Also, it is higher during exercise than at rest; it rises after a full meal, during the processes of digestion, and is increased by the use of tobacco and alcoholic drinks.

The Vicious Triumvirate

ARTERIOSCLEROSIS and high blood pressure are so frequently associated that it is often difficult to decide which preceded the other; continued high tension causes degenerative changes in the artery walls and rigid arteries increase the tension. But as the causes which produce them are essentially the same they may be considered together.

Narrowing of the smaller conduit pipes eventually causes still further obstruction of the circulation by obliterating the capillaries. This is one of the easily observed phenomena of age. It is seen upon the surface of the body, especially the hands and face, in the pallor and looseness of the skin resulting from a lessened blood supply, and the disappearance of fat. Baldness is one of the first signs of this obliteration.

But the process also occurs elsewhere, though not so evidently. It may affect the heart muscle and in the kidneys it causes replacement of the normal glandular structure by fibrous tissue, diminishing their power to eliminate waste. This tremendous decrease in the footage of the piping system by obstructing the circulation necessitates more forcible contractions of the heart and raises the blood pressure. And so we have this vicious circle of three, any of which may be the origin, but all of them reacting each upon the others: High blood pressure, arteriosclerosis, chronic kidney disease; arteriosclerosis, high blood pressure—begin anywhere you choose and the two others will be added unto you.

The approach of premature decay is insidious because the changes are slow. They have been under way for some time before there are either signs or symptoms, but these will inevitably appear, given the proper causes, in man or woman, in the stout or the lean. However, let us take a typical case, a business man somewhere between forty-five and sixty. He may have started life with no capital save that best of all heritages, a good constitution, but this capital he has spent lavishly in exchange for success. His one dissipation has been work and its handmaiden, worry.

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Peace and Business Depression

By Thomas Walker Page

DECORATION BY C. G. GAUL

"I TENDER to the curious a cluster of oddities," said an old writer on strange cookery, "but among them may be found objects of use to the thrifty housewife." What this article tenders is likewise a cluster of oddities, fully as wonderful as the horrid foods in the ancient treatise, and certainly more useful. The strangest oddity in the cluster is the fact that in this year of our Lord 1920 this country should find itself in a situation with many points most oddly similar to its situation an even century ago.

It would profit the thrifty as much as it would interest the curious to know what happened to our grandfathers under conditions so much like those we now face.

Previous to 1820 this country had enjoyed with a short interruption many fat years of prosperity. During nearly all that time the great nations of Europe had been at war; and we not only supplied them at high prices with our own products but we also took over their trade with neutral countries and with their own colonies. Our flourishing commerce had suffered somewhat by the Embargo and Nonintercourse Acts, passed as a protest against the treatment of our ships by the belligerents, and it had been briefly but completely interrupted by our second war with England. The rather inglorious progress of that war, however, had cost us more chagrin than lasting material damage.

"During the whole of the late European war," said Lord Liverpool at that time in Parliament, "America was the principal neutral power. . . . She supplied this country and other countries with many articles which they could not obtain elsewhere. In consequence she increased in wealth, in arts, in commerce, in population, in strength more rapidly than any nation ever before increased in the history of the world."

How strikingly similar is our position now to what it was then! Inflated prices, high wages, feverish business activity, adventurous enterprise, speculation, extravagance equally mark both periods. Will history still further repeat itself by bringing us lean years after the fat ones? Has the dove of peace come trailing clouds of glory, or will it yet prove to be for us a mourning dove heralding business collapse, bankruptcy and long depression?

The Crisis of 1820

IT IS worth noting that our troubles a century ago did not become acute immediately at the end of the war. It took two or three years for a peace system of business to be effected abroad and for the nations of Europe, our chief customers and competitors, to make the necessary readjustments for renewing their producing industries. But by 1820 the peace crisis lay like a pall over the world. We seem to have suffered from it more than any other country. "Great as is the distress in every country in Europe," said a British contemporary in 1820, "it is at the present moment greater in the United States." All fields of business activity suffered. Prices of farm produce went down, and land values were cut in half. Internal commerce grew stagnant with unsold commodities. Many hundreds of ships that had previously scoured the seas to supply the world's needs lay rotting at the wharves. Manufacturing was threatened with permanent paralysis. Between 1816 and 1820, in Philadelphia, according to Clark's History of Manufactures, the operatives in twenty leading branches fell from 9672 to 2137; pay rolls were proportionately cut; and "in Market Street, houses of four stories with marble steps and copper spouts were sold in great numbers for one dollar apiece!" Of the 169 mills round Providence those that survived without suspension or reorganization might be counted on one's fingers. No business and no section escaped, and distress was universal.

The crisis appears to have been altogether unlooked for, and preparedness for peace had been entirely neglected. It was long before men diagnosed the creeping paralysis by which our former prosperity lay stricken. One observer expressed a widespread belief in calling it "an act of God brought on by the sins of forestalling, engrossing, overcharging, and preying upon the misfortunes of the needy and the vices of the licentious."

And since the cause was obscure, opinions differed as to remedies. There was general agreement that "Congress should take measures to allay the distresses that now fill the land with groaning," but there was wide dissension as to what these measures should be. Very significant was the naïve proposal of Pennsylvania citizens meeting at Harrisburg, who "resolved, as a measure to promote economy at the present distressing period . . . to draft a respectful memorial to Congress, praying the national legislature to reduce their compensation from eight to six dollars a day, and the salaries of the officers of the general government and clerks one-fourth!"

There were numerous petitions for government investigation of suspected conspiracies to plunder the public. The despairing manufacturers clamored for protection against foreign competition. The plethoric English warehouses, stuffed with products that could not be vented during the war, were being dumped in America. Lord Brougham urged British manufacturers even to give their goods away over here in order to crush the new industries that had grown like mushrooms during the war. Out of this condition came the protective-tariff bill which was passed in 1816 and raised in 1818, but which was powerless to stem the rising tide of disaster.

Some thought on Hercules and the teamster, and trusted in self-help rather than in government aid. Judge Ross of Pennsylvania addressed the grand jury on the prevailing distresses. "Why," he said, "it is occasioned by the extravagant manner of living. . . . Teach your sons to be too proud to ride in a hackney. . . . Let them be above being seen sporting in a gig which their fathers cannot pay for." For "hackney" and "gig" put "motor car," and the address is quite up to date! Even the overalls movement is not altogether original with us, for we find that the Lycurgan Society at Yale College "resolved, that extravagance in the article of dress is incompatible with the principles of republican government. . . . It is therefore the duty of every friend of his country to afford his assistance to opposing its alarming progress." And no less an organization than the Tammany Society circulated an address "explaining the causes and suggesting the remedies for the national calamities," and pledged its members "to practice frugality and to discontinue the use of foreign goods."

Jefferson and Madison strongly praised Tammany's address; and think of the puritan, John Adams, writing to Tammany and saying: "I admired the fortitude and frankness with which your address censured a multitude of errors and abuses in the policy, morals and manners of this nation; no satire can be too severe, no condemnation too inexorable for my taste on these topics."

Reckless Business

AS THE din of lamentations, petitions, memorials, exhortations and addresses slowly waned, the still small voice of common sense grew audible explaining that the fundamental cause of the hard times lay in the reckless business practices that had prevailed while we had a monopoly of the world's commerce.

The Boston Yankee boldly asserted: "The unexampled success of American commerce during the late troubled state of Europe appears to have fairly intoxicated the population of this country."

A few months later it was said in the English House of Lords: "The state of America is not so much the effect of positive distress as of extraordinary past prosperity. . . . There is no mystery in this . . . since now all the world is at peace; every country is at leisure to attend to its own condition, is diligently cultivating its domestic arts and industry." An eminent American statistician wrote that during the European war "temporary benefits were mistaken for permanent advantages; . . . all the knowledge which former experience had considered as essentially necessary was unattended to; the philosophy of commerce was totally neglected . . . the demand in Europe for foreign products; the most adventurous became the most wealthy, and that without the knowledge of any of the principles which govern commerce. The spirit of that time has had a

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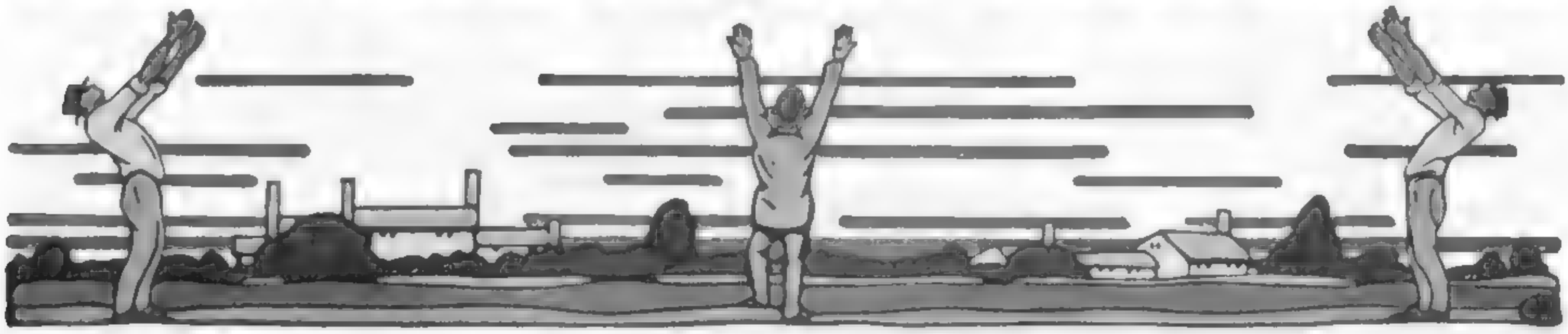
THE FACTORY CHASERS



By J. R. SPRAGUE

MISS ESSIE HILL, stenographer, stuck her head into the private office of Frank Barrett, secretary of the Inland City Chamber of Commerce. "Committee of ladies out here to see you," she said. "They're after money. Shall I let them in?"

"Can't you stave them off somehow?" countered Mr. Barrett uneasily. "Tell them I'm busy or something."

"I did," said Miss Hill briefly, "but it wouldn't work. They say they will wait until you get through being busy."

Frank Barrett knew from experience that committees of ladies wanting money usually spell trouble. He looked hungrily at the rear door of his office for a brief moment, then he put temptation behind him.

"All right," he said, "I'll see them."

The committee of ladies filed into the secretary's private office—Mrs. Lucius Prentice, chairman, and two other members of the Intellectual Uplift Society. Barrett shook hands cordially all round. When one is probably going to refuse money it does no harm to be pleasant about it.

"We have come," said Mrs. Lucius Prentice, "to speak to you about the convention which the Intellectual Uplift Societies are going to hold in our city next month."

"The chamber of commerce welcomes conventions of every kind," replied Mr. Barrett in his best professional manner. "What can I do for you? Suppose I ask the mayor to open your convention with a little address of welcome."

"I deliver the welcoming address myself," said Mrs. Prentice coldly. "All we need is $1000 to entertain the delegates with."

Frank Barrett winced.

"The chamber of commerce wants to do the right thing of course," he countered. "But $1000 is quite a lot of money. How many delegates do you expect at your convention?"

The three committeewomen conferred together for a few moments and compared figures on various sheets of paper. Then Mrs. Prentice spoke up buoyantly.

"There will be at least fifty delegates," she said.

Mr. Barrett mentally figured that twenty dollars apiece is considerable of a sum to spend on visitors, even intellectual ones. But the first requisite of a good chamber-of-commerce secretary is the ability to let people down easily.

"I am afraid we can't afford quite that much," he said appeasingly. "You know chambers of commerce nowadays figure that it is unprofitable to spend more than two dollars apiece in entertaining visitors. Maybe I can arrange to let you have $100."

The three committeewomen stiffened in their chairs.

"Evidently you do not understand this matter," said Mrs. Prentice, trying hard to be courteous. "This is no ordinary convention where people parade round the streets with a band, wearing badges and doing all sorts of undignified things. Ours will be a gathering of refined people. We need $1000 to entertain them properly."

"Couldn't you raise part of it among your own members?" suggested Mr. Barrett.

Only resentful looks greeted this suggestion. Mrs. Prentice voiced the sentiments of the whole committee.

"I think that is a very narrow-minded way to look at it," she said stiffly. "Our society has gone to all the trouble of securing this convention, and it seems to me that the very least the chamber of commerce can do is to pay the bills."

"But you see," protested Mr. Barrett, "we have to help finance other conventions too. There are the lumbermen and the retail druggists and the master plumbers, all coming during the next month."

Mrs. Prentice rose to her feet in her indignation.

"I don't see how you can possibly compare such gatherings with ours," she said heatedly.

Mr. Barrett reflected that the local merchants who subscribed to the convention fund did not care whether the convention visitors were boiler makers or poets, but he was courteous to the last.

"I am very sorry," he said, "but I do not quite see how I can do what you want."

"Very well, then," said Mrs. Prentice coldly, motioning her committee toward the door. "But before I go I wish to state that the chamber of commerce shows strange judgment in retaining a man as secretary who is so blind to real progress. I shall certainly see that my husband for one resigns at once from such an organization."

Mr. Barrett had an immature desire to run after his visitors and state rudely that Mrs. Prentice's husband could not resign, for the reason that he had not paid his yearly dues, but he wisely restrained himself.

It was Frank Barrett's first year as a big-town commercial secretary. He was twenty-nine years old. Born on a farm, he had been a clerk in a country store, worked on a newspaper, acted as publicity man for a city traction company and had served for a year and a half in Uncle Sam's aviation corps. He had brought to his new position the belief that public affairs might be run as sensibly as private business.

But he found the pathway hard. He learned that many business men who use good judgment in their own affairs throw conservatism to the winds where the commercial development of their city is concerned. Oratory and optimism often take the place of discretion, thus making life easier for the grafter. Some of the extreme optimists were beginning to whisper about that Frank Barrett was not enough of a booster.

Clarence Hammond, president of the chamber of commerce, was one of those who thought the new secretary too conservative. Mr. Hammond himself was a thorough-going booster. At public meetings his voice was always heard pleading for action and progress.

"We want action in this old town," Mr. Hammond would say emotionally. "We must reach out for things. Push and progress should be our watchword! A new enterprise each month should be our motto! There must be no hanging back where the progress and growth of our city is concerned!"

As president of the chamber of commerce, Mr. Hammond ran true to his convictions, but his judgment was sometimes warped by his enthusiasms. It was less than a year before that a promoter had come to town and worked Mr. Hammond up with the idea that Inland City could be made to rival Los Angeles as a moving-picture center. The promoter was personally acquainted with an actor who would doubtless make a great hit as a movie star. He also knew a director who was temporarily out of a position. The enterprise could be made a tremendous success if local people would only subscribe $200,000 capital.

Mr. Hammond was thrilled at the prospect. He lectured, argued and begged his fellow citizens into putting up the money. The studio was built; the star, the director and a company of actors came to town. For several exciting months the people of Inland City saw moving-picture artists in action on the downtown streets. Everyone boosted the game. On one occasion court was adjourned so the movie company might use the courtroom as a stage setting. A rift was caused in the congregation of one of the downtown churches on account of its auditorium being loaned for a wedding scene. Inland City people had a prideful feeling that they were living in the center of things.

Some films were finished and sent to New York to be sold, but somehow never found a purchaser. The promoter had got his commission in cash and moved on—everyone else lost. The moving-picture studio lay idle out at the end of the Huntington Avenue car line in charge of a caretaker.

But natures like Clarence Hammond's are not easily discouraged. He still believed in push and progress, and did not conceal his belief that the new commercial secretary was too conservative for the good of Inland City.

Frank Barrett thought over these things as he sat in his private office after the departure of the Intellectual Uplift committee. It was his first $6000 position and he wanted to hold it. He had married on his thirty-five-dollar-a-week salary as a newspaper man. Grace Barrett had been a cheerful helpmate on a small income and he felt a happy pride in being able to support her in more liberal fashion. But he would not sacrifice what he thought were business principles, even for the $6000 job.

Miss Essie Hill again stuck her head into Barrett's office.

"A mysterious guy," she said briefly. "Won't say what he wants. Must see you alone."

"All right, shoot him in," said the secretary.

The mysterious guy entered, carefully closing the door behind him. In appearance he was something between a book agent and a Shakesperean actor of the old school—tall, dark and careless as to clothes.

"Are we absolutely alone?" he questioned suspiciously, looking furtively round the room.

"We are," replied Barrett, carelessly putting his hand over a heavy paper weight on his desk which might do as a weapon in a crisis.

The stranger sat himself peacefully down in a chair.

"I have come on an errand which will mean much to your city," he said—"a big factory—large pay roll—hundreds of contented employees spending their money among your merchants."

"You're just the man we're looking for," answered Barrett. "How much money do you expect to invest in your factory?"

The stranger ignored the question.

"A dozen other communities are offering me inducements," he said importantly, "but I have decided to give your city the first chance. Inside of a year I expect to have more than 1000 people on my pay roll."

"How much money did you say you are going to invest?" asked the commercial secretary.

The stranger apparently was a little hard of hearing, for he went on as if there had been no such question.

"Just think what 1000 workers will mean to your city!" he said optimistically. "Cash money for the merchants and deposits in the savings banks—my product being shipped to every part of the country!"

"Just what is it that you are going to manufacture?" asked Barrett.

Again the stranger looked suspiciously round the room, and leaned toward his listener mysteriously.

"A rain producer!" he whispered. "It's my invention!"

He pulled an official-looking document from his inside pocket and spread it out on the desk. On it was a drawing of a queer-looking apparatus that looked like a stove with a slender stovepipe sticking far up into the sky. Smoke was issuing from the top of the stovepipe and attracting rain clouds from all directions.

"It works just like you see it in that picture," said the inventor in an awed voice.

Frank Barrett looked over the drawings politely.

"I suppose you have some business proposition to make," he said. "Let's hear it. We are always interested in new industries for the city."

"I want $100,000," said the stranger firmly.

"You mean that you want to form a stock company and sell that amount of stock?" asked Barrett.

The stranger snorted scornfully.

"And divide my profits among a lot of stockholders?" he cried. "Not much! What I earn is mine."

"Did you want the money as a gift then?" asked the secretary.

The stranger looked hurt.

"Of course I don't expect it as a gift!" he said. "I'm a business man. I am perfectly willing to pay interest. All I want your chamber of commerce to do is to lend me the money."

"There are two reasons why we couldn't do that," replied Frank Barrett genially. "The first reason is that it would be contrary to our charter; the second reason is that we haven't got that much."

The stranger looked downcast, but only for a moment.

"Oh, very well, then," he said cheerfully, "you can take me to some banker and get me a loan of the $100,000. I'll start building my factory the minute I get the money."

Frank Barrett had a vision of the reception he would get if he should take the inventor into some solid banker's private office and ask for a loan on such terms. But it was his business to be diplomatic.

"I'm afraid I don't know any banker who would be interested just now," he said politely.

The stranger grew sarcastic.

"You must have a fine bunch of bankers in this town," he said heatedly, "if none of them would be interested in a proposition like mine."

"You see, bankers like to have some security when they put out their money," suggested the secretary.

"Security!" the stranger snorted violently. "If that's the kind of bankers you have got here I guess I'm wasting my time."

"Maybe so," replied Frank Barrett softly.

The stranger turned on him irritably, pounding on the desk to emphasize his words.

"What I said about your bankers goes for you, too," he said loudly. "You're secretary of this chamber of commerce, aren't you? It's your business to get new industries for your city, isn't it?"

He folded up the drawings of his rain producer, shoved the paper back into his pocket and strode to the door, where he shot out his parting words.

"A darn poor secretary in a darn poor town!" he shouted. "I am going to take my factory to some other place where the people aren't a lot of mossbacks."

Frank Barrett looked after the retreating figure.

"I wonder," he mused, "if Clarence Hammond would have found fault with me for turning down that proposition?"

Inland City was an ambitious community. Its business men had excitedly watched it pass the 100,000 mark in population. They were thrilled to see how rapidly it was taking on metropolitan ways. There was a rubberneck wagon for tourists; the principal hotel kept its dining room open all day; the railroads maintained ticket offices in the business district; storekeepers were charged $500 a month rent for good locations; the electric light company had an illuminated sign with more than 1000 incandescent bulbs in it to advertise its business.

Intoxicated by such manifestations of progress, the business men were keen to bring in new industries which might still further increase the population and the prestige of their city. Transient promoters happened along, eager to encourage such ambitions. Some of the new enterprises had not turned out well. Half a dozen blocks from the deserted moving-picture studio a big empty building marked the grave of a shoe factory, wherein was buried $100,000 of local capital. Beyond that was a silent cotton mill, which the promoter had promised investors would become the nucleus of a great textile industry.

Frank Barrett had come to his job with the idea that a commercial secretary's function was to keep enterprises out as well as to bring them in. This was not a popular idea with Clarence Hammond and the other extreme optimists on his board of directors. The new secretary's coolness with the president of the chamber of commerce dated from his first directors' meeting.

"I would recommend," Frank Barrett had said, "that we make it a rule to turn down the scheme of any stranger who wants us to put up all the money. If a promoter will risk some of his own cash we will talk with him—otherwise, nothing doing."

Frank Barrett's ears still tingled when he thought of the severe lecture Mr. Hammond had delivered on that occasion.

"That is not the spirit which builds great cities," the chamber-of-commerce president had said oratorically. "We must reach out! We must be go-getters! It is your duty as secretary of this body to encourage every person who comes into your office with any plan for increasing the growth of Inland City."

Frank Barrett sat reflecting on the difficulty of combining the go-getter spirit with businesslike methods, when his telephone rang. It was Clarence Hammond on the other end.

"I am sending a man down to see you," Mr. Hammond said, "who has been talking to me about a wonderful proposition for the city. He will tell you all about it. And remember," Mr. Hammond concluded warningly, "we must all be optimists where the growth of our city is concerned."

Twenty minutes later the man with the wonderful proposition was in the secretary's office. His card bore the name of Russell W. Scott. He was a large, pleasant man with an engaging smile, a three-carat diamond on his left third finger and a platinum scarfpin set becomingly in a ten-dollar knit tie. When he introduced himself to the secretary he was not content merely to shake hands, but accentuated his friendliness by a couple of hearty pats on the back. There was a slight oratorical quality in his voice as he came to the object of his visit.

"The chamber of commerce represents the best in any community," he said. "I know anything that makes for the growth of your city will interest you. I have come to lay a matter before you that will bring millions of dollars and thousands of contented citizens into your midst."

Frank Barrett smiled pleasantly at him and laid a restraining hand on his arm.

"Never mind the oratory," he said. "I'm not a mass meeting. Suppose you tell me in plain language just what your proposition is."

Russell W. Scott was a man of the world. In a moment his manner changed from that of the public speaker to one of genial good fellowship.

"I'm darn glad to hear you talk that way," he said confidentially. "I don't like to be an orator, but that's the only way some people can be impressed. I have really got a good thing for your city. If your chamber of commerce will give me proper support I'm going to start an automobile factory here."

"You mean you are going to start a factory," asked Frank Barrett pleasantly, "or just sell stock in one?"

Mr. Scott looked annoyed for only a moment, then he burst out into a jovial laugh.

"I don't blame you a bit for that question," he said cordially. "There certainly are a lot of crooks going round unloading lemons on towns nowadays. But I think I can convince you that my proposition is all right."

He took a wallet of papers out of his inside pocket and spread the contents on the secretary's desk.

"To begin with," he said impressively, "I am already organized. The president of my company will be one of your own leading citizens—John H. Livesey. I guess Mr. Livesey's name at the head of a concern looks pretty good, doesn't it?"

"Mr. Livesey stands mighty well round here as a successful cattle raiser," answered Frank Barrett, "but what makes you think he will be a good automobile manufacturer?"

Mr. Scott was too busy producing his other exhibits to answer the question. He laid a letter before the secretary and exultantly bade him read it.

"What do you think of my proposition now?" he cried. "A. H. Reynolds, one of the best lawyers in your own city, recommends my company over his own signature, and says an automobile factory is just the enterprise the community needs. Please notice also that he states he is ready to buy $1000 worth of stock."

Frank Barrett admitted that Mr. Reynolds was a successful lawyer and that his name would carry a good deal of weight with prospective investors. He also reflected to himself that Mr. Reynolds was a director in the Farmers State Bank.

This reflection suggested a question.

"Where do you intend to deposit the money from your stock selling?" he asked the promoter.

"I have already made arrangements with the Farmers State Bank," Mr. Scott replied. "I guess that looks open and aboveboard, doesn't it?"

Frank Barrett agreed that it looked fine. He asked one more question.

"Of course you are putting some of your own money into the proposition?" he suggested.

Mr. Scott looked a little annoyed.

"Not just at present," he said hastily. "But probably I shall later on."

Then he went on to explain his plan further. He produced a handsome folder illustrating a tempting-looking automobile, and a lot of figures showing how much money a person might have made if he had been wise enough to invest in the stock of any of the big motor concerns of the country when they were young. One page of the folder was given up to an impressive illustration of the way his factory would look when finished. The artist had pictured a whole trainload of automobiles just leaving the plant and the cashier stepping out the front door of the office with a bank-deposit slip in his hand.

Mr. Scott was frankly conceited over one feature of his stock-selling campaign, which was that any person who made a purchase of stock would be entitled to buy a car for his own use at the wholesale price.

"I thought of that scheme all by myself," he chuckled. "Every guy who has an idea of buying a car in the next five years will want to grab some of my stock so as to get his car at the wholesale price. It's a bear of a sales argument."

The interview lasted half an hour, at the end of which time Frank Barrett had made up his mind that Mr. Scott's proposition was not one which a conservative chamber of commerce ought to indorse. But he thought he would let the promoter down easily.

"Of course you understand, Mr. Scott," he said politely, "I am only the paid secretary of the organization and cannot pass on such an important matter. But the directors have their regular weekly meeting to-morrow and I will bring it to their attention."

Mr. Scott appeared to be satisfied. He left some of his handsome folders and copies of half a dozen letters from various parts of the country, which proved beyond question that his name was Russell W. Scott, that he was a good mixer and that, so far as the writers knew, he had never been in jail.

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CATCHING UP

By Henry C. Rowland

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

X

CALVERT led Agnes to the cloakroom, where they got their dominos. Few were leaving yet. The doorman called them a taxi and they sped off. Once in the cab, Agnes seemed on the point of collapse. Her head fell back in the corner, and Calvert reaching for her hand found it cold and a little damp. The suspicion flashed suddenly across his mind that Howard might have drugged her, but this idea he quickly dismissed. The man would not have wanted an unconscious girl upon his hands, though it is doubtful if such a state of affairs would have provoked more than laughing comment.

For some distance they rode in silence; then the fresh air seemed to revive her a little.

"It is nice of you to take me home," said she. "I hope you don't mind. Won't your partner be angry?"

"Oh, no! To tell the truth I think she got rather a *beguin* for yours. She's a gay young society woman with a lot of money, and does precisely what she chooses. She asked me to bring her here to-night because she knew I was a safe sort of fellow and that I would keep my mouth shut. Your viking seems to be an English swell."

"He is."

"Then look out for him!"

"What?" Agnes straightened suddenly.

"No offense, please. Only I happen to know something about those birds. They're a dangerous lot. A girl to them is like a horse or car or something of the sort; a toy or plaything to be chucked when they see one they like better."

"What makes you say that?"

"Because I think you're a nice girl, and if you don't mind my saying so—without a whole lot of experience. That's a pretty awful riot back there."

"It was terrible. I didn't think it was going to be like that, or I shouldn't have gone."

"Well, I hope it hasn't hurt you any so far. May I speak as a friend—even if an unknown one?"

"Yes," she answered hesitatingly.

"Then mind your step with Howard. I know his sort. Is he a suitor?"

She nodded.

"We're engaged—wants me to marry him as soon as we can get the papers."

"What do you know about him—or at least how much do you know about him?"

"Not such an awful lot," she confessed.

"Then take my advice not to get married until you do. Marriage is a vicious habit with some of these British adventurers."

Her body stiffened.

"He's not an adventurer. He's an officer and a gentleman. He'll be a lord some day."

"When dealing with gentlemen you can't be too careful, especially English ones out of their own country. Look at the thing on the face of it. Do you think if I were engaged to a girl like you I'd let her go away feeling woozy with a strange man? For all he knows I might be the worst kind of a rotter."

"But he had to stay. He's one of the floor committee."

"Well, I'd have let the floor go to blazes—which it seems to be doing without any help. I wish you'd promise me something. You really ought to, because I've got a feeling that you're in need of a bit of looking after. Will you?"

"What is it?"

"Don't marry him for at least a month. Meantime try to find out more about him."

"I can't promise that."

"Well think about it anyhow."

Agnes turned and stared at him intently.

"I wish I could remember where I've heard your voice," said she. "I think you know who I am. Oh, dear!"

"What's the matter?"

"My head's swimming again. I don't know how I'm ever going to get into the villa, and it's broad daylight."

"Only half past four. Pull yourself together. We're almost there."

The next five minutes were anxious ones for Calvert. The swaying and jolting of the taxi in its rapid motion, and objects flitting past, appeared to put the finishing touches on Agnes' giddiness. She swayed, seemed about to pitch forward, and to steady her he put his arm round her shoulders and drew her against him. He was now convinced that the champagne alone could not account for this semicollapse. The man had certainly drugged her, slightly perhaps, but carefully gauging the narcotic—whatever it might be—to get its cumulative effect a couple of hours later. Her speech had been slightly thick when they first began to dance, but now she seemed suddenly deprived of it.

"There Go Two Fools, Titania," Said He. "If You Don't Mind My Saying So, Your Yankee Escort Has the Wrong Costume"

The taxi drew up in front of the Villas des Lilas.

"Come now," said Calvert, "here we are—one final effort."

"I—I can't—see!"

Fortunately, though broad day, the place was comparatively deserted, presenting as the streets of Paris do at that hour in the early summer the curious aspect of soft, brilliant light, with absolute lack of activity. It was the hour not *entre chien et loup*, as the French say, but between *loup et chien*. An hour before there would have been the evidence of nocturnal movements waning and an hour later of diurnal ones beginning. But at this moment there was nothing, even though the city was flooded with daylight striking down, and pale azure sky, of which the high fleecy clouds were already bathed in the sun, which had not yet risen.

Before the war it would have been different. The *fournisseurs* would have been going about their deliveries. There would have been some traffic of travelers going to and coming from early morning trains at the many big railroad stations, the French being tremendous gadders-about within the limits of their own country. One might have heard quaint musical cries of venders of cress and asparagus, strawberries and other *primeurs*, with the shrill pipe of the mender of porcelain or chairs, or—going farther back—the delivery on the hoof of goats' and asses' milk for the babies.

But now there was nothing. It was as though Paris had spent itself in feverish excesses and was plunged in the sleep of exhaustion at a moment when all vital forces should have been refreshed rather than spent. The bright silence gave the curious impression of a city abandoned before the coming rush of some expected cataclysm, which perhaps it was.

But Calvert had no time for such reflections. Agnes was on the verge of syncope. She still reacted to stimulus, but appeared incapable of further voluntary motor function. Calvert flung open the door, glanced up and down the street, then practically dragged her from the taxi. The sympathetic chauffeur, less grinning than helpful, got down to bear a hand. They half led, half dragged her to the gate. The chauffeur touched the bell, when, after a moment's pause, the latch clicked, this being as much a reflex on the part of the sleeping concierge as a person's pupils contracting to sudden light.

"All right," said Calvert to the chauffeur. "Wait."

He got her to the door of the little house, where, holding her erect but with sagging knees, he gave her a vigorous shake.

"Give me the key." He shook her again. "Your key!"

Then getting no response, he tugged at a small gold chain round her neck, drawing from her corsage a little mesh purse, which he opened, and found the key. As he took this out he wondered with some dismay what he ought to do next. He couldn't very well put Agnes to bed, nor did he feel that he ought to leave her alone in that condition.

But his perplexity was relieved, though in a highly embarrassing manner, for as he turned the key in the lock the door swung open with the jingle of Dutch chime pipes, and almost immediately a voice from a bedroom at the far end of the corridor called in crisp English accents, "Is that you, Agnes?"

Calvert was seized with an almost irresistible temptation to let Agnes drop, close the door and beat a speedy retreat. But there was a quality in his nature which forbade this measure. He was guilty of no wrong. Quite the contrary, his act was worthy and chivalrous and not one of which he felt he should flee the results. It was evident that Lady Audrey had returned unexpectedly in the night, and it seemed to Calvert that if only for Agnes' sake some explanation should be forthcoming.

So he answered, "Yes, Lady Audrey, it is Agnes, and she's ill."

"And who are you?"

"I am a friend of Agnes'. I found her at a ball in bad company and brought her home."

"Indeed! You seem to have taken your time about it. Wait a minute, please."

And then to Calvert's horror there came from an adjoining room a sleepy girlish voice which asked fretfully, "Who is it? What's all the noise about?"

This was too much for Calvert's nerve. He realized instantly that Isabel must have returned late with Lady Audrey. Calvert had proved himself a brave soldier who had never turned his back upon the enemy except under orders, which sometimes happens to the best of fighting men. But to confront Lady Audrey Chatteris and Isabel Orme at nearly five in the morning, costumed as Oberon, king of the fairies, with a senseless girl in his arms, was such a test of valor as he felt himself for the moment unequal to. But he could not manfully drop Agnes in a heap there in the antechamber, and in all fairness to the girl he was bound to make some effort to exculpate her. It struck him

also that here might be an ally rather than an enemy. So he stood to his guns, and as he was half dragging, half carrying her into the salon he heard the swish of draperies outside and, laying Agnes down, looked up to confront the terrifying figure of Lady Audrey glaring at him from the threshold.

It was not the moment which even the aristocratic English sportswoman and globe trotter would have chosen to receive a caller. After a certain age even the most athletic and well preserved of ladies are subject to relaxations in the matter of presentability. If Calvert had not heard Lady Audrey described, and that moment heard her voice, he would have thought himself confronted by an irascible British officer disturbed in his repose. She was in silk pyjamas of pale mauve, over which she had flung a sort of Arab burnoose, her feet in Moorish slippers with tufts on the upturned pointed toes. Her ruddy, weather-beaten skin and lofty, clean-cut, masculine features suggested a hardened campaigner of the Sudan, which effect was enhanced by her short, curly, grizzled hair. Standing thus erect and militant, she looked with angry amazement at the tableau of a graceful young man in the costume which disclosed his pleasing proportions just in the act of depositing a woefully crumpled Columbine upon a Récamier, straightening her shapely legs that they might not flop off upon the floor.

"Well, upon my word!" said Lady Audrey. "Is this the sort of thing which takes place in my absence? Who are you and what have you done to her? Take off your mask!"

As Calvert was about to comply there came another rustle, and he saw the rosy, sleepy and astonished face of Isabel peeping out from behind Lady Audrey's elbow.

His hands fell limply to his sides again.

"It's not entirely Agnes' fault, Lady Audrey," said he. "She thought she was going to a harmless masquerade, and it turned out to be the *bal des jockeys*. I saw her there and brought her home. I think she must have been drugged."

"With whom did she go?" demanded Lady Audrey.

"She told me he was her fiancé."

"Fiancé rubbish!" exploded Lady Audrey. "What was he—and who are you, young man? Take off your mask!"

Calvert did so unwillingly, and saw Isabel's eyes grow round with astonishment and shock.

"Lieutenant Steele!" she gasped.

But Lady Audrey after one glance at his face stepped quickly to the side of the unconscious girl and took off her mask. Agnes' face was flushed and her breathing slow but labored. Lady Audrey took her pulse, then stood for a moment looking at her thoughtfully, then raised her eyelids and glanced at her pupils.

"Contracted," said she. "I believe you're right. She's had an opiate. How did you fetch her here?"

"In a taxi," Calvert answered. "She only lost consciousness when we got to the gate."

"Well, let's get her in bed. Her pulse is strong, and there's no use making a row."

Declining assistance, Calvert picked up the limp girl and, following Lady Audrey, carried her into a bedroom and laid her down, then returned to the salon, where a few moments later he was joined by Lady Audrey and Isabel.

"Now tell me what you know about this, Lieutenant Steele," said Lady Audrey.

"I went to the ball about midnight," said Calvert, "and in passing Agnes I recognized her voice. She was with an Englishman she called Howard, who was costumed as a viking. In the rumpus that was going on I spoke to her, and though she wasn't able to identify me she guessed that I was someone whom she knew. That was only about an hour ago. I asked her to dance and saw right away that she was in bad shape."

"What was her escort doing?"

"I spoke to him, and he saw that I was American and made no objection, as he wanted to dance with another girl. Agnes said that he had promised to take her home early. My own opinion is that he's a scoundrel who had designs on her. So I asked Agnes to let me bring her home."

Lady Audrey's stern features relaxed.

"Well, I must say it was very decent of you," said she. "What a little fool! Almost anything might have happened to her."

"It may yet if she's not looked after," said Calvert. "She told me that this man was a captain in the British Army, but there's no doubt he's a bad lot. The chances are she's told him of this inheritance of hers."

"Quite so," said Lady Audrey; "and he meant to force her into an immediate marriage. I can't understand, though, his letting her go away with you."

"Well," said Calvert, "he'd got fascinated by another girl and drunk a good bit of champagne, and thought no doubt there was no desperate hurry. He may have thought, too, that Agnes was going to be something of a nuisance."

"Did she seem rational coming back in the cab?"

"Her speech was clear enough, though she didn't say much, but seemed to be fighting to keep her consciousness. That's what makes me think that she was drugged. He probably gave her small amounts in her wine during the course of the ball, not wishing it to take effect until after they had left."

"Hoity-toity, a calculating blackguard! That sort are when they go bad." She checked herself and glanced at Isabel. "I think you'd better go back to bed, my dear."

"Oh, you can't shock me," said Isabel. "You see, Lady Audrey, Agnes and Lieutenant Steele knew each other at the Front, and he's another of the four to inherit."

Lady Audrey raised her eyebrows. She stared for a moment at Calvert. Then: "How was it Agnes failed to recognize you?"

"She knew my voice, but couldn't place it through being confused and having talked to such a lot of soldiers."

"Then why did you keep your identity secret?"

"Because," said he slowly, "I have my suspicions of this man and I don't want him to be put on his guard."

The expression of Lady Audrey's face showed that she had immediately caught the idea.

"I see," said she. "Well, why not? Young man, I believe you're on the right track."

"Then you don't think it was Jerry Heming?" murmured Isabel.

"I never did think it was Jerry Heming. More than that, I've been positive that it was not. Heming may have been unable to account for himself without compromising some woman. Just as I might have been to-night if asked to account for myself when with Agnes."

"You're jolly well right," said Lady Audrey. "Run in and have a look at Agnes, Isabel. You might sit with her a few moments and see that her breathing is regular. It may be just the champagne after all, as she's not used to taking any wine. Sit down, Mr. Steele. Believe I've met your mother knocking about. Come to think of it, I seem to remember that she had a jolly little spadger of a boy. That must have been you. Now suppose you tell me all about this business. I go everywhere and know everybody who might be able to throw some sort of a slant on this fiancé of Agnes'. Fiancé!" She drew down the corners of her patrician lips and her green eyes glared from under the straight heavy lashes. "Hell is full of fiancés like that. This girl has had a close shave, and her escape can be charged to your credit, my dear boy."

Calvert came to a quick decision. It is one thing to be loose-tongued and another to know when to take advantage of a valuable confidante, and as he now looked at the shrewd, austere yet benevolent face of this aristocratic Englishwoman he was seized by the conviction that she might prove a valuable ally. He had heard a good deal about Lady Audrey Chatteris, veteran traveler, yachtswoman, mountaineer and explorer, not only of the silent places but the noisy ones. This thoroughbred spinster belonged to a school of which there were not many such alumnæ left. Calvert had heard that as the sailing master of her sea-going yawl-rigged yacht Bloodhound she had poked its prow into many odd corners of the earth, and that her acquaintance was not only international but by no means limited to its elect. She had wit and magnetism and a harsh cynical humor.

(Continued on Page 73)

"Well, Upon My Word!" Said Lady Audrey. "Is This the Sort of Thing Which Takes Place in My Absence? Who are You and What Have You Done to Her? Take Off Your Mask!"

STEEL

By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

"Heaven and You Know That I Am Not a Radical, I'm a Manufacturer. But These People are Sailing on the Wrong Wind"

VI

SEATED after dinner on the terrace under his windows Howard Gage, in a happy state of laxness, heard Daniel explaining the situation of his house. "This," he said, "is the front, while the back's on the road. A splendid arrangement, and common enough, but a number of people can't get it through their heads. We have the same thing, though, at the works; anyone who doesn't know steel calls the back of the furnace the front."

The night was thick with subdued color. Howard was lounging on the edge of the porch, but the others occupied basket chairs. Sophie, in white, was again silent; occasionally the glow of her cigarette defined the complete beauty of her features, the pure curve of her cheek; then she was vague, entrancing, like Howard's thoughts. Dan, with a cigar, had his legs thrust out as far as possible; while Charlotte was leaning forward, her chin in a hand.

Howard dwelt upon such details with deep interest, satisfaction. It was precisely their quality of repose, their elevation to the principal element of existence here, that held and contented him. He had watched Sophie vacillate between three dresses for that evening, at once soothed and amused by the triviality of her difficulty. Such minor considerations, which he suddenly found immensely important to living, had been horribly absent from the past year. Now, he felt, the intensity of his mind and nerves was lessening among these withdrawn and uneventful influences. He threw off—almost with a physical gesture—all his responsibilities. Relieved of that weight he drank cheerfully from a tall glass on the bricks at his elbow.

The slope of the lawn and trees were merged in a rich obscurity that melted imperceptibly into the sky or rather floated upward to an absolute hushed blue. There were no clouds, but the stars were blurred, like a scattered silver vapor, and the waterfall held steady its clear treble. A faint breath of perfume, of roses, drifted over Howard; and then the calm was broken by an arrival through the house.

Daniel Gage's chair scraped sharply as he rose and turned to Howard with an introductory phrase: "Major Moreland."

This accomplished, Dan sank back into the seclusion of the night surrounding an animation of voices dominated by the correct enthusiasms of Dudley Moreland. He was, Howard discovered, fully, even aggressively, informed of the late military affairs: "You were with the Regulars, on the Ourcq and the Vesle. Wasn't Vincent, your colonel, relieved before you went in? A lot of those old antiquated officers had to be taken from the line ——"

"Colonel Vincent was relieved," Howard interrupted, "but not because he was old or antiquated. Military politics took his command away and gave us a damned army mule in his place."

Howard Gage's peace of mind was invaded by angry resentment. He sat rigidly, losing even his ease of position, dangerously on the verge of continuing his assertions by the specification of what influences exactly, at Washington, had deprived his regiment of its commanding officer at the most disturbing moment possible. But the habit, the discipline, of the Army restrained him. And after all, he thought arrogantly, the circumstances of the wrong done to Colonel Vincent were forever beyond the understanding of any major of the adjutant general's staff in the United States. No one who had not fought in or lived with the past war could have the faintest conception of its reality.

Not, he added in silent haste, that the men who were actually engaged in battle were better than those who, for a multitude of reasons, remained at home. Not better, but different! It was exactly as though the former had passed in company through a devastating calamity and in the incredible revealing ills of their experience were bound by memory and a common knowledge. This reflection, though it failed to reëstablish his complete surrender to an uneventful beauty, furnished him with an equally discreet indifference.

"Of course," Moreland admitted, "there was a great deal we couldn't get hold of by rumor—though in many ways Washington could see more clearly than was possible in the confusion at the Front. But no one, half a man, wanted to see clearly; they only asked to get over. Asked—begged, threatened, lied and bribed. I tried them all; it was no use." He laughed hardly, obviously hurt. "Anybody who suggested that I wanted a desk job had a run for his opinion. You were lucky."

"I've been told that," Howard replied; "and it's true. I wasn't shot into a wreck with a choice between making penwipers or going insane. Yes," said Howard, gazing about, "I was lucky."

Moreland showed his impatience. "Those are small considerations, aren't they? I mean that you were fortunate to be able to serve your country in such a direct capacity. It gives you a great responsibility now, too; the returned soldier is the power of to-day; he must back up the Government in local and national politics, put industry on its feet and stamp out anarchy. I hope, Gage, because of your record, you'll be particularly energetic; you should have a large influence. There'll be, of course, a great celebration on Armistice Day, with a parade where you can line up your forces for the next election."

"There are a number of things I'm through with." Howard spoke slowly, comfortably, to anyone who might be concerned. "Parading is one of them. In uniform or out, with side arms or not, bands or no bands, I've paraded for the last time—I hope. And—I might as well keep on and be done with it—though I hate war worse than a Quaker I'm not going to use it to drum up party votes. I know just as much about state administration and industrial problems as I did two years ago, and that's not a damned bit. And, if anything, what I saw in France made me a worse citizen, in the sense you mean, than better." He turned definitely, dismissing Moreland, to Dan. "That's a fact—I got a curious view of life going on by itself beyond the influence of any individual effort. A very unsentimental business, Daniel, without reference to our bright hopes. Destructive to the ambitious, that.

"I'm entirely contented now with Sophie and you, Charlotte and Bagatelle. The only other thing which might interest me I've spoken about—the men. But I don't like to discuss that publicly or encourage trading on it. Indecent to the dead! No, no, when we're really fortunate we'll forget our uniforms, if we are allowed—come back." He took another deep drink. "Back," he said again reflectively; "perhaps it's not possible. It took, you'll remember, half a century to get rid of the bad effect of the Civil War on its soldiers."

Moreland said stiffly: "You sound very much like a pacifist."

"If that means I hate fighting it's correct."

"But what if I insulted you or trespassed on your home and stole or damaged it?" the other insisted. "What if I, well—lied about Sophie?"

Howard Gage replied lazily: "A little steel, not more than a few inches is recommended, in some soft spot like your throat."

Sophie, dismayed, cried: "Don't!"

Moreland then pointed out the contradiction in Howard's position and philosophy. "We must protect our interests," he declared; "war is no more than that on a national scale. You will find the majority of men who saw service against you."

Howard agreed. "Naturally. That began when they disliked the French. The majority and I have parted," he concluded moodily.

All his weariness and disillusionment crowded back upon him, the tension in his head returned; the peace and serenity of Bagatelle were shattered. He continued sitting in an immobility that fixed his gaze on the unmarked depth of the night, while Moreland turned to Sophie and Charlotte.

"The infantry," he informed them humorously, "believes that it fought the whole war. Have you ever heard them talk about the air service? It's shocking. They can hardly manage a good word even for the marines. You see," he explained, "the adjutant general's department is the clerking force of the Army, and we get to know pretty thoroughly the little vanities of the service."

His voice seemed to Howard to come from a distance; and as the subject of the conversation changed they were all apparently removed from him.

It would take a long while for him to lose the effect of the past two years; perhaps, as he had suggested, it couldn't be done; perhaps—in spite of every hope and effort to the contrary—he would never recover from his experience. This much was clear to him—that he had been chilled like the iron specially treated at the Gage works. He had heard of men whom the war had tempered with pity, upon whom the green fumes of gas had descended as

a cloud of beneficent wisdom. He had undoubtedly gained something that might resemble the latter quality, but all it promised was, as Moreland had been quick to grasp, a division of opinion with the generality of life and men. No, the principal break was with the traditions of sentiment and what Howard called superstition. Men, he told himself, were fanatical there.

Mainly he had learned that the world was not to be taken very seriously—a pretentious show choked with rubbish and lies, an affair lost to the simplicity of honest motives and acts. Standing hour after hour in the Ourcq River before Sergy, beaten back seven times, held by unquenchable machine guns, he had seen the superficial drain out of men like dye washed away by the running water, leaving individuals strange-looking, shriveled and blanched beyond recognition, grinding out, with the voices of mechanical figures, the naked utterances of their hearts.

"Of course," Moreland said to Charlotte, "you may be right. I'm rather inclined to believe that you are. It seems so, doesn't it? And yet, on the other hand —— But it's very sharp of you and I'm alarmed at such sagacity in the extreme young. I missed that completely, and I've known them intimately for years. Yet anyone could see that she has been looking quite badly; but we all thought it came from his being in the North Sea when the entire time ——"

Daniel Gage rose abruptly and without a word went into the house. Sophie laughed, a low, cool chiming sound.

"You've annoyed your father again, Charlotte dear," she proceeded. "It's foolish of you to expose yourself so openly. Let him keep some of the necessary illusions of a father for his daughter. About the other, I am certain you're wrong. I am a little ashamed of you too. I really do think you should cultivate more sweetness and feminine innocence of mind. There I agree with Daniel absolutely. Though I couldn't hope to take the place of your mother I did for a time think that you could be influenced to some extent by me, come to me for assistance. I hoped at least to give your father that in return for his kindness while Howard was abroad. But, indeed"—her voice grew colder—"it seems as if I must go to you for advice. I appear to know nothing whatever about life or my friends or clothes."

Howard Gage roused himself from his somber absorption; the loveliness of his surroundings flooded soothingly back to his consciousness, an anodyne for all that had gone before. Charlotte's face, under hair dense in the gloom, was enticing; Sophie's beauty, veiled, was doubly potent. There was a stir of air among the upper leaves, a breath of a different scent—from Sophie and not the garden. The others were discussing dancing

"Heavenly!" his wife sighed. "We never left the corner of the room." Charlotte added an amused account of an entertainment arranged for soldiers. "He touched me on the shoulder," she explained, "and said that we couldn't dance there without moving our feet."

Moreland finally left, Charlotte walked over the path with him to the gate, and Sophie with a perfunctory phrase went up to their room. Howard found her matchless in sheer voluminous white silk, her feet in gilt Chinese sandals, and her hair a distracting informal mass of pale gold. He was, he told her, indebted for her interest in Charlotte; and she repeated her recital of how much she had hoped to be to the younger girl.

"We must all help each other," she said gravely, "and make life happy for everybody. You might easily be pleasanter to Major Moreland, Howard. And Dan was actually rude. It isn't nice of you to be so conceited about your foreign service."

He regarded her in helpless dismay, echoing the word "conceited." Nothing, Howard protested, could have been further from his intention. He was a little shocked that Sophie—who was closer to him than anyone else alive—could so entirely misunderstand him. It gave him momentarily a feeling of insecurity, as though the house had been slightly rocked by shell fire. Her manner was gentle, appealing, her appearance enchanting.

"A soldier must be generous and fair," she continued, "chivalrous always. A knight in shining armor with a stainless sword."

In this mood she was a source of pure delight, and he laughed unrestrainedly; but she was displeased, and he was forced to become serious immediately.

Sophie insisted: "You don't encourage my best side. I have a great many thoughts like that, but you laugh and I hide them away. When I was at school in Staunton my poetry was praised a lot."

He told her: "It's enough for you to be yourself, without writing poetry." But she protested that she was very sensitive and that he had wounded her. Sophie turned away, carefully studying her countenance in a mirror How marvelously graceful was the line of her shoulders and the turn of a lifted wrist. She moved her head and he caught the petal-like curve of a cheek; her chin was like a magnolia bud. Then she nodded, contented

"I wish you'd put out the light," she called to Howard who was standing at his dressing case reading, with a happy recognition of its absurdity, the Langres Guide, printed, he thought, in the exact English of Lapigne, his orderly Howard laid the slight book aside, but he was vaguely uneasy, wakeful; memories tragically different from the present returned and troubled him; for the first time he was conscious of a faint desire, a need to put his stress into words, to dissolve it perhaps in the communication made possible only by a common understanding.

"It's so impossibly comfortable to look at," he said of the room, "that I hate to hide it in the dark. You have no idea, Sophie, of what it means. Why, take last June, when we were relieved from duty with the British and sent—it might be to the Marne. Anyhow, we went south, through Newville and Flecy—it rained all day—and stopped at Doign with the regiment for the night The *major de zone*, who knew that we were leaving his sector, absolutely refused to give us any billets. I found an officer of the cantonment, a French sergeant and a nice old gentleman of fifty, and begged places for the colonel and a few others, but I got nothing for the rest except the right to bivouac on the town's commune, the polite name of the marsh along the river. There were occasional small hummocks of soggy land, and when the regiment came in the next afternoon each platoon was led to its little island sluiced with rain."

He interrupted the narrative to gather into a single expression an unanswered opinion of the *major de zone*, and he was so successful that he turned, apologetically, from his reminiscence to Sophie. But with an unintelligible murmur, a protest, she drew up the sheet against the light and the disturbing sound of his voice.

VII

HOWEVER, deeper than all his plans and speculations, Howard's mere relief at the pleasant inactivity of home filled and satisfied him. He was more worn than he had realized; not physically, nor even quite mentally;

(Continued on Page 116)

The Rooms Were a Confusion of Pale Satin and Velvet, Silver and Gold Tissue, Webs of Lace Over Powdered Arms and Seductive Shoulders

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Five Cents the Copy From All Newsdealers. By Subscription:—$3.50 the Year. Remittances from outside the United States proper to be by U. S. Money Order or Draft, payable in U. S. funds, on a bank in the U. S.

To Canada—By Subscription, $3.75 the Year. Single Copies, Ten Cents.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Subscriptions, $6.00 the Year. Remittances to be by Draft on a bank in the U. S., payable in U. S. funds.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY 3, 1920

Popularize Sound Investments

ONE of the leading banks recently devoted several thousand words in its widely read monthly circular to cases of fraudulent stock selling in a single Middle-Western state. "The high prices for farm products and high prevailing wages have created a large body of new and inexperienced investors throughout the country," says the circular, "who are unfamiliar with the risks of new business enterprises, uninformed as to standard securities and an easy prey to skillful stock salesmen." The bank then goes on to say that the resulting loss of capital is deplorable not only on account of the investors who have been defrauded but because of the country's present great need for capital.

Frankly, what is needed is more imagination and aggressiveness on the part of the country's bankers and industrial leaders in selling standard securities to this great new army of buyers.

If a fraction of the talent, at times approaching genius, which our financiers employ in making money in Wall Street were devoted to devising machinery for the distribution of high-grade securities to the class of persons described in the bank circular, there would not be so vast a loss in visionary and fraudulent schemes.

The case is cited of a company organized to establish a plant. An especial appeal was made to farmers upon the representation that it was intended to give them an opportunity to enjoy the profits which had long been monopolized by the big interests. It was intimated that the stock of the large Chicago companies was closely held, if not unobtainable, though several of these stocks are traded in daily on public exchanges and the largest of all the companies has thirty-five thousand shareholders.

Time and time again ignorant persons have been induced to invest in visionary paper schemes because of the insinuation that the large and established units in the field were making big and perhaps monopolistic profits which were inaccessible to the public, though the stock of these big companies was just as available for purchase by the most ignorant investor as by the richest, most sophisticated and powerful financier. If the big companies are making too much money, would it not be well for hundreds of thousands, indeed millions, of persons of scanty means to buy their stock and thus spread the prosperity among the people? Would that not be a serviceable form of socialism?

Those who are unfamiliar with the ways of finance somehow vaguely feel that the shares of great rich corporations are not for them and so they are led into loss and bitter disappointment by interested promoters who persuade them to purchase shares in companies which do not own a plant and still have to build up an organization and a clientele, even with the best will in the world. Our financial leaders have found it easier to cultivate the larger and wiser investor. Many brokerage and bond houses, it is true, have striven valiantly to increase their lists of customers. But the millions are not reached in that way. They will have to be sought through local influences—their banks, possibly their own employers and associates. The task is a difficult one, but not beyond the ingenuity of modern financial and business organization.

It will not do any longer to say that the farmer, small business man and wage earner had better confine themselves to the savings bank because of the risk inherent in the stocks of even the soundest enterprise. For one thing, the wages or profits of many farmers, small business men and workers are now too large for savings-bank investment only. When people have money nothing will keep them from buying stocks. Far better that this money should go into building up the legitimate industrial machinery of the country than be wasted on parasitical promoters, better both for the productive machinery of the country and for the individuals who have savings to spare.

What is known as big business—and moderate-size business as well—had better get over its dignity and apply to the great financially unsophisticated public for funds with the same skilled human appeals as are employed by the fakers and swindlers.

The reputable, standard concern with stock to sell or bankers of good standing who have securities to sell are mortally afraid of being undignified. Their advertising must be cold and devoid of human interest or else they shiver from fear of criticism. There are signs of a change on the part of a few distributors of high-grade securities. But the great majority of concerns do not know how to get down to human levels in selling their bonds and shares.

A most attractive little booklet explaining in the simplest terms the elementary facts which the investor should know recently came to the writer's attention. It was well gotten up and calculated to sell. The only drawback was the fact that the promoter behind the concern had a long prison record. The reputable concern is afraid of being too interesting lest he be associated with those of no standing. But why can he not steal their thunder? The big industries of the country—packers, railroads, steel makers, textile mills, and the like—are engaged in a vital work. Why should they be afraid to appeal to the public at large and by means which the public understands?

The great corporations of the country are telling the stories of their business operations to the public in advertisements which all can understand. There is no reason why just as large a public should not participate in their profits through being bondholders and stockholders. There is no reason except outworn Wall-Street, State-Street and Chestnut-Street prejudice why the great corporations should not have millions of stockholders apiece.

Summer House Cleaning

JUST before the Chicago convention the Senate, of its own free will and practically without debate or discussion, abolished no less than forty-two of its seventy-odd committees and largely reduced the membership of the remaining ones.

The committees done away with by this resolution met so rarely that virtually they had no existence except on paper; but even their paper existence carried with it chairmanships and employee patronage which have now been abolished to take effect at the next session.

The spectacle of any branch of the Government voluntarily surrendering either patronage or prerogative is an event as unusual as it is wholesome and encouraging. Reduced to dollars and cents, the Senate's renunciation does not loom imposingly; but its spirit is none the less commendable.

Summer house cleaning, faithfully undertaken, always reveals forgotten and useless survivals that are better outside than in. If every Washington department and bureau will institute a wholehearted Clean-Up Week between now and Election Day the country will gladly overlook the temporary inconveniences that house cleaning always involves.

Buried Treasure

BANKING authorities are agreed that one of the reasons why our banks have not sufficient money and credit with which to carry on their customers' business without a strict rationing of funds is that an unusually large proportion of the circulating medium has been withdrawn from daily use. This credit shortage is so acute that in most parts of the country bankers are every day compelled to refuse to make moderate loans to clients whose personal standing is beyond all question.

In times of panic the selfish and the timid draw their money out of the bank in gold or currency and secrete their hoards about their persons or premises. Socks stuffed with coin are concealed in feather beds, and teapots full of money are buried under countless hearthstones.

No such conditions exist to-day. The buried treasure whose absence bankers mourn is not concealed in socks or teapots, but in the pockets of its owners. Financial authorities say that the average American is carrying about in his pocket anywhere from five to eight times the amount that he used to carry before the war. Millions of workers whose incomes amply justify the use of banks and checking accounts still court the risk and inconvenience of keeping large sums about them. Rich men, on the other hand, are notorious for the lightness of their pockets. Five or ten dollars and a blank check or two often meet their daily requirements when they are not away from home.

Men refrain from opening checking accounts not because they distrust banks and bankers but simply because they have not outgrown that boyish feeling that a palpable cylinder of bank notes on hip or thigh confers a deeper sense of being well heeled than a few figures in a book and the power to check against the sum those figures represent. Such men are usually quite unaware that the matter is not a purely personal one; and they would be sincerely puzzled if they were told that their pocket hoarding worked injustice upon their friends and neighbors who are finding it hard to borrow at the banks.

The banking power of a nation is measured not only by the amount of money outstanding, but also by the rapidity with which the circulating medium moves. If we were asked how many trolley cars would be required to permit a five-minute service on a route a given number of miles in length we should have to know the speed at which the cars were to move. If they could make but ten miles an hour twice as many would be needed as if they could do twenty miles. Furthermore, if the president of the company were an eccentric old pocket hoarder who insisted that one-quarter of his cars always be kept in the barns where he could gloat over their varnished beauty, that fact would have to be allowed for or his whim would cost the public twenty-five per cent of the service it might otherwise enjoy.

On the same principles, money in the bank multiplies its financing power in direct ratio to the speed with which it circulates; and this fact gives enormous banking and commercial advantage to a population that banks its income and pays by check over a people whose money spends most of its time in hoarded idleness.

London became the money center of the world not by great preponderance of financial resources over those of Continental neighbors, but by the willingness with which Englishmen allow bankers to keep their money for them. The bulk of English funds being mobilized under the command of bankers could be readily maneuvered, deployed, recalled or sent hither and yon at will, wherever its use would command the highest return. It was only natural that the nimble seagoing sixpence outran the stay-at-home franc or the slow-footed mark and made its power felt in every quarter of the globe. If American dollars will do likewise they can beat the sixpence at its own game, when once that game is well learned.

There was never a better time than to-day to dig up our buried pocket treasure, open a bank account and set our slacker dollars to work for ourselves, our neighbors and our country.

Do Opportunities Still Exist?

By Albert W. Atwood

DECORATION BY DOUGLAS RYAN

A YOUNG man has ten chances to become a millionaire to-day to one in the days of the forty-niners," said one of the most practical business educators in the country in a recent conversation. "Both are prospectors. The forty-niner was trying to find a place in the West that would give him a fortune, and to-day the young man who succeeds must find a place in our social system. He must prospect through the social mazes and find the position to which he is most suited and the one where he has the most chance to succeed."

Certainly any analysis of American industry as it exists to-day discloses the fact that a very great majority of the positions of responsibility and leadership are filled by men who have attained them because of ability rather than pull. This statement does not apply merely to the older men, those who began their climb when the country was younger and with more undeveloped natural resources, nor merely to the millionaires and multimillionaires, the captains of industry. It is generally true of the great mass of successful business men, of administrators, executives, managers, superintendents and foremen. The self-made man, the man who has risen from the ranks, is the type that permeates modern industry in this country.

The Democracy of Our Industries

MUCH is being said these days about the necessity of democracy in industry. What is meant of course is the giving of more responsibility, more voice, to those who have not left the class of manual workers. These are very numerous and their welfare naturally is of tremendous importance. It is pretty freely admitted that industry might become more democratic to the general advantage. But in one most important respect industry is already democratic. If the majority of successful business men, managers and the like were chosen because of inherited wealth or social standing the democracy which might be obtained through the formation of shop committees and similar devices would be a pretty thin article. The first essential of democracy is to keep the avenues of advancement clear and open to merit wherever found. There can be no real democracy unless the largest possible degree of opportunity for ability, whether in cottage or palace, is constantly afforded.

Here and there of course men do get ahead because of pull, luck, wealth, social position and other more or less accidental and artificial circumstances rather than because of intrinsic merit. It often happens that when one of two men in similar positions is selected for promotion the other feels sore and wonders what kind of pull his fellow worker has.

But any broad view of industry proves that these cases are exceptional. As I propose to show shortly the higher officials, and the subordinate officials as well, of the largest and most powerful corporations have in most cases reached their places without initial wealth or connections.

Indeed this fact is well known to most people who have given any thought or attention to the subject at all. In disgruntled mood we sometimes talk about the other fellow's pull or luck, or we envy the acquaintance who has inherited money. But we know perfectly well all the time that the self-made man is really our great American type. Indeed he is such a common figure among us that in literature and the drama he is frequently the subject of ridicule.

One of the favorite topics of American humor has always been the newly rich. Nor is it any the less so to-day than in earlier generations. Pick up any comic paper and you will find no lack of references to the newly made, the self-made millionaire and his lack of familiarity with certain refinements of life, a none-too-pleasant evidence perhaps, but all the same a striking one, of the amplitude of opportunities to rise.

Indeed many Europeans have the idea that all Americans are newly rich. The less intelligent European regards every American visitor as a millionaire, and even the doughboys say that they were stung by French merchants who could not get over the settled conviction that all Americans had money to spare.

To most of us this is old stuff, the merest commonplace, bromide. The self-made man we have long taken for granted, rather laughed at him, considered him a matter of course. But it is about time we were waking up to his importance, and beginning to learn to take him seriously. It is about time we stopped taking everything in this country for granted and learned instead to appraise at its true value some of the old stuff.

For somehow in recent years, in a vague but very real sort of way, the feeling has grown up that with the development of large-scale industry and the piling up of large fortunes, opportunity, except for a very few, has passed. This idea of course is eagerly fostered by the enemies of American institutions. If facts do not bear them out, insinuation and innuendo will do almost as well. Even if the number of opportunities is far in excess of those which existed in an earlier day instead of fewer, the idea that America is no longer anything but a dreary treadmill can be hinted at indirectly by pointing to the enormous profits of large corporations and to the accumulation of great fortunes.

Naturally, the cart-tail orator who denounces wealth does not mention the fact that those who possess it were mostly without it a few years ago, and even less does he suggest that the listener may be the rich man or at least the one in moderate or comfortable circumstances of ten or twenty years hence. The revolutionary agitator does not refer to the fact that among the laborers, clerks and office boys of to-day there are hundreds of thousands who will manage and direct, who will, in fact, be at the very top pinnacle of the whole structure of wealth and industry of a few years hence.

We have become so habituated to and familiar with certain features of our institutions that their true significance is almost universally forgotten.

I saw a poster recently which showed a workman standing between two figures, a king with his crown and scepter on the one hand, and Uncle Sam on the other.

"Who was your father?" queried the king.

"What can you do?" asked Uncle Sam.

Working Up From the Bottom

KINGS with scepters and crowns are rather at a discount even on the other side just now, but the idea back of these two questions is just as applicable as ever. The masses of more or less ignorant immigrants of recent years, who form the bulk of converts to revolutionary doctrines, have inherited the idea of political, social and industrial stratification, the principle of fixed classes, which has been so characteristic of European civilization and so opposed to our own. To many of these workers the idea that most of the leaders in American industry have come up from positions such as they themselves now occupy is not so easy and natural to grasp as it may seem offhand to those of longer American traditions. When one's background and inheritance are those of oppression it is not so simple to accommodate oneself to an opposing idea.

The surroundings of a new country are always more or less mysterious, and it goes without saying that even with the recent check in immigration there are probably millions of workers in this country still sufficiently steeped in foreign traditions to have but the faintest conception of the nature of the industrial system in which they are employed. Evidently one of the railroads had the same thought in mind when it sent this message to its foreign-born workers:

"Some of the big officials of this railroad began work on the tracks; others in the shops; others building wooden, cement or steel bridges; others as fence builders; some as coal heavers; a few as freight handlers; many as trainmen; some as telegraph operators.

"A man who learns the trade of tracklaying, or bridge building, or firing a locomotive, or doing any one of a dozen things in the railroad business, has acquired knowledge

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The Reincarnation of Chan Hop

By L. B. YATES

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. SOULEN

CHAN HOP the Chinese cook lived away back in the days when people used to call racing the "sport of kings"—at a time when foolish men bred thoroughbreds for the pure love of it, and watched them grow up from babyhood and go forth to do battle with other emperors of the turf. Moreover, they passed the traditions of their house, together with their satin racing jackets, down from father to son. Oh yes! Chan Hop lived in the Golden Age of the ridiculously unwise people.

When Chan arrived in this country he landed in San Francisco, and was sent out to cook on a ranch. It was mainly devoted to the raising and development of race horses. Up to that time Chan Hop was not aware that a single drop of sporting blood percolated under his yellow hide, but for an alien he was singularly receptive and a more than apt pupil. At all the altars of the goddess of chance he immediately became a most devout worshiper.

In his peculiar, unaccountable Chinese way Chan Hop rapidly diagnosed his surroundings. The ancient doctrines emanating from the Confucian era all found logical application when arrayed against the subtle reasoning of the white man. Chan pondered on the forceful wisdom of the philosopher Psang. Human nature in its salient points had not changed much as it rattled through the ages. The principle of the game of life still remained the same, even if it differed slightly in execution. It was all as old as the first sin, as new as the last forgiveness.

Chan Hop rapidly learned enough pidgin English to make himself understood. In that respect he was like the rest of his countrymen; but, unlike them, the new language he acquired was intermingled with a strange patois, redolent of the race track and stable. The rough-and-tumble exercising boys conversed in a language particularly their own. Chan Hop grasped this jargon readily and played about with it in a most unexpected and unheard-of manner. This accomplishment endeared him to the people with whom he was thrown. In moments of relaxation or when visitors arrived at the ranch Chan was called forth to display his knowledge concerning the points of the various champions in embryo. Chan lost nothing by it.

When everything was ready to take the stable East for the summer season Chan Hop folded together his treasures and silken peacock-hued blouse and went along. He had saved money, being of a frugal turn of mind. The fact that the Tong of which he was a member was obligated to send his bones back to China after his demise had no appeal for Chan. His ambition was to return to his native land numbered as the quick rather than the dead, and every cent gathered and stowed away put him nearer the goal of his ambition. Never had Chan seen so much gold tossed about as at the race track. When he considered the brass money of his native land every individual he met loomed up like a reincarnation of gorgeous Midas.

Sometimes, after a lucky day, one of the stable boys or jockeys would throw him a dollar or two, accompanied by quaint and curious metaphor. These youngsters wound their tongues round the language and snapped off terse and forceful sentences as a whiplash annihilates a fly. What droll devils they were, to be sure! In the early-morning hours they galloped crazy-headed horses at the risk of their bodies and bones. Their strenuous activities filled the whole day between sunup and sundown. On broiling afternoons they rushed madly from paddock to betting ring and from betting ring to paddock. They fought and scrambled and swore strange oaths. All these things they did to get money. Then they came and gave this money to Chan Hop.

On occasions of this kind, and after his culinary labors were finished, Chan Hop would deftly cook a black pill over the little nut oil lamp and drink in the aroma of the poppy until he possessed his soul in ways of sympathy. Then taking down from the wall the little two-stringed instrument he would from its inner conscience drag forth the very choicest of Chinese melody. Betimes he would roll over on his hip and dream marvelous dreams—dreams concerning the approach of an army of ten thousand white boys, on horseback, coming in an endless stream up to the kitchen door, and each son of an unbeliever laying a great round shining dollar at the feet of Chan Hop, until a mountain of silver obliterated the surrounding landscape from view.

But along about this time certain events commenced to occur. To be explicit, Chan Hop formed the acquaintance of Ah Jim. Ah Jim presided over the commissary department of the most important racing stable on the track. A regular aristocrat of the kitchen was Ah Jim. He merely superintended the labor of two assistants and never demeaned himself by actually condescending to menial endeavor of any kind. Ah Jim was reputed among his compatriots to be a poet and a dreamer; he was the intellectual custodian of all the Chinese classics. But what most appealed to Chan Hop was the fact that Ah Jim always wore the habiliments of the holiday and never worked.

Moreover, it was whispered about that no man, be he white or yellow, knew more concerning the possibilities of the speed marvel than did this same Ah Jim. Gossip said that his knowledge was positively uncanny, and it is fair to state that Ah Jim sustained the dignity of this position with amazing serenity.

If the combined wisdom of Aristotle and Plato and all the other sages was centered in one man he could not possibly have been half so wise as the profundity of expression behind which Ah Jim concealed his thoughts would have indicated.

With an eye firmly planted on the mercenary side of things Chan Hop endeavored to cultivate Ah Jim. But the latter was more than reticent. His conversation was always limited to polite monosyllables, and if he talked at all it was on subjects foreign to the doings of the betting ring or the workouts of the horses. But Chan Hop was not to be denied. When it came to a question of accomplishment, he was fashioned from stern commencements. Each rebuff only spurred him on.

Ah Jim possessed the key to the gates guarding ways of affluence. Beyond the barrier lay a prize well worth striving for.

On one afternoon, however, Chan Hop made a little journey to Ah Jim's kitchen. He had arrayed himself in all the glory of Oriental affluence and slipped over silently entering the main apartment without knocking, and unannounced. There a sight met Chan Hop's eyes that not only caused him to blink and stare in amazement but momentarily struck him dumb. The whole kitchen table was completely covered by those beautiful yellow-backed bills which in the seats of the mighty is accounted real money. Chan Hop was still dizzily laboring under their hypnotic influence when Ah Jim with swift motion swept them together and stowed them away in the mysterious folds of his blouse. Ah Jim made no comment calculated to enlighten his visitor, but proceeded to gossip nonchalantly about the latest news of the quarter, and to relate with elaborate embellishments how their mutual friend, Sam Doo, had won a hatful of money in a recent session at fan-tan.

To Chan Hop the sight of the actual wealth possessed by Ah Jim brought new courage and a determination to solve the cube root of things immediately. In high staccato Chinese he gabbled volubly, relating ingenuously how his one desire was to conduct his gambling operations on such a magnificent scale that he would break up betting. Incidentally he disclosed the fact that he had saved up more than three thousand dollars. It was a mere bagatelle, of course, urged Chan Hop modestly, but he would place it all on any horse recommended to him by his friend Ah Jim.

Shall it be chronicled that a new light or ray of intelligence flashed across the otherwise blank countenance of Ah Jim? Of course it may have been only a little arrow dart of sunshine piercing through the murkiness of the window and gilding the rough furniture with the kindly

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But Still Ah Jim's Restless Avaricious Eyes Never Left, for More Than an Instant, the Roll of Beautiful Yellow-Back Bills That Lay Upon the Table

"Away with that old heavy-stuffing idea!
See how I blow it sky high!
Campbell's good soups every day in the year—
That's why I'm husky and spry.

An Exploded Idea

Now-a-days everybody knows that solid food exclusively doesn't mean solid strength. Especially during the summer months heavy meat meals are not the best diet to maintain health and vitality.

Seasonable food is just as important as seasonable clothing—even more so. And there is no food that meets these trying hot weather conditions more sensibly than Campbell's Vegetable Soup.

It provides just the combination of nutritious vegetables, wholesome cereals and invigorating beef stock which gives sustaining strength. It is easy to digest, easy to prepare, avoids needless labor and heat in the kitchen.

This nourishing soup can often be used as the principal feature of a light luncheon or supper in place of a heavy meal and much to everyone's benefit and satisfaction!

21 kinds **15c a can**

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

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graces of a benediction. But be that as it may, Ah Jim took a sudden interest in the exploitation of Chan Hop, and in return lectured him gravely on the ways and wiles of the turf.

Moreover, be it recorded that Ah Jim was past master in the art of dealing out language whenever the psychological moment arrived. Deftly he drew a word picture, embellishing it with all the gems of compelling verbiage. Yes, yes, he admitted modestly, it was true that upon occasions he had won large sums of money on the race track but never quite enough to satisfy his ambition. He was just waiting for one grand coup—one that would earthquake the fringes of every bookmaker's heart. He intimated that the moment of accomplishment might be at hand but could promise nothing. Caution and extreme secrecy would be necessary. If Chan Hop cared to take oath on all the graves of his forefathers never to reveal one iota of what he heard he might enter the sacred circle.

Ah Jim would stretch a point, because in the first place he regarded Chan Hop as his friend and, secondly, when the particular horse he had in mind started he would be quoted at a long price in the betting. There would be plenty for everybody. Chan Hop must wait and watch and listen. He must place himself absolutely in the hands of Ah Jim. When the appointed time arrived he must be ready. One grand plunge and they would journey back to China—together

As before stated, Ah Jim was a lover of the beautiful—a savant, a dreamer; and, moreover, a deep but unwitting student of cause and effect. With busy tongue he poured forth a torrent of words, marvelously portraying the ease and elegance which would be theirs. Chan Hop went back to his little kitchen as one in a trance. He did not regain his composure until he had deftly rolled a sputtering pill over the flickering lamp and inhaled its fumes with great sighs of content.

Then to Chan Hop came dreams; visions beggaring those of the ten thousand horsemen. Chan would now be mighty as a mandarin. Panoramic views of marvelous mansions, rising royally out of acres of the rarest exotics, flitted before his mind's eye. Following these came a great theater built by the magnificent Chan, the most wonderful palace of amusement China had ever seen. In it great plays were enacted—productions that consumed five years of the calendar, replete with the gruesomeness of murders, the tragedies of death, the gentle sentimentality of love and the cracking rataplan of everlasting fireworks. As Chan Hop nodded away off into sleepland he could see the homes of the aristocrats, which housed so many radiant beauties bedecked with jewels of jade and flower-crowned coiffures, and all these charming creatures were standing at the doorways of their houses beseeching Chan Hop to partake of their hospitalities.

Day after day Chan made a pilgrimage over to Ah Jim's kitchen, but still the latter gave no sign. One week passed, then a second. Chan Hop was a nervous wreck. Then all at once, when he was about surrendering to despair, Ah Jim informed him in mysterious whispers that the appointed time had arrived. With the skill of a general massing his troops on the eve of battle Ah Jim disclosed his plans. The horse's name was Troublesome; he was owned by the famous stable to which Ah Jim was attached. He had never been in a race before and no one except the very few people admitted to the secrets of the racing confederacy knew his ability.

Troublesome was entered in the third race the next day. Ah Jim counseled secrecy and circumspection. These white gamblers who took bets in the ring were as cunning as pariah dogs and as suspicious as so many caged coyotes. It would be better for them to pool their money and have it all wagered by one man. Ah Jim elected himself to this important office and Chan Hop trusted him gladly—yes, cheerfully—with the savings of years.

No man could tell what would happen, cautioned Ah Jim, if he and Chan Hop were seen plotting together. It would be better for Chan to proceed with his labors on the morrow and not go near the betting ring at all. By neither word nor deed must he evidence any interest.

But then, after all, why should any effort be made to conceal subsequent happening? Because on the following day, when the horses had gone to the post in the third race, Troublesome trailed down the back stretch, hopelessly beaten and fully a hundred yards behind the rest of the field. Indeed if it were not that this is supposed to be a narrative, and that a curious public must be catered to, the fact would never be disclosed that Ah Jim lay in the long grass at the head of the stretch and chuckled to himself as he watched the futile efforts of the recalcitrant Troublesome.

And for the same reason it must be set down in black and white, so that all men may read, that Ah Jim had not visited the betting ring at all. But as he lay prone he could feel the impact of Chan Hop's one-time bank roll irritating his wishbone. To be strictly truthful, it was safely stored in the strong pocket which always nestled closest to Ah Jim's heart.

But what of Chan Hop? What of the dream of the endless chain of horsemen? What of the mountain built out of great shining silver dollars? Who shall record the authentic tidings? Who shall be commissioned to pacify the bewitching ladies who are still waiting and watching, so fruitlessly, in homes of peace and plenty? Where shall there be found in all the land one so eloquent, so adept with synonym and possessing a gift of tongues adequate to describe the manner and circumstance of Chan Hop's passing? What word juggler could twist thought into unusual expression and tell us how Chan Hop might have parted company with countless adjectives dragged recklessly from the mysterious labyrinths of a language lending itself so aptly to elaborate invective?

Perhaps it was sufficient to sear the soul, laving it in all the salt tears brought about by centuries of sin. Allah be praised! We are Christian people!

II

FAR into the night and until the yellow moon gave up its tireless vigil, Chan Hop sat on the edge of his bed with his head bowed down and held between hands.

The little two-stringed instrument hung limply on the wall, while through the open door vagrant breezes wandered and in idle play stirred it until its light frame jarred against the casement and the strings gave forth an indignant wail, registering the protest of a neglected one as if to remind Chan Hop that matchless melody would never die. But a Chinese violin is an inanimate thing, with an unthinking soul, and knew not that it is hard to be glad when the pockets are empty.

But as for Chan Hop, he heeded none of these things. He was pondering deeply on the uncertainty of all earthly promises—on the irony of false flattery and the fleeting fantasy of alleged friendship. If he bore resentment against any man it was not the kind that found its expression in words, because there are some things defying the possibilities of mere language. He only knew that after all there was nothing in burning joss sticks before altars and that no man could rely upon a miscellaneous flock of gods to protect his interests at the crucial moment.

But the habitués of the race track arise betimes, and long before dawn Chan Hop had prepared the morning meal and set it forth for the delectation of a swarm of hungry stable boys and helpers.

Once only he peered out from his retreat in the direction of the kitchen where Ah Jim was domiciled, and then he noted with somewhat of a pang that the latter worthy was lazily directing the activities of his helpers. Through the lighted window Chan Hop could scan Ah Jim's countenance closely. The untoward events of the day before had left no devastating mark upon them. From his manner Ah Jim was evidently at peace with all the world.

And then as if to cast a little sunshine in Chan Hop's path, along came Patsy Duffy the jockey, who, because of

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Stable Boys Coming to Early-Morning Breakfast Found Ah Jim Huddled Up on the Doorstep, the Very Incarnation of Abject Misery

STYLEPLUS *Summer Clothes*

Especially designed for hot day comfort

Men today dress for comfort.

Styleplus hot weather clothes are made in *skeleton-lined* models. The special woolens are of the lightest texture—light and dark shades—fabrics that hold their shape because they have quality and respond to real tailoring. Here are summer clothes that take care of your appearance and your comfort *both*—and their price is very moderate.

Ask a Styleplus merchant to show you a Styleplus summer suit and *see the difference.*

Henry Sonneborn & Co., Inc.
Baltimore, Md.

The big name in clothes

Styleplus Clothes

Trade Mark Reg.

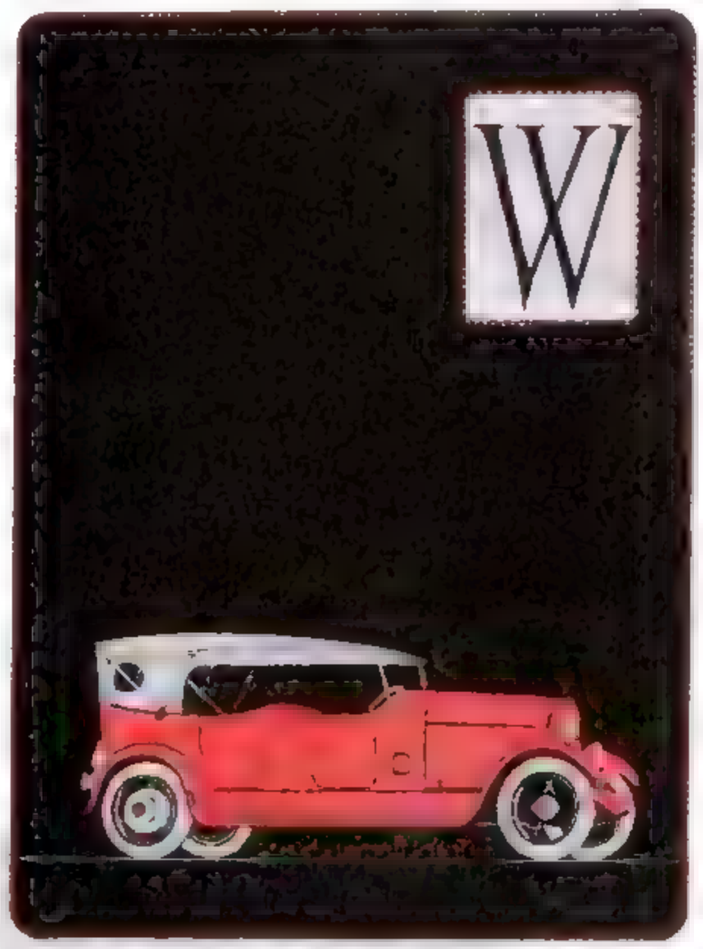
Copyright 1920
Henry Sonneborn & Co., Inc.

AMERICA'S
KNOWN-PRICED CLOTHES

"The sleeve ticket tells the price"

FIFTH OF A SERIES OF TIMELY DISCUSSIONS OF MOTOR CAR VALUES

Details of the MARMON plan of dual distribution



WE ANNOUNCE, by means of this advertisement, the completion of plans which bring a natural evolution in motor-car selling.

Henceforth, Nordyke & Marmon Company will have two distinct departments of distribution.

One, of course, is our long-existing department for the distribution of new Marmons.

The added department will distribute renewed Marmons.

Thus we bring renewed Marmons on a rightful parity with new Marmons.

Thus we unite all Marmons of the 34 series under direct factory supervision.

Resulting from stabilized design

THIS innovation was not of our conception. It grew of its own accord. The country over, there came into existence a buoyant renewed Marmon market.

But it was not organized. Each authorized Marmon distributor, devoted chiefly to distribution of new Marmons of the 34 series, found himself compelled to strengthen his renewed Marmon department.

Finally at a meeting of Marmon distributors, the company was asked to devise a new plan for distributing renewed Marmons.

We studied the problem for months. One of our chief executives traveled from coast to coast to confirm our findings. And there has been a unanimity of opinion.

As a result, we nationalize the distribution of renewed Marmons of the 34 series.

Here at the factory we have established the fundamentals of the Marmon method of renewal, for the guidance of every authorized Marmon distributor. This is an entirely new idea.

Every renewed Marmon of the 34 series bears a Certificate of Renewal, issued by the authorized Marmon distributor. This is the most authoritative document of its kind ever issued.

This certificate is authorized evidence that the car has been genuinely renewed.

Thus we offer in a renewed Marmon 34 one of the greatest bargains of the day, one of the most lasting satisfactions, one of the finest thrills of motoring.

You profit thus

HITHERTO, each Marmon distributor handled only his own renewed Marmons. Now all are "pooled." Now there is a nation-wide, co-operative organization of Marmon distributors. To serve the public, there is interchange of renewed Marmons, when necessary.

Our renewed car department, with head offices located here in Indianapolis, is prepared to serve you wherever you live—city or country, east, west, north, south.

Here we have a card index of every renewed Marmon available. Here we know the nearest renewed Marmons to you—all the information about them, their prices, dates of delivery, etc.

In a renewed Marmon of the 34 series you can secure values not found in new cars of like price. You get advanced engineering, stabilized design, permanent investment.

Learn the significance of this new plan by visiting an authorized distributor, or write direct to our Renewed Car Department.

The MARMON 34

Pennant Awarded to Nordyke & Marmon Co., Nov. 1, 1918, by United States Government, Bureau of Aircraft Production, for Oct. Competition. Permanently Awarded Nov. 16.

NORDYKE & MARMON COMPANY

Established 1851 :: INDIANAPOLIS

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

By Floyd W. Parsons

Factors in Food Prices

THE old saying that "Results are what we expect while consequences are what we get" was never more apt than to-day. People individually and in groups are now grabbing for one thing but getting another. Unfortunately the objects of our reach are much more desirable than the things we are getting.

The truth concerning industrial relationships is the most important lesson of the day. Heretofore we have given but little thought to the closeness of the connection between workers in seemingly unrelated industries. But we are commencing to see that practically no one is wholly independent of others. When all of us are fully conscious of this fact we may then get more results and fewer consequences.

PHOTO. BY EDWIN LEWICK, NEW YORK CITY

Gas is Used to Refine Gold as Well as to Cook Food

Two or three high public officials get into a controversy that is entirely personal, and before the dispute has gone far statements are made that reflect on the nation and reduce the amount of good will that America has built up in foreign lands. It is the same old story of one or two men placing their own welfare above the good of the whole people.

A great corporation takes advantage of an abnormal industrial situation and piles up huge profits. The employees know it and they demand a share of the gain. The company has to come across and wages are advanced time and time again, the increased burden always falling upon the unfortunate consumer. In one industry where the profits have been forced to the highest point the traffic would bear, the men have just received another fifteen per cent advance, making a total increase in wages of 169 per cent since 1916. The usual explanation for high prices is high wages. There are hundreds of cases, however, where high wages have come after large profits and high prices and not before. These are the industries that will suffer most from their selfish and incompetent management during the inevitable days of readjustment.

The Government started to investigate the wages of a certain large group of underpaid Federal employees about fifteen months ago. I understand the report of the Congressional committee is about to be made. In the meantime what has happened? Thousands of the most efficient workers have secured new jobs in other lines and their places have been taken by inexperienced men, many with inferior qualifications. As a consequence of taking a year and a half to make an investigation that should have been made in two weeks, the entire country has been obliged to put up with inferior service in one of the nation's most essential departments.

I might stop here long enough to point out the evil consequences of a bungled tax system and the cruel injustice of a proposal to pay out millions of dollars that can't be raised and was never promised, largely to score a point in the present political game. Our current surtax rate has no parallel in any other country. It is higher than the British rate and yet produces less. It is not equitable between rich and poor and is threatened with additions that will certainly be destructive to business. It is not impossible to raise tax rates to a point where they will discourage energy and remove incentives to produce. Wages and taxes are based on trade and decline when trade declines.

Let me clear away from politics, however, and stick to my policy of citing actual cases. Pages could be written at the present time to show how certain actions and conditions in one place have produced a distant and unexpected effect. It may seem a far cry from food and fuel to ladies' furs. However, the relationship is direct and definite. One of the most important industries of Newfoundland is seal fishing. In 1916 the Newfoundland sealers caught 241,302 seals. The net value of this haul was $642,463. In 1918 sealskins had advanced and, though the catch was only 151,431 seals, the value of the total haul was $863,552. The seal catch for this year is already in and amounts to only 33,985 seals, having a value of $159,925. Back of this failure is the high cost entailed in fitting out the seal-fishing fleet. The statement is made that it cost $300,000 this year to fit out nine vessels, whereas in 1900 it cost only a little more than half as much to fit out twenty-two steamers. Some of the people who have been boosting the prices of food, fuel and ship equipment will probably have to part with a share of their profits when they purchase sealskins for their wives and daughters this fall.

Let us follow up this idea of relationships by considering a single consequence of our present domestic railroad troubles. There are approximately 500 tin-plate hot mills operating in the United States. The tin cans made from the output of these mills make it possible for more than 4000 American canneries to conserve annually from five to six billion containers of food. If cans are not available at the right moment the greater part of this vast quantity of food will be wasted.

A sufficient number of cans cannot be produced unless the mills are able to work the greater portion of the time. Though these metal food containers are largely used during short seasons of the year, the needed supply of cans must be produced from day to day, otherwise the accumulated quantity of containers is not adequate when the rush is on. In 1918 and 1919 the shortage of coal handicapped the production of tin plate at the rolling mills. The effect of this curtailment was not felt during the packing season last year, because of the stock of plate and cans which the can manufacturers of the country had in reserve. This surplus of cans has now been consumed. The carry-over stock of tin plate which the can factories had on hand in January, 1919, was the heaviest on record; the stock they had on hand in January this year was the lowest on record.

The steel strike of last winter seriously delayed production, and then when the mills finally did get under way and the production of tin plate returned to nearly a normal basis, an acute shortage of freight cars occurred and the output of tin plate could not be moved rapidly to the can factories. The warehouses became packed to overflowing, and with no available storage space for further production the mills were compelled to go on a basis of part-time operation. At this critical time came the switchmen's strike. Few billets were delivered to the mills and all freight cars loaded with tin plate were embargoed. The result of this combination of circumstances was to cause the mills to operate at only twelve per cent capacity at the height of the tin-plate producing season.

Only a few weeks ago the largest can factory in the world, located in Illinois, prevented a complete shutdown by pressing into service a train of twenty-seven motor trucks, which carried tin plate from mills at Gary, Indiana, to the can works. About this same time large canning interests prevailed upon the railroads to permit the mills to load tin plate into empty refrigerator cars which were being rushed to the Coast for citrus fruit. Though this was robbing Peter to pay Paul, for the Coast was short refrigerator cars and every hour's delay counted, the situation with regard to tin plate was slightly benefited.

The next move was an effort to relieve the congestion by using empty cattle cars. The tin plate, boxed, was covered with tar paper and placed in the open cattle cars bound for the Middle West. Some of this plate may have reached the factories in time to be of service, but even before the railroad strike commenced the records show that it took as long as six weeks to move a carload of empty cans 800 miles.

The height of the can-making season is in May and the best available reports show that the can plants of the country were operating at only twenty-five per cent capacity during that month. If all the can factories in the United States had plenty of tin plate to-day, it is quite likely that present traffic conditions would not permit deliveries of cans in time to save the fruit and vegetable packs.

The strawberry pack began in Maryland on May thirtieth and in New Jersey June first. The canneries have been unable to secure a sufficient quantity of sugar at a reasonable price and as a consequence the strawberry pack is being greatly curtailed.

Not only the United States is affected by this shortage of cans but so are other countries that depend upon us for such food containers. Though England produces a large quantity of tin plate, Canada has received practically no tin from this source for the last ten years, during which time she has depended upon the American output for her supply. Our shortage of cans, therefore, involves the Canadian food supply as well as our own. While I am writing this little article five cars of empty cans consigned to Porto Rico for the pineapple pack lie embargoed on railroad sidings in the New Jersey meadows just a few miles from New York. These cars have been standing there since March eleventh and there is still no prospect of their moving. Should they be moved to-day they would certainly be delayed by a lack of lighterage, due to the congestion of the wharves resulting from the longshoremen's strike. In the meantime tons of perfectly good fruit cannot be packed and is going to waste.

I might go on and tell how the pineapple industry of Hawaii has increased from 2000 cases of twenty-four cans

each to more than 5,000,000 cases, or 120,000,000 cans, yearly.

I might explain how this year's pack in Hawaii would have been 6,000,000 cases if it had not been for strikes in the United States.

Steelworkers in Pittsburgh who closed the mills and railroad workers who stopped the movement of freight may not at the time have realized that their action would greatly reduce the supplies of food next winter, but these men and everyone else will have occasion to know the truth, not only when they buy canned pineapple but when they purchase beans, peas, corn, tomatoes and other staples next January when the ground is covered with snow and we are all largely dependent on canned foods to provide us with a balanced ration.

Idleness, strikes, inefficiency and half-hearted effort on the part of many people are bringing us to a food situation that will be without parallel and that will cause distress, if not starvation, in many of our large cities next winter. Farmers throughout the country this year, realizing the risk of loss through a can famine, have adopted a half-hearted or at least conservative attitude with respect to their taking acreage from the canners. The serious help situation has also been instrumental in causing the farmer to take the attitude that he should worry so long as he has enough to feed himself and family.

Perhaps we shall have a sufficiency of fresh food during this summer and fall, but let us not forget that the only way we can now live without a large supply of canned goods is to reorganize wholly our present scheme of life. This food problem is only one of many cases where the whole nation will get a consequence simply because a few people blindly strove for a result. I have spoken of this particular thing because the loss is so real, and any belated repentance or doubled effort will not enable us to restore food after it has once rotted.

Preparing Materials for Canning in a Big Food-Packing Plant

The Public Utilities

THE greatest danger that threatens the welfare of the people of the United States to-day is from the conditions that have been created by rising costs that have not been equal or uniform through all industries and among all people. If the same percentage increase had been added to all wages and all prices there would be no occasion for the unrest and dissatisfaction that are now experienced, except in those cases where injustice had existed prior to the commencement of the advance.

There are fixed laws that govern economic conditions with the same rigid exactness that is exercised by other laws that control the forces of Nature. It may appear at first glance that the problem of chief importance to-day is how to regulate the industries that are beginning to stoop under a growing weight of undeserved wealth. Careful thought will indicate, however, that prosperity, even of the undesirable kind mentioned, is often less of a menace to a nation than the precarious situation created when a few essential industries are permitted to drag on the rocks. The moment it is known that there is no profit in a certain line of business capital refuses to become interested in the enterprises composing such an industry, and the production or service of the business is curtailed.

Easy money is not a permanent thing. If a man establishes a factory or a store and commences to make large profits others soon discover the secret of his good fortune and become his competitors, thus reducing the power of his monopoly and the extent of his profits. We may pass all kinds of laws to prevent profiteering, but, after all is said and done, the real remedy will come of its own accord from within. There are few things but what we can do without if we absolutely must. The evils of the present era of high costs would probably have disappeared before now if it were not for our own disinclination to undergo sacrifice and put up with the inconvenience of using substitutes that are cheaper but less desirable than the things to which we have been accustomed.

In the building trades and the industries producing wearing apparel, from hats to shoes, wages, prices and profits have reached record figures, and people are wondering if these and a few other fortunate industries are to continue for long to hold us in financial bondage. If we could only see it in the true light we should have greater fear of the consequences that must arise from the starvation pay given the teachers who are intrusted with the education of our children, the deficient wages paid to policemen and postmen, the low salaries of some government employees, and the inadequate incomes of that great army of salaried men who are commencing to feel the injustice of a policy that recognizes and rewards only those who organize and then swing a club.

It is easier to force men out of an industry by a policy of low wages than it is to get them back and again develop staff efficiency. A profession or business can be so damaged in a year that it cannot be restored to normal efficiency in a decade. In the meantime the nation suffers in many ways and to an extent that was not dreamed of, for no business can be injured without adversely affecting other enterprises that are related to it.

In order to bring this thought home and get it out of the realm of theory let me speak of public utilities, and take, for example, our great gas companies. Here we have an industry made up of 1024 corporations, practically all of which operate under the jurisdiction of state commissions or some legislative enactment. The prices they are permitted to charge and the service they render, particularly as to quality standards under which gas must be supplied, are in most cases fixed by rule or regulation. The large advances in the cost of materials and of labor have created a serious problem for such companies to solve.

The total investment in the gas industry is approximately $4,000,000,000. Artificial gas is directly supplied to about 8,250,000 consumers in approximately 4600 cities, towns and villages throughout the country, and serves a population of more than 40,000,000 people. In the neighborhood of 62,000 miles of street mains are used to distribute gas, and this does not include the small service pipes which convey the gas from the mains to the householder's premises. It is estimated that 300,000,000,000 cubic feet of artificial gas is produced and distributed each year in the United States. In the making of this gas in 1919 the companies used 9,000,000 tons of bituminous coal; 26,000,000 gallons of oil; 1,500,000 tons of coke and 2,000,000 tons of anthracite coal.

It has been some years now since most of the gas companies in the United States learned that the expansion of their business and its ultimate prosperity depend upon the good will of the public that is served. Some time ago, when knowledge of the art was limited, the gas appliances were inefficient and objectionable. In recent times invention and improvement have been carried on rapidly, so that the gas appliances used to-day are practically the last word in efficiency and economy. The basic process of manufacturing gas, however, has undergone but little change since the original method of carbonizing coal by the retort process was first commenced. A large amount of labor-saving machinery has been perfected and has changed the old-time gas house into quite a complicated plant, but the principle employed in the manufacture of the product remains the same, if we except the water-gas process which made its appearance early in the eighties. In this connection it must be understood that I am leaving out of consideration the coke-oven process, for this method can be adapted only to special localities where the primary product, which is coke, can be readily disposed of.

One thing that is especially deserving of commendation on the part of the public is the practice that has been followed by all the larger gas companies in maintaining research laboratories where experienced workers are engaged in conducting experiments designed to improve all types of gas-consuming devices and bring such appliances to the highest degree of efficiency. One company—and it is not the largest one—operates a research department at an annual expense of about $60,000, and the sole aim of this organization is to reduce the waste of gas in the homes of consumers. It was some years ago that one of the gas companies coined the phrase "Matches are cheaper than gas"; and this little reminder has been widely used by all gas companies in their effort to encourage the consumer to relight the burner when there was work to be done, rather than to leave the flame burning needlessly.

The policy that is now being pursued by most of the gas companies may be expressed about as follows: Waste of gas by faulty appliances or otherwise causes high gas bills. High bills breed complaints. Complaints mean investigations, rechecking, letter writing, delayed payments and other expense; and, worst of all, they mean dissatisfied customers. The companies believe that satisfied customers are worth more to them than the small revenue that might come from the excessive use of gas. Such a method of conducting a business should certainly foster good will, and if it does not the fault must lie with the gas people themselves through their failure to present the merits of their service to the people at large.

Many of our gas companies are practically starving in a land of plenty. The oil used in gas manufacture five years ago represented a cost of twelve to fifteen cents a thousand feet of gas made. At prices which some of the companies are compelled to pay to-day the cost a thousand feet has risen from thirty to fifty cents. Oil formerly costing three and four cents a gallon is commanding twelve to fifteen cents to-day. A careful examination shows that steam coal such as is used by the gas companies has advanced about ninety-five per cent in five years. During the same time gas coal has gone up seventy per cent, coke

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HE PROFITS MOST WHO COVETS PROFIT LEAST

If it meets a great public need, any industrial enterprise can choose between being a mere business, and a business *institution*.

It can choose between the two kinds of money which can be made in business—the ephemeral kind, or the clean and the lasting kind.

A business can be built in a year, a month, or even a day.

But a business *institution* should command the noblest endeavors of a lifetime.

A business success, so-called, can be compounded of man's lesser, and even his baser abilities.

It can be built by mere energy, or enterprise, or expedience—or constructed of cunning, and craft, and chicane.

But a business *institution* cannot be created unless it partakes of the spirit as well as the intellect, the soul as well as the body.

A mere business success, so-called, measures that success by the amount of money it amasses.

A business *institution* concerns itself, first, not with the amount, but with the *kind* of money which it accumulates.

The one centers its activities upon the *first* thoughts of the buyer, the other upon his *last* thoughts.

The one deals in immediate *money*, the other in ultimate *good will*.

It is one of the rewards of the *institution* that is pre-occupied with quality, and correspondingly careless of profit, that large profit always follows.

And a still greater reward, that it is a clean profit, which endures long after the other is dead.

The most precious asset that can accrue to any business institution is the pleasant thoughts which people think about it.

When those pleasant thoughts, multiplied many million times, have crystallized into a deep-rooted conviction, then a spirit has been added to the body—the mere business has become a business *institution*.

Upon those who direct its destinies, only one necessity, only one duty, devolves forever after.

Let them see to it that they do not lapse, even in thought, from their high purpose of keeping faith.

Let them take care that they continue to be worthy of the precious trust reposed in them.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY • DETROIT, MICHIGAN •

CADILLAC
STANDARD OF THE WORLD

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150 per cent and labor 110 per cent. During the last ten years the price of gas in our largest cities has advanced from an average of about ninety-five cents a thousand feet to a price of $1.07 for the same unit quantity. It is evident from the foregoing figures that the way of the gas companies at the present time is not a road leading to prosperity.

Of all the articles or products that enter into everyday consumption gas has shown the least increase during the past few years. From the commencement of the war until the middle of last year the price of clothing increased approximately 100 per cent, and food ninety per cent. The figures showing the cost of gas in 100 cities during this same time indicate only a twelve per cent advance in the price of gas.

The same thing that is true of gas is also true of many other public utilities. Let us not look upon these public utilities as charitable institutions, and let us beware of those politicians who seek popularity through loudly protesting that they are agin this or that proposed adjustment because they are protectors of the people. Most of the public utilities are the people, and they have had the poorest deal that has been handed out to any line of business during recent strenuous times.

Canned Foods

LITTLE did Napoleon realize the extent of the benefit he was giving humanity when he furnished the incentive that brought about the discovery of the secret of preserving food in its natural state. It cost the Corsican 12,000 francs to start the canning industry, but who will say it was not money well spent?

Just as nothing is more important than food, so no art is more vital than that which conserves, improves and increases the supplies of the things needed to sustain life. Food preservation has practically driven scurvy from the face of the earth by making it possible for us to gather our surplus tons of food in the seasons of plenty and release them for consumption in the bleak days when the earth is chilled and unproductive. Without canned foods the World War would have been fought on wholly different lines.

The slogan of 1918 was "Food will win the war."

The truth of this thought was proved, and to-day we can sum up the story by saying, "Canned foods helped win the war."

The Civil War established canned foods in America; the last war established them throughout the world.

Some people maintain that America leads the world because her people are the best-fed nation of the earth. If this is true it certainly follows that the tin can has had much to do with our success, for without any great supplies of tin we have still succeeded in developing and building a canning industry greater in size than that of all other nations combined. Though the discovery that food could be preserved for months with perfect safety and without loss in nutritive value was made by Appert in France in 1795, the principal advances in the art must be attributed to the genius and enterprise of American scientists.

I will pass over the notable achievements made in the canning industry since its commencement in the United States in 1821 and devote attention to the present-day practices that make it possible for the householder to have vegetables upon his table in January which are fresher than similar vegetables delivered to him from the truck-farmer's wagon in the month of August. Often a shorter period has elapsed between the gathering and canning of fresh vegetables than between the gathering and delivery of raw vegetables to the consumer's home. It is further true that the canned goods we eat are generally of good quality.

As most people know, tin cans are made of rolled steel sheet, coated by dipping the sheet in molten tin. All the tin therefore that goes into the manufacture of such a can is that which is used to plate the steel. Years ago tin sold for thirteen cents a pound, but during the war it rose to one dollar a pound and has since been selling at fifty or sixty cents. The manufacture of tin plate in America was largely brought about by the refusal of Major McKinley, later President McKinley, to concede the demands of the National Canners' Association in 1890, when representatives of that body pictured to the chairman of the Ways and Means Committee the dire consequences of a proposed tariff on tin plate. After listening to the arguments, McKinley told the canners that American brains coupled with American dollars could manufacture tin plate in this country of as good quality as that made in Wales, and just as cheaply. He added that the tariff would give America a chance to prove this statement.

The tariff was established, and instead of adding materially to the cost of canned goods it resulted in creating a great tin-plate industry in the United States. Prior to the passage of the McKinley Tariff Bill America depended entirely upon England for all the tin plate used. To-day we not only supply ourselves but export millions of boxes annually. In the beginning all cans were made by hand labor, and only a few thousand could be produced in one plant in a day. Automatic machinery and improved methods now enable the production of 100,000 cans in one plant in the same length of time.

The invention of the open top, or sanitary, can was a great step forward. At the present time practically all meats, fish, fruits and vegetables are packed in the open top, or sanitary, cans. Clever machines have been perfected for closing the cans, so that to-day the packer can close his end of the can more speedily and with less labor and expense than was formerly required to close the vent, or cap hole, can.

More than 36,000,000 boxes of tin plate are now produced each year in the United States. The value of this output is approximately $250,000,000. Of the plate produced, about 20,000,000 boxes, or fifty-six per cent, are used in the manufacture of food cans. Recent statistics indicate that American manufacturers are now producing in the neighborhood of 8,000,000,000 cans for food products annually. This enormous output of cans has a money value at the present time of more than $160,000,000.

Notwithstanding the fact that great progress has been made in the methods employed in canning foods, much doubt exists in the minds of many people concerning the purity and wholesomeness of these preserved foods. Experiments have shown that sterilization may be accomplished by heat below, at or above the boiling temperature. All foods cannot be sterilized in the same way, because some would be injured, while in other cases the expense would be prohibitive. Practically only fruits can be sterilized below the boiling point, and even then such practice is only advisable when the packer especially desires to preserve the fine appearance of the product. Such canning may be accomplished by maintaining the temperature above 165 degrees for a longer period of time than when the boiling method is used.

In some cases the time is shortened and the operation is repeated on two or more successive days. The aim of the fruit packer in such a procedure is to prevent breaking the tissue and thereby losing the juices, which undesirable result is brought about by the application of excessive heat. This sterilization method has only been applied in private canning, due to the fact that it is too slow for use commercially.

In large canneries fruits are cooked at the boiling temperature, which destroys all germs. Tomatoes are processed at a boiling temperature maintained for about fifty minutes. Meats, fish, milk and most vegetables are cooked at a temperature above the boiling point. This is accomplished in retorts where steam is admitted under pressure, in retorts where water can be superheated, or on the open calcium chloride or oil bath. Beans, corn, peas, beets, pumpkin and sweet potatoes all require a high temperature. In the processing of milk the cans are agitated during the cooking to prevent scorching and keep the milk smooth. Of all vegetables, corn is probably the most difficult to can, since it requires a temperature of about 250 degrees for not less than seventy-five minutes.

After the food product has been received at the canning plant the principal steps in manufacture are as follows: The product is graded, then carefully washed and prepared for the can. Filling may be done by hand or machine. Fruits can be more successfully filled by the former process, as the machines are likely to crush the pieces. Some head space must be provided in the cans, or the production of a small amount of gas will destroy the vacuum. When the food is put into the can at a temperature higher than 160 degrees the expansion it has undergone will provide sufficient head space.

The next step is to exhaust the cans, which is accomplished by heating them until the contents are hot and as much as possible of the air is driven off. This process is not necessary if the articles put into the cans are subjected to forecooking, as corn, or for those that are kettle cooked and filled hot. Exhausting is also seldom used with such products as peas and beans, which receive a hot brine. Even in this latter case, however, many authorities believe that it is advantageous.

After the cans have been exhausted and capped they are collected in large iron baskets holding from two to three hundred cans, and then processed in a retort as before mentioned. If the processing is conducted at a boiling temperature the retort is not closed, but steam is turned into the water, which covers the cans. If the temperature is to be above the boiling point the retort is closed, and either the steam is turned into the retort until the proper pressure and temperature have been reached or water is first turned in to cover the cans and the steam is admitted until the temperature has been attained.

Sterilization depends on administering the proper amount of heat for the right length of time. Any longer cooking is to no purpose. When the process is completed the cans must be cooled with water, or they will hold the heat so long that the contents will become overcooked and seriously injured. The important point in canning is to accomplish the different steps quickly.

It is proper that the public should understand that in canning operations the only things used, aside from the product itself, are salt, sugar or other seasoning, and water. No hardener, bleach or preservative is employed at the present time. In commercial canning there never was so much preservative

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Interior of a Modern Plant Where Soups are Canned

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THE BAD SAMARITAN

By Thomas Joyce

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWARD RYAN

NOBODY was more interested in the reformation of Charles Hanson than Mrs. Milling. A bachelor of forty, rich, fond of pleasure, and very much of a bachelor, who suddenly marries a young lady of the highest virtue and the strictest principles, and sits himself down to a life of the most domesticated kind, must expect to excite much interest and some gossip among his friends. Old scandals are dug up and new ones are invented. A dog is never given so bad a name as when he leaves the obscurer walks of doggishness, the yard and the back lane, and turning over a new leaf attempts to emulate the drawing-room cat. All his past sins are remembered in a moment, while as for his present virtue, that is merely a promise for a future, and a promise, so everyone of experience is only too eager to declare, not at all likely to be fulfilled. A dog is a dog and not less likely to remain a dog when he has passed more than half his life in caninity.

In short, everyone said that Charles Hanson's reform would not last very long. They were sorry for that pretty little wife of his, but really she ought to have had more sense than to expect a man of Charles' character and abilities and tastes to become an ascetic.

Mrs. Milling, who was one of the oldest of these friends, was also, as might be expected, one of the greatest doubters. But she was much amused to hear of Charles without tobacco, a teetotaler, forbidden cards, unable to visit a theater except by stealth, unknown at race meetings, going to church twice every Sunday, and often once or twice during the week.

"He has to look after the baby," she was told by young Hickman, who was passing through Florence on his way, by a very leisurely route, to rejoin his regiment in India. Mrs. Milling wouldn't believe it, even from so good-looking a young man and so close a friend as Mr. Hickman.

"But I assure you, Kate, I stayed with 'em; after all, I ought to know. He was walking up and down with the little beggar nearly all one night."

"What was the nurse doing?"

"She won't have a nurse. They have a nursemaid to wheel the pram—I suppose Charles struck at wheeling the pram—but she wouldn't have a nurse. Her idea is to do everything herself. Excellent idea if she could. But it really means that everyone in the house has to carry on. I looked after the baby one morning!"

Mrs. Milling showed all the necessary surprise at this last revelation.

"And of course Charles can never go away for a day. She can't leave the baby, and she can't do without Charles."

"How long will it last?"

"It's lasted more than a year now, you know." Hickman shook his head with a kind of wonderment.

"You don't mean to say you think it's going to be permanent! Come now, Tommy, you know Charles."

But the young soldier, faced with a plain question, was not nearly so sure of himself. His ingenuousness appeared in his candid glance, when he replied that he wouldn't like to say. Everything seemed all right when he was there. He paused, and reflected.

"I suppose she is very lovely," said Mrs. Milling.

"Do You Know That Your Husband Encouraged Me to Come Here—in Order to Get Rid of You?"

"Not exactly beautiful. But she's—er—she's good to look at. And there's no doubt Charles is devoted to her." He smiled suddenly. "So was I."

"Oh?" Mrs. Milling looked coquettish.

"Well—why not?"

As her friend was plainly in no mood for a little flirtation she changed her tone, and common-sensibly replied, "Why not, indeed? It was not surprising if she was charming enough to effect such a reformation in Charles."

"He's very happy, you know," was the comical youth's next remark, thrown out like a challenge.

"I suppose he is. He'd have to be."

"I jolly nearly envied him." He paused. "Made me feel like the Wandering Jew—or the wild ass of the desert. Do you know, I saw the baby bathed every day." He paused again and looked askance at Mrs. Milling to see how she was taking in all this.

"I don't think Charles is such a fool as some people seem to think," he murmured.

"I didn't think he was a fool," Mrs. Milling smiled.

"Oh! I didn't mean ——"

But Mrs. Milling began to laugh. And Hickman, who for all his battle scars was not yet twenty-three, blushed a delicate pink.

Nevertheless the lady was impressed. She knew quite enough of the world to be very cautious of applying rules of thumb to individual cases. She perfectly understood the character of human creatures—which is to be inconsistent and unconformable to law. That summer, therefore, finding Florence hot, and nothing to detain her, she decided to visit London and call on Charles Hanson, as well as any other old friends who might be in danger of forgetting her after her long absence.

In Piccadilly she met Colonel Amplett. This was the first of her old acquaintances, and she was perhaps not much surprised to see that he barely recognized her. She was obliged actually to confront him and seize him by the hand before his large purple face showed the emotion proper to so fortunate an encounter.

"By Jove! Is it you, Kate? I hardly recog But you're not a day older. Not a day! Excuse me. I'm in a bit of a hurry——"

Mrs. Milling, firmly retaining the colonel's hand, said she wanted to talk to him. Really after all these years she had expected a kinder reception. She had been looking forward to seeing Dicky again, Dicky before everyone.

"Ha! Yes. Delighted. Of course. Rather. You want to see me? What do you say to a cab? Can't talk in the middle of Piccadilly."

Mrs. Milling thought a cab a very good idea. The colonel waved his stick.

"We'll have it open, don't you think? It's a lovely day," suggested the lady.

"Open? Ah! Hardly worth it. We haven't very long. Really, Kate, I haven't a moment. The Albert Hall," he directed the man.

"The Albert Hall, Dicky? What an absurd place! Why not the park?"

"It'll do. It'll do. Jump in. Anywhere'll do for a talk." The colonel hastily handed Mrs. Milling into the cab, jumped in after her and shut the door.

"And how are things with you, Dicky?" she asked with an affectionate smile as the cab drove off.

"All right, thanks. Very fit and so on." He eyed her cautiously. "I'm married, you know."

"Oh!"

"Yes. Four years now. Wonder you hadn't heard."

"Congratulations!"

"Not at all. I thought you might like to know. What is it you want to ask? Excuse my forcing the pace a bit. Are you broke again?"

"It's very good of you, Dicky dear. But I said I wouldn't allow you to do any more for me, and I won't. It's not fair. No. I only wanted to know anything you may happen to know about Charley Hanson."

The colonel appeared much relieved. His expression lost a certain apprehensive air, especially about the eyes, and his voice became almost gracious and caressing when he replied.

"You always were a good sort, Kate. And honestly if you are broke, and there's anything I can do—within reason—things are rather tight just now—you've only go' to ask me."

Mrs. Milling opened her mouth, possibly to accept this kind offer, possibly to repeat her former declaration, but the colonel did not take any risks. He hastily proceeded.

"Charles? Charles Hanson? He's married too, you know. Married a girl from the Midlands. Birmingham, I think."

"So I heard. And I hear she keeps him in order."

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Isn't it plain and evident that the Liberty has quietly entrenched itself in that exclusive sphere reserved for the few good cars of unquestioned quality?

Liberty Motor Car Company, Detroit

LIBERTY SIX

(Continued from Page 40)

"Keeps himself in order. Charles is reformed."

"For how long, Dicky?"

"Well, Kate, I thought that, too. But honestly, I believe he is reformed. You never saw such a change in a man. Though she's a nice girl, Mrs. Hanson, very nice. I don't suppose it's really very surprising. A man must settle down some day. I didn't know you knew Hanson."

"A little," replied the discreet Mrs. Milling.

The colonel rolled his eyes in her direction.

"I rather thought of seeing him," she murmured.

"Oh!" The colonel's voice expressed sudden illumination. His eyes seemed, if anything, slightly more protrusive as he gazed at the demure lady.

"Yes. I'd like to see him," she repeated.

There was a pause. The cab suddenly stopped, and the colonel with a start perceived that they had arrived at the Albert Hall. He thrust out his head and shouted "Piccadilly Circus."

"Ah! Um," he began as the cab turned and gathered speed. "Ah! You'll be—ah—I shouldn't like to let Charles in, especially Mrs. Charles ——"

"You don't think I ought to call, then, Dicky?"

The colonel rolled his eyes again. No. On the whole he thought that Mrs. Milling had better not call.

"Then will you tell him to arrange somewhere ——"

But the colonel did not like this task at all. He would do anything, anything. Kate could command him, absolutely, but he'd rather not put his finger in Charles' pie. No. It was hardly his business. Might be awkward.

"Where can I meet him, then? Where does he live?"

"Charles? He's got a house in ——" The colonel checked himself. "Let me see—he lives in—where is it?"

He cocked his head on one side with a thoughtful air.

"It's in the telephone book, I suppose?" said Mrs. Milling sweetly.

"Yes. Yes, no doubt," the colonel agreed with a slight deepening of his purple.

Kate had always had this uncomfortable faculty of making a fellow feel like an ass. She sighed.

"I'm afraid I shall have to call," she murmured, "if I can't be sure of seeing him somewhere else. I must see him soon. It's really important."

"Ah! H'm." The colonel was much perplexed.

"I'm sure Charles himself would be very grateful to you," began Mrs. Milling.

"Yes. H'm. Well, what I suggest, Kate—mind, it's only a suggestion, can't take any responsibility."

"Oh, no, Dicky, of course not!"

"Well, you might try the park some morning in the Ring, somewhere about Stanhope Gate. Charles takes a stroll before lunch now and then. I've met him once or twice about that time."

"Alone?"

"Oh, yes. Mrs. Charles is giving the baby his lunch or whatever you call it. At least, so I fancy. Hello! Here we are. You'll excuse me, Kate? I really ought to be getting on."

Mrs. Milling excused him. The parting was brief, but not unkindly. The colonel darted off down St. James's Street. Mrs. Milling climbed upon a bus for Bloomsbury.

Colonel Amplett had a conscience which had caused him to make that feeble attempt at pretending that he did not know the Hansons' address. It excited him again that afternoon, to write Hanson a note and give him a hint of the impending interview.

So Charles was not altogether surprised when two days later he met Mrs. Milling in the park. He recognized her at some distance, and when she bowed his hat came off with all the old adroit politeness of the Charles she had known. A greeting so different from the colonel's, so markedly different from those of one or two others of her ancient acquaintances, pleased her, and at the same time slightly intrigued her.

They shook hands, smiling and gratified.

"Charming!" murmured Charles.

"I am glad to see you look so well," said Mrs. Milling in tones of warm pleasure.

"You've not changed in the least."

"It is easy to see that marriage agrees with you."

"Ah! You heard that news?"

Mrs. Milling had heard the news. She warmly congratulated him. It was a delightful thing. She had always hoped he would marry some nice girl, some really nice girl, and settle down.

After all, there was nothing like a happy marriage, and she believed he was happy. Very happy. He must be. His looks declared it.

Meanwhile Charles, seeing that the interview was likely to be protracted, had guided Mrs. Milling to a seat. For a few minutes she continued her pleasant chatter of congratulation and compliment, while the smiling Charles made his acknowledgments and an occasional return in kind.

"How it brings back the old days to see you again," she sighed at last, when these courtesies were exhausted.

"Ah!" said Charles with a reminiscent smile.

"They were very good times," she suggested.

Charles shook his head and prodded the gravel. "They were. They were indeed."

He also sighed. Then he took a half-humorous peep at his companion out of the corners of his blue eyes, which, she thought, were as bright as ever, and not less provoking. Neither was he disconcerted when Mrs. Milling caught him in the act of this stealthy glance. He merely continued to look. But Charles had always been remarkably imperturbable.

"That time in Paris," said Mrs. Milling with a sentimental cadence.

"Vienna wasn't bad," cheerfully replied Charles without any sentiment whatever.

"Though I'm not sure I didn't enjoy it all just as well in the beginning—when you were still writing me those splendid letters," Mrs. Milling reflected.

"Splendid?" Charles modestly deprecated this strong adjective.

"Oh, yes, Charles! I loved them! Any woman would love such letters. You were always so reckless on paper."

Charles smiled. But he looked as if he felt the flattery.

"I've kept every one. I was looking at them again only the other day."

"I'm afraid you're getting more sentimental than you used to be, Kate. You didn't always care so much about letters."

"Oh, yes, Charles! You're wrong there. I've never thrown away a letter—not from anyone."

She Had Put the Precepts of Her Mother, Her Aunt and Her Various Evangelical Governesses to the Test, and They Had Proved Their Worth

There was a slight pause. Then Hanson suddenly remarked that it was time he was going on. Time for lunch, he was afraid.

"You don't lunch at half past twelve, do you, Charles?"

Hanson was surprised to find it was only half past twelve. He looked at his watch.

Yes; half past twelve. Funny thing. He'd thought it was much later. No, he didn't lunch till half past one.

Mrs. Milling agreed that it was easy to be mistaken about the time, and added that she was glad Charles would not have to go on yet a while.

"D'you want to see me about anything?" asked Charles with a friendly obliging air.

"I only meant I like to be with you again, old boy."

"Thanks. Good of you to say so, Kate. I don't suppose I'm very good company nowadays."

"Now you mention it," said Mrs. Milling, shaking her parasol and glancing frankly at Charles, "there is something I want."

"Can I help you?" Charles was still more obliging.

"It would be very nice of you. The truth is, I haven't any money. And I have some bills."

Charles smiled and bantered her. "You always did have bills, didn't you?"

Whereupon Mrs. Milling pouted like a coquette of eighteen. No doubt Charles' tone recalled the old times of which she talked so prettily. But the effect was comical and Charles' smile became a grin.

Seeing this she allowed the pout to relapse into an expression of almost equal impudence with Charles' and remarked, "Yes. But it is a long time since you paid any of them, isn't it?"

"I paid some in advance, though. What happened to that little settlement?"

Mrs. Milling shrugged her shoulders in the manner of Florence.

"I rather understood that that was to cover my liabilities," added Charles pleasantly, with an emphasis on the "my"; "and you fixed the amount."

"I thought you might like your letters back," replied Mrs. Milling.

Charles was drawing a large "C. H." on the gravel.

"So you've taken to blackmail?" he said. "This is rather sad, Kate. When did you join the criminal classes?"

But Mrs. Milling was not to be disturbed by ugly words. She knew her world too well. She had even some considerable experience in the very profession Charles had mentioned, perhaps in the hope of frightening her, and she had never been in the smallest danger of a prosecution. It is one thing, as she very well understood, for a man to have the reputation of a gay bachelor in the clubs and his own social circle, and another to find his gayety revealed in the halfpenny papers, after a visit to the witness box. The former is even a distinction, the latter is highly discreditable. It is not so much publicity as the kind of publicity, which turns a peccadillo into a crime and moves the conscience of the great world.

"Oh, no, Charles," she drawled after a pause. "Don't be rude. It's a perfectly plain sort of transaction. I have something to sell, and you know you are quite able to buy. I'm only asking two hundred."

"This time," murmured Hanson, beginning another set of initials in a more florid style of lettering. He appeared thoughtful.

"It will be the last time. Truly, Charles, you can trust me. Ask Dicky Amplett."

"Have you touched him?"

"Dicky gave me three hundred for some photographs and a page torn out of a visitors' book—and one note. Only initials. Dicky was always careful."

"Amplett married five thousand a year. He could afford it."

"So can you. Look at the life you lead. You must be saving thousands."

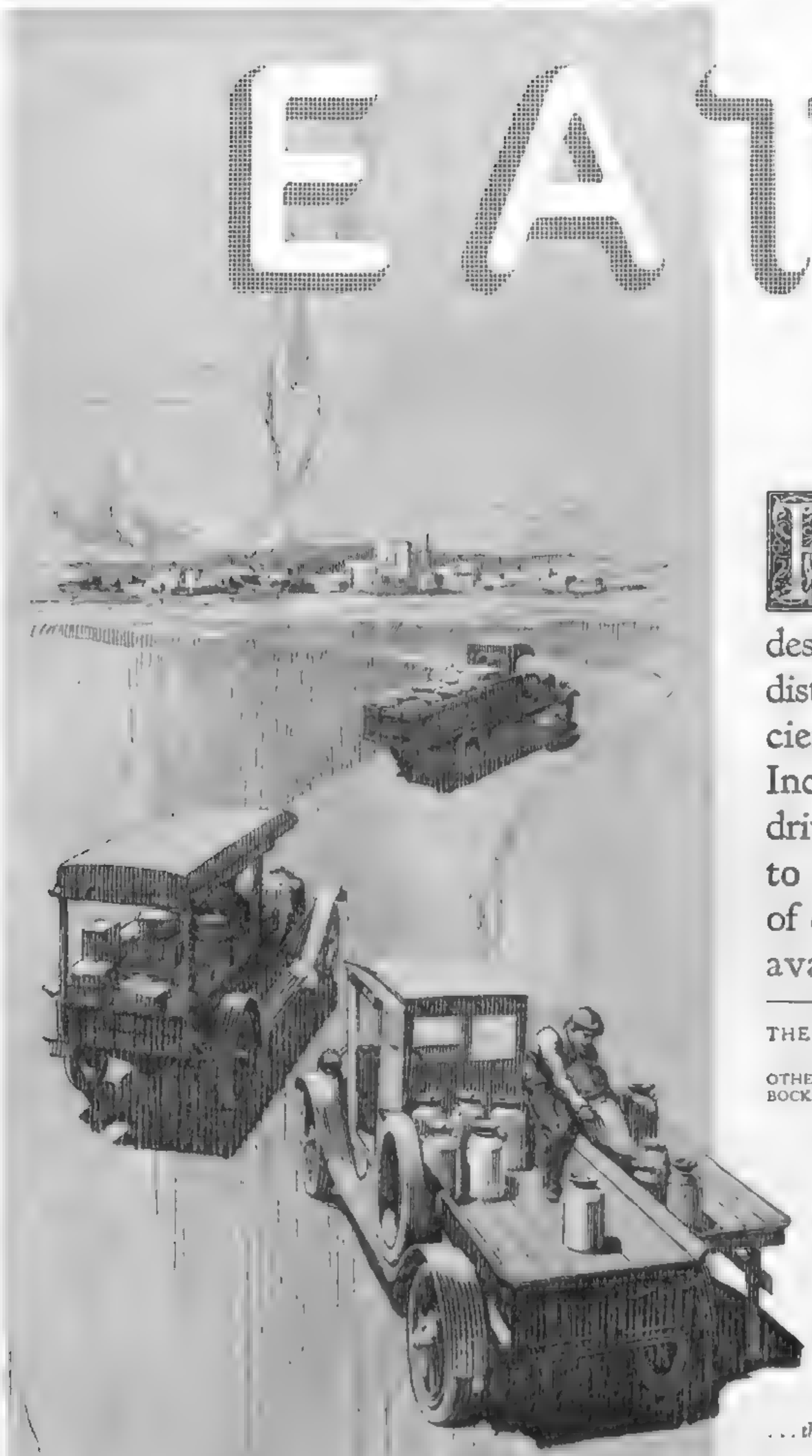
Mrs. Milling stopped, and then added with a tone of gentle reproof: "Now, Charles, don't be silly. That's all I beg. You know my temper; and really I am very reasonable."

"Suppose I don't buy those letters, as you put it?"

"Then they wouldn't be any good to me, would they?"

"Except to remind you of the good old days."

(Continued on Page 44)



EATON

RESPONDING to an obvious need, this company is now building an axle specially designed for one-ton trucks—an axle distinguished for its mechanical efficiency and stalwart construction. Incorporating perfected bevel gear drive, this Eaton product will extend to the swift, pneumatic-tired fleets of commerce a service not formerly available to vehicles of this type.

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THE AXLE DIVISION OF THE STANDARD PARTS COMPANY

OTHER DIVISIONS ARE: THE PERFECTION SPRING COMPANY, THE BOCK BEARING COMPANY, THE STANDARD WELDING COMPANY

. . . the swift, pneumatic-tired fleets of commerce . . .

AXLES

(Continued from Page 42)

Mrs. Milling, in spite of a slight appearance of vexation, smiled.

"I dare say Mrs. Hanson would be interested," she said.

"That is to say that if I don't give you two hundred pounds you will show these precious letters of mine—— How old was I when I wrote 'em—twenty-two?"

"A very nice boy."

"And young—like all your vict—nice boys, except poor old Amplett. You will show them to my wife. I suppose you know that would mean a smash."

"So she doesn't know much about you?" Mrs. Milling smiled again.

"And then they wouldn't be any good to you either."

"But you wouldn't be pleased. Mind you, Charles, I'm quite serious about this. If you don't pay up within—say within the week—I'll take these letters straight to Mrs. Hanson; and you'll deserve it, for being so mean."

"Very well," replied Hanson indifferently. "Take 'em. You may be perfectly certain that I'm not going to be bled. I see it's one o'clock. I'm afraid I must go. Good afternoon, Mrs. Milling."

Charles rose, slightly raised his hat and strolled away. He left a lady not a little taken aback, and very much annoyed.

Mrs. Milling was capable of feeling deeply enough to sacrifice a little time and trouble for revenge. But she had never at any time of her life allowed her feelings to carry her away when there was anything to be got out of controlling them. She did not therefore immediately punish Charles for his folly and meanness. She first took occasion to warn him once or twice what the punishment would be if he remained obstinate.

But in the third time that Charles, having been waylaid in Green Street not a hundred yards from his own door and solemnly invited to take this third last chance of safety, politely refused a very reasonable offer, and even went so far as to say that if she really meant to do anything with the letters she had better do it soon as he was taking his wife to Cowes for the regatta week, Mrs. Milling at last permitted herself to be angry. Only the fact that she had not brought the letters, a bulky parcel, with her, prevented her from marching into Hanson's house on Charles' heels.

But this obstacle did not long delay her; neither did her temper cool on the journey to Bloomsbury and back, though she traveled partly by bus and largely on foot. Her temper was rather of an enduring heat, a steady glow, than of a flaming violence. She had never in a hasty moment hit any man on the head with a champagne bottle—like, for instance, her friend Fifi de Grue, of the Hilarity Theater, who came to such a sad end in '99—but she had often waited several years in order to be in a position to give him something even more unpleasant to think about.

Thus she returned from Bloomsbury at three o'clock with undiminished rancor, and by the time she had told her story to Mrs. Hanson and presented her, not with all, but a few of the more telling of the letters, she was more ferocious than ever. It increased her indignation with the wicked Charles, in some mysterious way, to find that Mrs. Hanson, just as described, was a very pretty, very innocent and very affectionate young girl, who was entirely prostrated by her news. Moreover, she was angry with the unfortunate wife. When Mrs. Hanson shrank she found a great deal of pleasure in making her story as crude as possible. There was something delightful to her righteous indignation in finding a resistiveness so easy to hurt, and having ready to hand exactly the right weapons to inflict the most suffering, and a plentiful supply of them.

Mrs. Milling left with the feeling that she had done herself justice, to use a very appropriate phrase. But she promised herself another stroke at Charles' self before she should be finished with him.

Amy Hanson had had a narrow education, but it was a good one. That is to say, it was complete. She did not know all the odds and ends which form a kind of mixed pickles in the modern young woman's mind; but on the other hand, unlike that school-bred person, she had a finished code of practical morality. She knew how to behave in all circumstances. Moreover, she had put the precepts of her mother, her aunt and her various evangelical governesses to the test, and they had proved their worth. Had she not reformed Charles Hanson? Was there a more docile husband within ten miles of Charing Cross? Or a fonder one? And had not all this happiness and prosperity been built upon the time-honored foundations of domesticity, modesty, temperance and virtue, with a stout keystone of old-fashioned religion? It is no wonder that, surveying her life as far as it had gone, and it had not gone very far, in its widest bearings, and they were not very wide, being formerly included by the schoolroom and now by a nursery, she drew the conclusions that her rule of conduct was the best rule, and that she herself was on the whole rather a wise and accomplished and virtuous exponent of it.

So, though she was not less astonished than hurt by Mrs. Milling's visit, and though, when she took refuge in her bedroom, she wept not entirely for the pain of outraged virtue but perhaps a little on account of plain and simple jealousy, she was never at a loss to know her next proceeding.

A young lady of the highest principles, when proposed to, gives an equivocal answer and goes to her mother for advice and support; and similarly a young wife, when in any difficulty with her husband, is wise to return home.

That these rules are a trifle out of date is no proof that they are bad ones. The former is calculated to increase very much a lover's impatience—it had had that effect on Charles—and the latter is likely to cause the husband, anxious to avoid all the complications of a quarrel not only with his wife but with his wife's family, to be quickly repentant. Charles in fact on a former occasion, when his reformation had suffered a setback from the return of an old friend who, not knowing that he was reformed, had taken him to Kempton Races, dined and supped him in town, and brought him home at twelve o'clock in such a state that, being always polite, even in liquor, he preferred to sleep on the drawing-room floor rather than frighten Amy by going to bed in his boots, had been brought to remorse exactly by this method. Amy went home, and she had not arrived in Wimbledon, where her father, mother and three unmarried sisters then lived, more than a quarter of an hour before Charles was knocking at the door.

She Was Perhaps Not Much Surprised to See That He Barely Recognized Her

On this occasion, indeed, the facts were slightly different. Charles' offense was rather of a passive than an active nature. He had not been sufficiently explicit about his past. Amy, in short, though she had heard that Charles had a past, and believed that he must have been a very bad man once—or where was the credit of his reformation?—had never pictured the past as an actual creature of flesh and blood—a female creature, moreover—and one who must have been good-looking in her day.

She decided therefore in her heart that though Charley was to be forgiven he must not be too easily forgiven, and before she left for her mother's, with the nurse and the baby, she wrote a little letter as follows:

My dear Charley: Why were you not frank and honest with me? Then this awful thing could never have happened. Oh, Charley, I did think you were truthful! I knew that you had not been what is called a good man when I married you. I knew your upbringing had been irreligious, and that you had suffered from the lack of home influences, but I did think you had told me all. I trusted you, and now I made this dreadful, dreadful discovery! Mrs. Milling called this afternoon and told me everything. Poor woman, if it is hard for me it must be dreadful for her to look back on the life she has led. I pitied her. I could see she felt it deeply in spite of her efforts to carry it off. And she looks so old and worn, quite broken down. Though I suppose she can't be more than forty-five.

Charley, I am going home. I am quite stunned by this dreadful thing. I can't even think. I shall try and not let mother see that anything is wrong. But please do not try to see me. It is no use pretending that this is not a very serious crisis in both our lives. I shall pray for you, Charley. Whatever happens, be sure I shall always do that. I cannot forget how happy we have been.

Your affectionate wife,

AMY.

P. S. Write to me, darling. I dare say it will be all right. Don't be too worried.

When Charles came in for tea and was informed at the door that Mrs. Charles, the baby and the little nursemaid had left at four o'clock in the car, with three trunks, the folding cot, the nursery basket, the traveling bath and the best sewing machine, for Wimbledon, he looked as if the news were not unexpected. It is probable that his unconcerned attitude was meant to deceive the housemaid. If so he failed. That observant and romantic young woman immediately returned to the kitchen and informed the cook, the kitchenmaid and the parlormaid that she'd told master, and he turned as pale as ashes, poor man. It was a shame, it was. And she only hoped he didn't shoot himself. But she wouldn't be surprised. And she thought, for her part, that if he did, it would serve someone quite right, with her airs.

Charles found Amy's letter in his dressing room, and at once going to the library he replied:

My dear Amy: I cannot ask you to forgive me, but I beg you to forget. Try to forget all but the happy year we spent together. It has made a better man of me. I am going abroad. Even if you could bear to live with me, and I see you can't, I could not endure the shame and humiliation of this exposure. Better that little Charles should never know his father than to see him live on sufferance. I shall not return in any case for less than a year, and then only if you send for me. Letters will be forwarded by the bank. But if you do not send I shall understand. I know what you must feel. I say again, forget, dearest Amy, all but the love of

Your devoted husband,

CHARLES HANSON.

P. S. If after a year you want a divorce I shall arrange to provide the necessary grounds.

Charles posted this letter himself, ate a very good tea and then whistled for a taxi. The rest of the afternoon, till closing time, he spent in the shops. To see him one would have believed him in the most excellent spirits, but he was never a man who carried his heart on his sleeve, and no doubt that brisk tread and cheerful countenance hid thoughts of the deepest care.

Mrs. Milling returned at the same hour on the morrow in order to give Charles that second blow which she meditated against the unfortunate Hanson family. And it is true that Charles at least deserved her anger. She was an injured woman. She had been defrauded of her legitimate profits. The maid announced her with something of a doubtful air, as if Charles might be expected to ask why she had not immediately said "Not at home." But to her surprise her master amiably replied, "Show her in," and continued in his arduous task of making a suitcase hold twice as much as it was constructed for.

"How d'ye do, Kate? Excuse my getting up. If I let go now it'll never close again," said Charles, greeting the visitor from his place on the floor.

"Is Mrs. Hanson out?" Mrs. Milling did not appear to be in a very polite mood.

"She's gone home, Kate. I'm a deserted husband. And all your doing. Aren't you ashamed? Well, I'm damned! I did think it had caught that time." Charles frowned at the suitcase, which, relieved from the pressure of his knee, immediately burst open with a loud click.

"You don't seem very dejected."

"To tell the truth," said Charles, getting up and smiling pleasantly, "I'm not."

"I thought she wasn't your sort," remarked Mrs. Milling, becoming strangely mollified. She glanced meditatively at the good-natured victim. She looked almost arch when she asked him what he thought of doing next.

"Me? I'm going abroad."

"I'm not surprised you're tired of this sort of life."

Charles sat down and lit a cigarette.

"Yes," he admitted, "it's tiring when it goes on too long. I like a quiet life, always did, but I don't want to be treated like a fungus. There's too much monotony. Even happiness gets a little monotonous if it's all on the same level and all out of the same box."

"I should think so—if you call it happiness."

"I have been happy."

"Bathing the baby?"

"It wasn't bad. In fact, to be perfectly honest, I enjoyed the baby's bath quite as much as Amy did—for

(Concluded on Page 48)

Proving the economy of Bread

ONE dollar invested in Bread buys as much solid nourishment as six dollars invested in Round Steak.

Bread is rich in phosphorus (a necessary mineral) to make bones and teeth—contains the Vitamines, that precious element in food that enables you to keep going with undiminished vigor. And then the delicious taste, nutlike and wheaten—what is more appetizing than a slice of well-made Bread with butter?

Bread is your best food—eat more of it.

Nearly all bakers use *Fleischmann's Yeast* because it makes the best Bread.

(Concluded from Page 44)

the first month or two. And I enjoy it still, once in a way. But there again, it's the monotony. I've seen that baby bathed over three hundred times running. Of course you might say it's just as bad for Amy, but that's different. Amy does the washing. She has something to think about. She's learning how to be a first-class nurse. And when she has had another fourteen children she will be pretty good. But I'm only there to look at the baby, and though he's a pretty decent sort of baby ——"

"Where are you going abroad?"

"Oh! I don't know." Charles gave Mrs. Milling a look which was on the borders of a wink.

"You won't be coming to Florence?"

"I might."

Their eyes met. Mrs. Milling almost blushed with excitement and pleasure at this unexpected development.

"Now, Charles," she coquetted with him, "what do you mean by that?"

"By what?"

"Coming to see me in Florence."

"Well, I might. Why not?"

"Why, you know I'd be delighted, and I always have a spare room for my friends."

"I thought you would have," said Charles.

Mrs. Milling could not quite understand this last remark, but did not stop to examine it.

"Charles, if I thought you really did mean that ——" she eagerly began.

"What?"

"Coming back to me."

"Good heavens, no!" Charles jumped up as if to put a further length of carpet between himself and the amorous lady. "No, you misunderstood. I said I might call, if I happened to be passing through. So I might. Wait a minute, Kate. Don't lose your temper. You haven't quite gathered things. I'd better explain. The truth is that I don't want to be separated from Amy. I'm much too fond of her. But she's completely in the hands of her mother, and three grisly sisters, all older than herself, and all of them as jealous of me and each other as a set of performing seals. They're ruining her. She can't think a single thought for herself, and she looks on the ordinary decent people of my family as a set of monsters. She looks on me as a sort of monster, too, who may be expected to turn rabid and bite any day. I used to think she'd get over it. Most wives seem to. I've seen some of 'em start behind Amy, and end up in the Piccadilly grill. But she hasn't and it's come to this. If we carry on as we're doing now we'll come to a bad smash-up. She's getting worse. I'm getting bored. So I've taken this chance of a holiday. If she comes round I'll be on top, and I'll take her far enough away from Wimbledon to give her a chance of growing up; and if she doesn't it can't be worse than it will be anyhow in another year or so. Less than that. I see it coming every day. A real bang."

"In fact," said Mrs. Milling after an ominous pause, while she surveyed Charles, "you've made use of me."

"Yes. Put it that way if you like. You have been useful, very. You see, I didn't want to go on a new burst. I'd no inclination to, somehow. It didn't seem fair to Amy. And I was rather puzzled how to raise a scandal ——"

Mrs. Milling bounced out of her chair with a look of real fury, and there's no knowing what might have happened if the door had not suddenly burst open, and Amy appeared.

"Charley!" she cried. "Oh!" and swayed like the heroines of all the best novels in similar situations.

Charles ran to catch her. Amy seized him firmly round the neck, and forgetting to be a heroine any more asked the first and most important question in her heart.

"Charley, I was so frightened by what you said about the—the ——"

"Divorce?"

"No, the ——"

"Umm. Grounds?"

"Yes, Charley, that I came at once. And when I saw that woman here—I—I—was so awfully afraid."

"No, it's all right, dear. She's only called to say good-by."

"Oh, dear me, not yet!" cried Mrs. Milling. "I have something to explain."

"I think we understand everything," said Amy, releasing Charles and looking at her with a very dignified deportment.

"I don't think so. Not at all. Do you know that your husband arranged this? Yes, encouraged me to come here—in order to get rid of you? Do you know he's been bragging of his cleverness for the last half hour—calling you a silly little fool—and saying you haven't got any mind of your own—that you do everything your mother tells you? Do you know he wants to go away—that he's perfectly sick of you—and your baby—and your family?"

"I don't believe a word you say!" interrupted Amy.

"Ask him, then. There he is. See if he dares to deny it."

"I don't need to ask him," said Amy, still more haughtily; "and I beg you to leave the house at once."

"Well, I won't," said Mrs. Milling, sitting down.

Amy was a trifle perplexed. She had never supposed anyone would behave in such an extraordinary manner as to refuse to leave a house when ordered to. She had never read of such an unusual crisis in any book of the well-selected library at home. True, it was sometimes considered the right thing to do to ring the bell for the footman. But this rule did not seem to apply to houses where there were no footmen. She didn't exactly know, for instance, how the housemaid would manage, if told to turn Mrs. Milling out—especially as she was a good deal smaller than Mrs. Milling.

There was an awkward and embarrassed pause for some minutes, and then Charles remarked: "Perhaps, dear, if Mrs. Milling won't go, we had better."

Amy was delighted with the wisdom of this suggestion, which relieved her from so awkward a predicament, and as in a dignified manner she left the room upon Charles' arm she felt that there are advantages in having for a husband a man of the world.

"What a horrid woman!" said Amy as they climbed the stairs together. "And when she tried to make me think you wanted to go away ——"

Charles pondered. But it was not until they were safely in their own room and far out of earshot of Mrs. Milling that he ventured to reply that she had been telling the truth. He was a determined man, but he felt extremely nervous as he made this confession, and not a little ashamed of himself.

"Oh, Charley!" cried Amy.

"It's no good pretending, dear, is it?"

"I was right," Amy continued in a tone of some satisfaction.

"Right?"

"Yes. That's exactly what I said to mother as soon as I got your letter. I said, 'Poor Charley, he's going to have a relapse.'"

Charley was highly amused, though he maintained a proper external gravity. He sat on the edge of his bed and looked at his solemn and thoughtful little wife. He had never imagined her taking the thing in this manner, but then it was never possible for Charles to guess how Amy would take anything. He had no clew to her education nor to the impulses which filled the rare gaps in that elaborate code. She had always surprised him equally with her unexpected fears and her unlooked-for boldness, with her timidity and her presence of mind, with her knowledge and her ignorance. Sometimes she could almost make him blush with her frankness, and again some very ordinary remark of his own caused her to shrink as if she had been slapped.

"And what did your mother say?"

"She advised me to have nothing to do with you until you came to your senses; and Mary tried to make me promise to leave you for good, and Margaret wanted father to come and ask you what you meant by it, and Ann said she'd always known how it would be, but she was glad I was well out of it at last."

"Perhaps you were, dear."

"Charley, you don't mean that!"

Amy stared at him in surprise. She seemed, however, to be satisfied by the look, for she continued at once: "What I told mother was that it was very wrong of a wife to leave her husband, especially when there was any chance of his committing a—a sin."

"You were thinking of my postscript?"

"Yes, dear. As I said, it would really be my fault. And as for what you had done before you were married, of course it was wrong—wicked—but it wouldn't be as bad as that. Besides, we knew you had been a—a bad lot." Amy paused, and then added: "You don't mind my saying that, dear? Somehow it sounds more than I mean."

Charles shook his head and for a minute both seemed to reflect.

"Well?" Charles asked, catching Amy's eye.

"I wanted to ask you something."

"Go ahead."

"You'll promise to tell me the truth?"

"I'll try." Charles was cautious.

"Charley—but you will tell me the truth?"

"As far as I can."

"Charley, did you enjoy yourself more with that—that Mrs. Thingummy than you do with me?"

Charles hesitated before he replied, not because he intended a lie but because he truly did not know the answer until he had reflected—though he would have lied with great fluency if a lie had been necessary. But as soon as he opened his mouth to speak Amy interrupted.

"No, no, Charley! It's not fair. I shouldn't have asked. Don't tell me! Only, dear, you know ——"

Amy was looking a little distressed, and Charles prompted her sympathetically.

"Yes?"

Amy raised her eyes with a nervous glance.

"You ought to be happier with me because I'm sure I'm much fonder of you."

Charles got off the bed and came to sit on the arm of his wife's chair.

"No. Of course," Amy corrected herself, "that doesn't follow, does it?"

She rested her hand on Charles' knee, and Charles covered it with his own, though Amy did not seem to notice this action. She was in deep thought.

"I believe you were," she said, glancing sadly upward.

"No, I wasn't dear—really."

"Charley, is that true?"

"Really, dear."

Amy sighed.

"We live a very dull life here," were her strange words.

There was a slight pause.

"Then why, may I ask, do you choose to make us live it?" asked Charles.

"I always thought you expected me to," said Amy simply. "You did, didn't you?"

Charles, after a moment's thought, was obliged to admit he had expected a certain austerity from Amy.

"And they all seemed to think that if I wasn't a very good example to you you would relapse at once."

There was another pause.

"I suppose you know," murmured the daring Charles, "that I'm going to relapse this very evening. I shall dine at the Carlton with champagne, liqueur and a cigar. I am then going on to the French comedy at the Ambassador's. I'll have supper at the Carlton again, or somewhere where they have a good supper, and I won't come home till half past twelve. But if you are asleep ——"

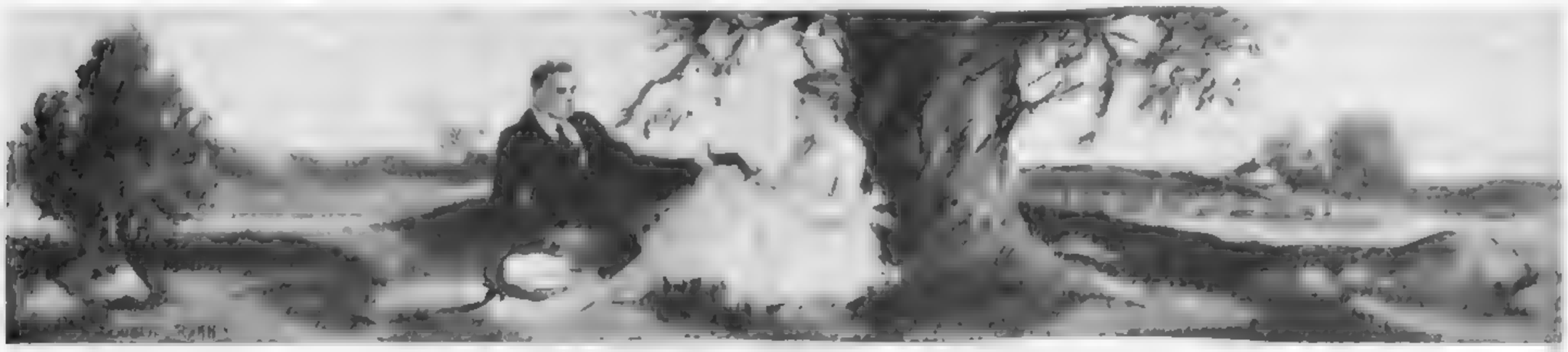
Charley and Amy had been eying each other with a peculiar expression during all this speech. And at the end of it Amy's lips began to curl up in the smile which meant that she had recognized a joke. It was a very pleasant little smile, and caused Charles also to smile.

"May I come too, dear?" she said. "If I promise to be very bad?"

Charles embraced her.

"I mayn't be as experienced as Mrs. Milling," said Amy with a frown of determination when, a few moments later, she found herself upon Charley's knee, "but I'm sure I could be quite wicked enough to make you happy, Charley. Because you're really not much worse than other men, are you?"

Charles burst out laughing. The rest of the interview was of a sentimental nature, not at all interesting to the general public.



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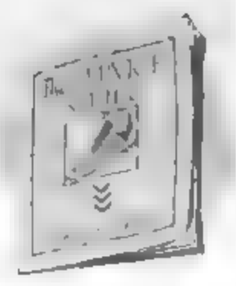
Shoes LINED with "Red-line-in" will make this saving for you. Why? The "wear longer" reason is just as self-evident and simple as the "save more" reason. "Red-line-in" SHOE LINING, being the strongest and most satisfactory shoe-lining made, *reinforces the leather and seams, resists the strain at the weak points, helps the shoe hold its shape,* and thus increases the wear.

Furthermore—consider the *comfort* of an unbroken shoe lining. No holes, sharp edges or lumps to torture the foot and wear out stockings. "Red-line-in" saves darning-work and stocking-money.

How to save money buying shoes is simple. When you go to buy a pair, say to the dealer: "Show me shoes lined with 'Red-line-in'." You can easily tell them. There are RED LINES running through the lining—up and down. Compare "Red-line-in" with the lining in your old shoes. "Red-line-in's" superiority is so evident you will at once realize why it makes shoes wear longer—and therefore cost less.

Insist upon "Red-line-in" lined shoes.



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SHOE LINING
Makes shoes wear longer

A PLEA FOR OLD CAP COLLIER

(Continued from Page 4)

and a satisfactory conclusion to follow. Deadwood Dick marched many a flower-strewn mile through my young life, but to the best of my recollection he never shut off anybody's sublunary prospects. If a party deserved killing Deadwood just naturally up and killed him, and the historian told about it in graphic yet straightforward terms of speech; and that was all there was to it, and that was all there should have been to it.

At the risk of being termed an iconoclast and a smasher of the pure high ideals of the olden days, it is my intent to undertake to show that practically all of the preposterous asses and the impossible idiots of literature found their way into the school readers of my generation. With the passage of years there may have been some reform in this direction, but I dare affirm, without having positive knowledge of the facts, that a majority of these half-wits still are being featured in the grammar-grade literature of the present time. The authors of school readers, even modern school readers, surely are no smarter than the run of grown-ups even, say, as you and as I; and we blindly go on holding up as examples before the eyes of the young of the period the characters and the acts of certain popular figures of poetry and prose who—did only we give them the acid test of reason—would reveal themselves either as incurable idiots or else as figures in incidents which physically could never have occurred.

You remember, don't you, the schoolbook classic of the noble lad who by reason of his neat dress, and by his use in the most casual conversation of the sort of language which the late Mr. Henry James used when he was writing his very best, got a job as a trusted messenger in the large city store, or in the city's large store if we are going to be purists about it, as the boy in question undoubtedly was?

The Story of the Spartan Lad

It seems that he had supported his widowed mother and a large family of brother and sisters by shoveling snow and, I think, laying brick or something of that technical nature. After this lapse of years I won't be sure about the bricklaying, but at any rate work was slack in his regular line, and so he went to the proprietor of this vast retail establishment and procured a responsible position on the strength of his easy and graceful personal address and his employment of some of the most stylish adjectives in the dictionary. At this time he was nearly seven years old—yes, sir, actually nearly seven. We have the word of the schoolbook for it. We should have had a second chapter on this boy. Probably at nine he was being considered for president of Harvard.

Then there was the familiar instance of the Spartan youth who having stolen a fox and hidden it inside his robe calmly stood up and let the animal gnaw his vitals rather than be caught with it in his possession. But why? I ask you, why? What was the good of it all? What was the purpose served? To begin with, the boy had absconded with somebody else's fox, or with somebody's else fox, which is undoubtedly the way a compiler of school readers would phrase it. This, right at the beginning, makes the morality of the transaction highly dubious. In the second place, he showed poor taste. If he was going to swipe something, why should he not have swiped a chicken or something else of practical value?

We waive that point, though, and come to the lack of discretion shown by the fox. He starts eating his way out through the boy, a mussy and difficult procedure, when merely by biting an aperture in the tunic he could have emerged by the front way with ease and dispatch. And what is the final upshot of it all? The boy fails dead, with a large unsightly gap in the middle of him. Probably, too, he was a boy whose parents were raising him for their own purposes. As it is, all gnawed up in this fashion and deceased besides, he loses his attractions for everyone except the undertaker. The fox presumably has an attack of acute indigestion. And there you are! Compare the moral of this with the moral of any one of the Old Cap Collier series, with virtue coming into its own and sanity prevalent throughout and vice getting what it deserves, and all.

In McGuffey's Third Reader, I think it was, occurred that story about the small boy who lived in Holland among the dikes and dams, and one evening he went across the country to carry a few illustrated post cards or some equally suitable gift to a poor blind man, and on his way back home in the twilight he discovered a leak in the sea wall. If he went for help the breach might widen while he was gone and the whole structure give way, and then the sea would come roaring in, carrying destruction and windmills and wooden shoes and pineapple cheeses on its crest. At least, this is the inference one gathers from reading Mr. McGuffey's account of the affair.

So what does the quick-witted youngster do? He shoves his little arm in the crevice on the inner side, where already the water is trickling through, thus blocking the leak. All night long he stays there, one small, half-frozen Dutch boy holding back the entire North Atlantic. Not until centuries later, when Judge Alton B. Parker runs against Colonel Roosevelt and is defeated practically by acclamation, is there to be presented so historic and so magnificent an example of a contest against tremendous odds. In the morning a peasant, going out to mow his tulip beds, finds the little fellow crouched at the foot of the dike and inquires what ails him. The lad, raising his weary head—but wait, I shall quote the exact language of the book:

"'I am hindering the sea from running in,' was the simple reply of the child."

Simple? I'll say it is! Positively nothing could be simpler unless it be the stark simplicity of the mind of the author who figures that when the Atlantic Ocean starts boring its way through a crack in a sea wall you can stop it by plugging the hole on the inner side of the sea wall with a small boy's arm. Ned Buntline may never have enjoyed the vogue among parents and teachers that Mr. McGuffey enjoyed, but I'll say this for him—he knew more about the laws of hydraulics than McGuffey ever dreamed.

And there was Peter Hurdle, the ragged lad who engaged in a long but tiresome conversation with the philanthropic and inquisitive Mr. Lenox, during the course of which it developed that Peter didn't want anything. When it came on to storm he got under a tree. When he was hungry he ate a raw turnip. Raw turnips, it would appear, grew all the year round in the fields of the favored land where Peter resided. If the chill winds of autumn blew in through one of the holes in Peter's trousers they blew right out again through another hole. And he didn't care to accept the dime which Mr. Lenox in an excess of generosity offered him, because, it seemed, he already had a dime. When it came to being contented there probably never was a soul on this earth that was the equal of Master Hurdle. He even was satisfied with his name, which I would regard as the ultimate test.

Can You Tell the Difference?

Likewise, there was the case of Hugh Idle and Mr. Toil. Perhaps you recall that moving story. Hugh tries to dodge work, but wherever he goes he finds Mr. Toil in one guise or another but always with the same harsh voice and the same frowning eyes bossing some job in a manner which would cost him his boss-ship right off the reel in these times when union labor is so touchy. And what is the moral to be drawn from this narrative? I know that all my life I have been trying to get away from work, feeling that I was intended for leisure, though never finding time somehow to take it up seriously. But what was the use in trying to discourage me from this agreeable idea back yonder in the formulative period of my earlier years?

In Harper's Fourth Reader, edition of 1888, I found an article entitled The Difference Between the Plants and Animals. It takes up several pages and includes some of the fanciest language the senior Mr. Harper could disinter from the unabridged. In my own case—and I think I was no more observant than the average urchin of my age—I can scarcely remember a time when I could not readily determine certain basic distinctions between such plants and such animals as a child is likely to encounter in the temperate parts of North America.

While emerging from infancy some of my contemporaries may have fallen into the error of the little boy who came into the house with a haunted look in his eye and asked his mother if mulberries had six legs apiece and ran round in the dust of the road, and when she told him that such was not the case with mulberries answered: "Then, mother, I feel that I have made a mistake."

To the best of my recollection, I never made this mistake, or at least if I did I am sure I made no inquiry afterward which might tend further to increase my doubts; and in any event I am sure that by the time I was old enough to stumble over Mr. Harper's favorite big words I was old enough to tell the difference between an ordinary animal—say, a house cat—and any one of the commoner forms of plant life, such as, for example, the scaly-bark hickory tree, practically at a glance. I'll add this too: Nick Carter never wasted any of the golden moments in elucidating for me the radical points of difference between the plants and animals.

As to Abou Ben Adhem

In the range of poetry selected by the compilers of the readers for my especial benefit as I progressed onward from the primary class into the grammar grades I find on examination of these earlier American authorities an even greater array of chuckleheads than appear in the prose divisions. I shall pass over the celebrated instance of the Turk who at midnight in his guarded tent was dreaming of the hour when Greece, her knees in suppliance bent, would tremble at his power. I remember how, vaguely, I used to wonder who it was that was going to grease her knees and why she should feel called upon to grease them at all.

Also, I shall pass over the instance of Abou Ben Adhem, whose name led all the rest in the golden book in which the angel was writing. Why shouldn't it have led all the rest? A man whose front name begins with Ab, whose middle initial is B, and whose last name begins with Ad will be found leading all the rest in any city directory or any telephone list anywhere. Alphabetically organized as he was, Mr. Adhem just naturally had to lead; and yet for hours on end my teacher consumed her energies and mine in a more or less unsuccessful effort to cause me to memorize the details as set forth by Mr. Leigh Hunt.

In three separate schoolbooks, each the work of a different compilator, I discover Sir Walter Scott's poetic contribution touching on Young Lochinvar—Young Lochinvar who came out of the West, the same as the Plumb plan subsequently came, and the Hiram Johnson boom and the initiative and the referendum. Even in those ancient times the West appears to have been a favorite place for upsetting things to come from; so I can't take issue with Sir Walter there. But I do take issue with him where he says:

So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!

Even in childhood's hour I am sure I must have questioned the ability of Young Lochinvar to perform this achievement, for I was born and brought up in a horseback-riding country. Now in the light of yet fuller experience I wish Sir Walter were alive to-day so I might argue the question out with him.

Let us consider the statement on its physical merits solely. Here we have Young Lochinvar swinging the lady to the croup, and then he springs to the saddle in front of her. Now to do this he must either take a long running start and leapfrog clear over the lady's head as she sits there, and land accurately in the saddle—which is scarcely a proper thing to do to any lady, aside from the difficulty of springing ten or fifteen feet into the air and coming down, crotched out, on a given spot—or else he must contribute a feat in contortion the like of which has never been duplicated since.

To be brutally frank about it, the thing just naturally is not possible. I don't care if Young Lochinvar was as limber as a yard of fresh tripe—and he certainly could shake a lithesome calf in the measures of the dance if Sir Walter, in an earlier stanza, is to be credited with veracity. Even so, I deny that he could have done that croup trick. There isn't a croupier at Monte Carlo who could have done it. Buffalo Bill couldn't have done it. Ned Buntline wouldn't have had Buffalo Bill trying to do it. Doug Fairbanks couldn't do it. I couldn't do it myself.

Skipping over Robert Southey's tiresome redundancy in spending so much of his time and mine, when I was in the Fifth-Reader stage, in telling how the waters came down at Lodore when it was a petrified cinch that they, being waters, would have to come down, anyhow, I would next direct your attention to two of the foremost idiots in all the realm of poesy; one a young idiot and one an older idiot, probably with whiskers, but both embalmed in verse, and both, mind you, stuck into every orthodox reader to be glorified before the eyes of childhood. I refer to that juvenile champion among idiots, the boy who stood on the burning deck, and to the ship's captain in the poem called The Tempest. Let us briefly consider the given facts with regard to the last mentioned: It was winter and it was midnight and a storm was on the deep, and the passengers were huddled in the cabin and not a soul would dare to sleep, and they were shuddering there in silence—one gathers the silence was so deep you could hear them shuddering—and the stoutest held his breath, which is considerable feat, as I can testify, because the stouter a fellow gets the harder it is for him to hold his breath for any considerable period of time. Very well, then, this is the condition of affairs. If ever there was a time when those in authority should avoid spreading alarm this was the time. By all the traditions of the maritime service it devolved upon the skipper to remain calm, cool and collected. But what does the poet reveal to a lot of trusting school children?

"We are lost!" the captain shouted,
As he staggered down the stair.

He didn't whisper it; he didn't tell it to a friend in confidence; he bellowed it out at the top of his voice so all the passengers could hear him. The only possible excuse which can be offered for that captain's behavior is that his staggering was due not to the motion of the ship but to alcoholic stimulant. Could you imagine Little Sure Shot, the Terror of the Pawnees, drunk or sober, doing an asinine thing like that? Not in ten thousand years, you couldn't. But then we must remember that Little Sure Shot, being a moral dime-novel hero, never indulged in alcoholic beverages under any circumstances.

The Boy on the Burning Deck

The boy who stood on the burning deck has been played up as an example of youthful heroism for the benefit of the young of our race ever since Mrs. Felicia Dorothea Hemans set him down in black and white I deny that he was heroic. I insist that he merely was feeble-minded. Let us give this youth the careful once-over: The scene is the Battle of the Nile. The time is August, 1798. When the action of the piece begins the boy stands on the burning deck whence all but him had fled. You see, everyone else aboard had had sense enough to beat it, but he stuck because his father had posted him there. There was no good purpose he might serve by sticking, except to furnish added material for the poetess, but like the leather-headed young imbecile that he was he stood there with his feet getting warmer all the time, while the flame that lit the battle's wreck shone round him o'er the dead. After which:

There came a burst of thunder sound;
The boy—oh! where was he?
Ask of the winds, that far around
With fragments strewed the sea—

Ask the waves. Ask the fragments. Ask Mrs. Hemans. Or, to save time, ask me.

He has become totally extinct. He is no more and he never was very much. Still we need not worry. Mentally he must have been from the very outset a liability rather than an asset. Had he lived, undoubtedly he would have wound up in a home for the feeble-minded. It is better so, as it is—better that he should be spread about over the surface of the ocean in a broad general way, thus saving all the expense and trouble of gathering him up and burying him and putting a tombstone over him. He was one of the incurables.

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WRITE FOR STYLE BOOKLET S-50

GUITERMAN BROS.
SAINT PAUL, U. S. A.

Once upon a time, writing a little piece on another subject, I advanced the claim that the champion half-wit of all poetic anthology was Sweet Alice, who, as described by Mr. English, wept with delight when you gave her a smile, and trembled in fear at your frown. I remarked, what an awful kill-joy Alice must have been—weeping in a disconcerting manner when somebody smiled in her direction and trembling violently should anybody so much as merely knit his brow!

But when I gave Alice first place in the list I acted too hastily. Second thought should have informed me that undeniably the post of honor belonged to the central figure of Mr. Henry W. Longfellow's poem, Excelsior. I ran across it—Excelsior, I mean—in three different readers the other day when I was compiling some of the data for this treatise. Naturally it would be featured in all three. It wouldn't do to leave Mr. Longfellow's hero out of a volume in which space was given to such lesser village idiots as Casabianca and the Spartan youth. Let us take up this sad case first by verse:

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

There we get an accurate pen picture of this young man's deplorable state. He is climbing a mountain in the dead of winter. It is made plain that he is a stranger in the neighborhood, consequently it is fair to assume that the mountain in question is one he has never climbed before. Nobody hired him to climb any mountains; he isn't climbing it on a bet or because somebody dared him to. He is not dressed for mountain climbing. Apparently he is wearing the costume in which he escaped from the institution where he had been an inmate—a costume consisting simply of low stockings, sandals and a kind of flowing woolen nightshirt, cut short to begin with and badly shrunken in the wash. He has on no rubber boots, no sweater, no ear muffs, not even a pair of pulse warmers. He also is bare-headed. Well, any time the wearing of hats went out of fashion he could have had no use for his head, anyhow.

Poor Mr. Longfellow!

I grant you that in the poem Mr. Longfellow does not go into details regarding the patient's garb. I am going by the illustration in the reader. The original Mr. McGuffey was very strong for illustrations. He stuck them in everywhere in his readers, whether they matched the themes or not. Being as fond of pictures as undoubtedly he was, it seems almost a pity he did not marry the tattooed lady in a circus. Perhaps he did. I never gleaned much regarding the family history of the McGuffeys.

Be that as it may, the wardrobe is entirely unsuited for the rigors of the climate in Switzerland in wintertime. Symptomatically it marks the wearer as a person who is mentally lacking. He needs a keeper almost as badly as he needs heavy underwear. But this isn't the worst of it. Take the banner: it bears the single word "Excelsior."

In his nightie the youth is going through a strange town late in the evening and in wintertime carrying a banner advertising a shredded wood-fiber commodity which won't be invented until a hundred and fifty years after he is dead!

Can you beat it? You can't even tie it. Let us look further into the matter:

His brow was sad; his eye beneath
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior!

Get it, don't you? Even his features fail to jibe. His brow is corrugated with grief, but the flashing of the eye denotes a lack of intellectual coherence which any alienist would diagnose at a glance as evidence of total dementia, even were not confirmatory proof offered by his action in huckstering for a product which doesn't exist, in a language which no one present can understand.

To continue:

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior!

The last line gives him away still more completely. He is groaning now, where a moment before he was clarioning. A bit later, with one of those shifts characteristic of the mentally unbalanced, his mood changes and again he is shouting. He's worse than a cuckoo clock.

"Try not the Pass," the old man said;
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior!

"Oh stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered, with a sigh,
Excelsior!

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last Good night;
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior!

These three verses round out the picture. The venerable citizen warns him against the Pass; pass privileges up that mountain have all been suspended. A kind-hearted maiden tenders cordialities of a most generous nature, considering that she never saw the young man before. Some people might even go so far as to say that she should have been ashamed of herself; others, that Mr. Longfellow, in giving her away, was guilty of an indelicacy, to say the least of it. Possibly she wanted to practice up in order to qualify for membership in the reception committee the next time the visiting firemen came to town; so I, for one, shall not question her motives. She was hospitable—let it go at that. The peasant couples with his good-night message a reference to the danger of falling pine wood and also avalanches, which last have never been pleasant things to meet up with when one is traveling up a mountain in an opposite direction.

Hard to Kill

All about him firelights are gleaming, happy families are gathered before the hearthstone, and through the windows the evening yodel may be heard percolating pleasantly. There is every inducement for the youth to drop in and rest his poor, tired, foolish face and hands and thaw out his knee joints and give the maiden a chance to make good on that proposition of hers. But no, high up above timber line he has an engagement with himself and Mr. Longfellow to be frozen as stiff as a dried herring; and so, now groaning, now clarioning, now with his eye flashing, now with a tear—undoubtedly a frozen tear—standing in the eye, onward and upward he goes:

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior!

I'll say this much for him: He certainly is hard to kill. He can stay out all night in those clothes, with the thermometer below zero, and at dawn still be able to chirp the only word that is left in his vocabulary. He can't last forever though. There has to be a finish to this lamentable fiasco sometime. We get it:

A traveler, by the faithful hound,
Half buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
Excelsior!

The meteoric voice said "Excelsior!" It should have said "Bonehead!" It would have said it, too, if Ned Buntline had been handling the subject, for he had a sense of verities, had Ned. Probably that was one of the reasons why they barred his works out of all the schoolbooks.

With the passage of years I rather imagine that Lieutenant G——, of the United States Navy, who went to so much trouble and took so many needless pains in order to become a corpse may have vanished from the readers. I admit I failed to find him in any of the modern editions through which I glanced, but I am able to report, as a result of my researches, that the well-known croup specialist, Young Lochinvar,

(Concluded on Page 53)

A Definition of Craftsmanship

PEOPLE speak easily of craftsmen and craftsmanship. But every good mechanic or carpenter or metal-worker is not a craftsman.

Craftsmanship is the individual creation of useful things in a beautiful way.

To attain craftsmanship one must know the relation of parts to the whole, must have a complete conception, must be able to image forth an idea, and must be so skilled in manual execution as to reach close to perfection.

The New England men who build Stevens-Duryea Motor Cars have attained craftsmanship, not alone by practice and application and study, but also through an inherited tradition which came to them as a birthright from many generations.

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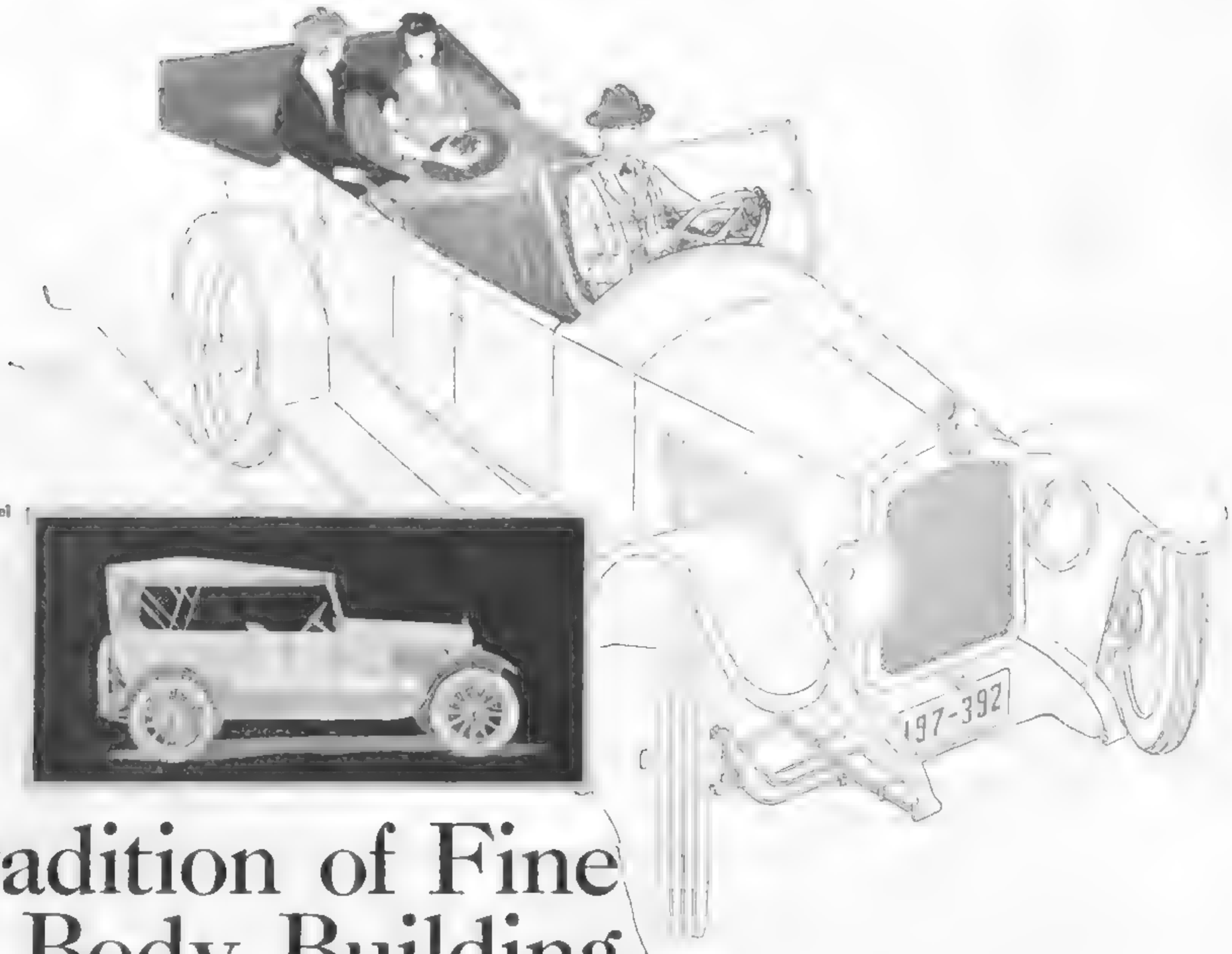

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These wonderful Anderson bodies, combined with the Anderson chassis carefully assembled of standardized mechanical units, can be procured in six models, as follows:

Convertible Roadster . . .	$2,195	Five-passenger Touring .	$2,145
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Coupé	3,200	Sedan	3,200

Prices f. o. b. Rock Hill. War tax extra; subject to change. Write for catalog.

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Continental motor	Salisbury rear axle
Durston transmission	Rayfield carburetor
Borg and Beck clutch	Willard storage battery
Thermoid universal joints	Stewart vacuum tank
Hotchkiss type drive	Fedders radiator
Remy ignition, starting and lighting	Boyce moto-meter
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Timken, Hyatt, Bower and New Departure bearings

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ANDERSON Six

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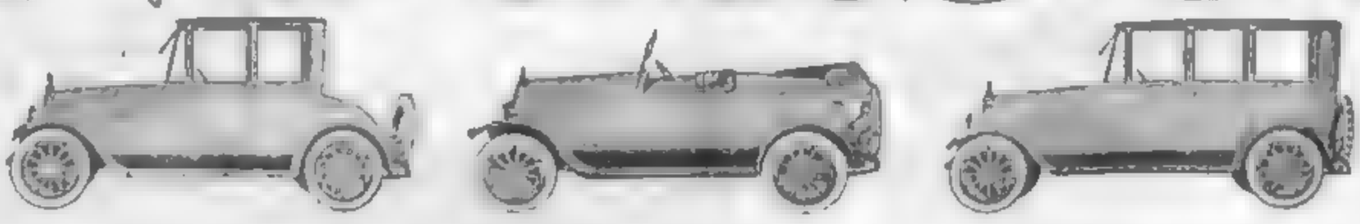

(Concluded from Page 50)

is still there, and so likewise is Casabianca, the total loss; and as I said before, I ran across Excelsior three times.

Just here the other day, when I was preparing the material for this article, I happened upon an advertisement in a New York paper of an auction sale of a collection of so-called dime novels, dating back to the old Beadle's Boy's Library in the early eighties and coming on down through the years into the generation when Nick and Old Cap were succeeding some of the earlier favorites.

I read off a few of the first titles upon the list:

Bronze Jack, the California Thoroughbred; or, The Lost City of the Basaltic Buttes. A strange story of a desperate adventure after fortune in the weird, wild Apache land. By Albert W. Aiken. Tombstone Dick, the Train Pilot; or, The Traitor's Trail. A story of the Arizona Wilds. By Ned Buntline. The Tarantula of Taos; or, Giant George's Revenge. A tale of Sardine-box City, Arizona. By Major Sam S. (Buckskin Sam) Hall. Red-top Rube, the Vigilante Prince; or, The Black Regulators of Arizona. By Major E. L. St. Vrain. Old Grizzly Adams, the Bear Tamer; or, The Monarch of the Mountains. Deadly Eye and the Prairie Rover. Arizona Joe, the Boy Pard of Texas Jack. Pacific Pete, the Prince of the Revolver. Kit Carson, King of the Guides. Leadville Nick, the Boy Sport; or, The Mad Miner's Revenge. Lighthouse Lige, or, The Firebrand of the Everglades. The Desperate Dozen; or, The Fair Fiend. Nighthawk Kit; or, The Daughter of the Ranch. Joaquin, the Saddle King. Mustang Sam, the Wild Rider of the Plains. Adventures of Wild Bill, the Pistol Prince, from Youth to his Death by Assassination. Deeds of Daring, Adventure and Thrilling Incidents in the Life of J. B. Hickok, known to the World as Wild Bill.

These titles and many another did I read, and reading them my mind slid back along a groove in my brain to a certain stable loft in a certain Kentucky town, and I said to myself that if I had a boy—say, about twelve or fourteen years old—I would go to this auction and bid in these books and I would back them up and reenforce them with some of the best of the collected works of Nick Carter and Cap Collier and Nick Carter, Jr., and Frank Reed, and I would buy, if I could find it anywhere, a certain paper-backed volume dealing with the life of the James boys—not Henry and William, but Jesse and Frank—which I read ever so long ago; and I would confer them upon that offspring of mine and I would say to him:

"Here, my son, is something for you; a rare and precious gift. Read these openly. Never mind the crude style in which most of them are written. It can't be any worse than the stilted and artificial style in which your school reader is written; and, anyhow, if you are ever going to be a writer, style is a thing which you laboriously must learn, and then having acquired added wisdom you will forget part of it and chuck the rest of it out of the window and acquire a style of your own, which merely is another way of saying that if you have good taste to start with you will have what is called style in writing, and if you haven't that sense of good taste you won't have a style and nothing can give it to you.

"Read them for the thrills that are in them. Read them, remembering that if this country had not had a gallant breed of Buckskin Sams and Deadwood Dicks we should have had no native school of dime novelists. Read them for their brisk and stirring movement; for the spirit of outdoor adventure and life which crowds them; for their swift but logical processions of sequences; for the phases of pioneer Americanism they rawly but graphically portray, and for their moral values. Read them along with your Coopers and your Ivanhoe and your Mayne Reids. Read them through, and perhaps some day, if fortune is kinder to you than ever it was to your father, with a background behind you and a vision before you, you may be inspired to sit down and write a dime novel of your own almost good enough to be worthy of mention in the same breath with the two greatest adventure stories dollar-sized dime novels is what they really are—that ever were written; written, both of them, by writing men, who, I'm sure, must have based their moods and their modes upon the memories of the dime novels which they, they in their turn, read when they were boys of your age.

"I refer to a book called Huckleberry Finn, and to a book called Treasure Island."

HOW OLD ARE YOU?

(Continued from Page 20)

For purposes of illustration we might consider the case of the stout convivial man who has gone and is still going the social pace, or the woman of sedentary inclinations and habits of dietetic self-indulgence. The end is the same, though the minor changes may vary somewhat, so let us stick to our example.

Such a man should be in his prime, his physical powers perhaps slightly limited, but his intellect clear and his capacity for work at its greatest. In fact he will take occasion to tell you that he is as good a man as he ever was, not realizing that this very assertion implies a doubt. He would not think it necessary to tell you that he is honest or that he loves his family. Well, perhaps he cannot climb a hill as well as he used to; he is a little short-winded, but that is because he has not had time to get enough exercise. Too busy at the office, too many important deals on to permit his wasting time with golf or tennis or country walks. But habits of work and worry have been formed and though now he could take the time he doesn't realize it. Business has absorbed all his thoughts not only during business hours but it has gone home with him and has been his companion during all his waking hours.

For several years he has had an occasional slight attack of vertigo; merely a passing dizziness, which he attributed to his liver. For a year or two nothing more serious has occurred to attract attention, and the dizzy spells have become an old story. But the shortness of breath still exists; in fact, it is getting worse. He puffs now after less exertion. And, another thing, come to think of it, occasionally he notices, especially after dinner, a throbbing in his chest or neck, synchronous with the beating of his heart. Still there is nothing—except business—to worry about. If he is getting fat he attributes these slight inconveniences to that condition and decides that some day he must take up golf. Or if he is lean, nervous and irritable, he thinks he needs medicine to aid digestion.

As time goes on a new symptom obtrudes itself. Now and then on going into the cold air there is a tightness, a slight sense of constriction, in his chest. Several times he has felt it after running upstairs or for a train. If things would only let up at the office he really must get some exercise. This puffing and this tight feeling after slight exertion are annoying. Why, he remembers, at college——

Later, one night after a big dinner preceded by a few cocktails, he is roused from sleep by a sense of suffocation. He is really alarmed for a time. He cannot get his breath; he gasps and wheezes, clutches at his throat; he runs to the window and grasps the sill with both hands, fighting desperately for air. In a short time relief comes with a loose cough, and he breathes more easily. But it was an ugly experience; indigestion, of course. He must watch himself at banquets. Those cocktails, especially the olives——

Now of course it was the cocktails and the overloaded stomach, but something else was behind it. Periodically for many years he has eaten and drunk too much. Why has retribution been so long delayed? Because now there is at least the beginning of a serious disturbance of the circulation which did not exist in his younger days. The attack is called, not altogether correctly, cardiac asthma. It is compounded of high blood pressure, hardening arteries and faulty elimination. The immediate cause was the presence of food poisons which his overtaxed kidneys had not been able to cast off so readily as when he was younger.

If this man is not insensately foolish he will obtain medical advice and mend his ways. Suppose, however, that he does nothing of the kind, that he goes on eating and drinking as much as ever, and working as unremittingly.

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Heat, even the heat from a flickering match flame, will produce electricity. Not a strong, powerful current, but a very tiny one—yet big enough to mean much to industry. It is used to measure high temperatures.

When heat is applied to the welded junction of two wires of different composition, a minute electric current is generated. The higher the temperature, the greater the current, and if we measure this feeble current, we have a measurement of the temperature. A delicate instrument is used for this purpose, and it indicates the current in terms of degrees of temperature.

An apparatus of this sort is called a PYROMETER. But pyrometers are not used for measuring the temperature of match flames. Rather, they are the high-temperature gauges of the industrial world.

With Hoskins pyrometers, the thermo-couples—those vital, welded wires—are made of Chromel, the original nickel-chromium alloy, and the one most widely used for pyrometer work. Not only is Chromel used by thousands of manufacturers because of its superior accuracy and because with it they can *make their own thermo-couples without calibrating them*, but it forms the heating element in most domestic electric heating devices and in Hoskins electric furnaces. Manufacturers with heat-measuring problems can get complete details on Hoskins Pyrometers by addressing the Hoskins Manufacturing Company, Detroit, and asking for Catalog 31-S.

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Shops, factories, mills and tool rooms need these grinders, as they increase the efficiency of workmen and the tools they use.

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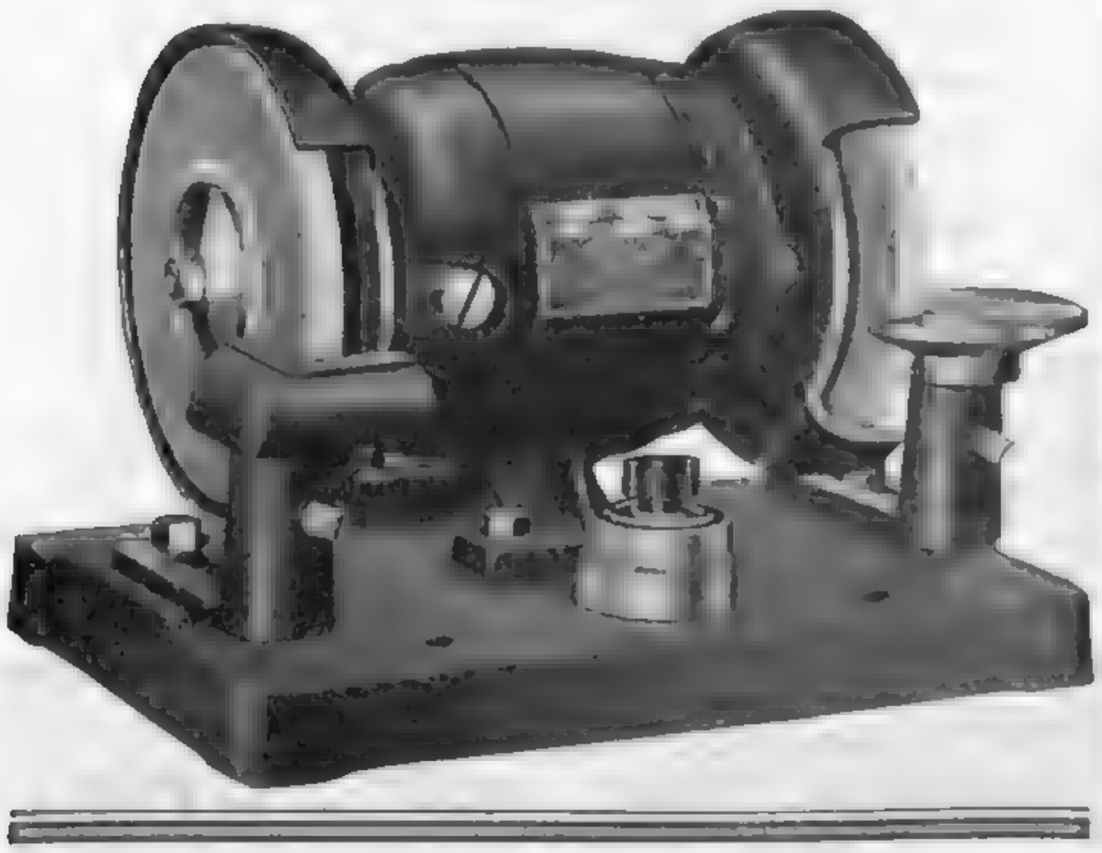

One day, after a good dinner followed by one or two of his favorite strong cigars, he is seized with a pain. And such a pain! It is a stabbing through the chest as by a sword thrust. It runs down his left arm and at the same time there is a tightness round the chest walls like the constriction of an iron band. He would scream if he could, but he cannot. Will he live to draw another full breath? Cold sweat is on his forehead, every muscle of his body tense, his face pallid, his pulse racing at an incredible speed.

That is angina pectoris. The attack usually does not last longer than a few seconds, or at most a few minutes, but it seems quite long enough to the sufferer. True angina pectoris is caused by starvation of the heart muscle from hardening of the arteries which nourish it. Fortunately there are many cases of pseudo angina which resemble the real disease but which are not caused by so grave a condition. Excessive use of tobacco, for instance, may give rise to these attacks, and their recurrence will cease if smoking is discontinued.

It would be unwise to discuss here the treatment of angina pectoris, because it is a condition which requires especial consideration of each individual case. The point to be emphasized, however, is that it lies at the end of the road along which our patient was journeying, and might have been avoided by a change of habits in earlier years.

Suppose that instead of ignoring earlier symptoms he had sought competent advice when shortness of breath first attracted his notice or the first spells of dizziness. Even at that time there was high blood pressure and a slight rigidity of the artery walls, and also, perhaps, evidence of chronic kidney change.

Excessive Blood Pressure

In such a case what would the doctor have advised? First, a complete change of habits. Less food, probably an exclusive milk diet for a while, with complete rest in bed, followed by a much restricted diet without meat. Then meat only once daily, in small quantity, and gradually increasing activity. Absolute interdiction of alcoholic drinks forever, and the use of tobacco reduced to a minimum. Freedom from excitement and strong emotions of every kind, especially worry. Then, after going back to the office, a certain amount of time spent daily in exercise, which may be increased slowly as the muscles develop; also plenty of recreation in the open, but never any kind of violent exertion.

But above all the doctor will counsel moderation in all things. If his patient obeys implicitly these instructions he may hope with reason to improve and, what is most important, to check the progress of degenerative changes and to live out the time of his expectancy.

Before taking up the causes of senile changes a comparatively recent discovery of a cause of high blood pressure deserves attention. Sometimes high arterial tension is not associated with degeneration of the arterial walls, but nearly always in such cases there is chronic kidney disease. Once the theory was advanced that obliteration of the capillaries in the kidneys in itself raised the pressure, but that explanation was not satisfying. Later, attention was drawn to two little bodies, ductless glands, that lie one upon the surface of each kidney. They are called adrenals and the substance which they secrete, adrenaline, when injected into the blood acts on the nerve centers, elevating the blood pressure. In some kidney conditions these glands are overactive. Emotions such as fright or great sorrow also cause an excess of adrenaline.

This accounts in part for the high blood pressure of those of nervous temperament who for a long time have been under great mental strain. The other causative element lies in the digestive tract. Worry is usually attended by indigestion, faulty assimilation and overproduction of waste.

The harassing cares of modern business have the same effect as physical labor, producing waste in large abundance, but the sedentary life of the business man does not facilitate its elimination. Hence the irritating poisons remain in the blood and tissues, and can be gotten rid of only by indulging in frequent periods of mental rest and agreeable physical occupations. Hard work of any kind, in proper dosage, never killed anyone. It is injurious only when it becomes a passion to the exclusion of everything else; then it takes the form of a dissipation as harmful as any other kind of self-indulgence.

Someone has said that we dig our graves with our teeth, to indicate the potent force of diet in determining longevity. Certainly nearly all of us eat much more than is necessary for our daily needs. What becomes of this excess? Part of it is stored up as fat, to burden us with overweight. Part lies in the lower bowel to ferment, the poisons of putrescence being absorbed. And the rest must be thrown off by the kidneys, which at best have all they can do as scavengers of the body.

Meat in excess is especially harmful to the kidneys, because its end products, manufactured in the process of digestion, irritate their delicate mechanism and long-continued overwork will destroy it. Meat products in the blood also change the nature of that fluid and increase the blood pressure. For these reasons meat as an article of diet is forbidden if one has a high blood pressure with or without hardening of the arteries. But even healthy persons should eat meat sparingly if they wish to avoid destructive changes.

It may not be necessary to enlarge upon the effects of alcohol on the liver, the kidneys and the blood vessels as well as upon all other organs and tissues of the body, but it would be interesting to know just how many years it has taken off the average life of those who used it. There are other poisons not nearly so powerful but nevertheless sufficiently so to deserve a word of warning. Tobacco, in excess, raises the blood pressure, not only by its influence upon the nerve centers but by its direct effect upon the heart. When smoke is inhaled the nicotine gets into the circulation in the lungs, and is carried at once to the heart, with irritating effect.

Even to the most hardened habitué excessive use is harmful, especially when accompanied by the inhalation of the smoke. The poison accumulated is in excess of the antidotes manufactured by the body, and among the evil effects is a raised blood pressure, which in turn brings the menace of degeneration of artery walls. Consequently the interdiction of tobacco is indicated when this process threatens.

Constant excessive use of coffee and tea is also harmful, because they also contain alkaloids which act upon the nerve centers of the heart.

Luigi Cornaro's Ideas

Volumes and volumes have been written upon certain phases of the subject of health, especially about diet. The difficulty about most of these books is that their authors are enthusiasts, each one the champion of a special method or régime which has fitted his own case admirably but which may not be suitable for universal application.

The immediate incentive to write this article came from reading a little book written by an old man who himself had long outlived his generation and who desired to help others by telling them what methods he had used to ward off early decay. There is nothing didactic in his narrative, nothing complicated or difficult to follow. The first edition was published in Padua in 1558, when the author was ninety-one. It was called La Vita Sobria. All its precepts may be summed up by that title, The Temperate Life, which is much better than that given to the English translation, The Art of Living Long.

Surely the testimony of one who has run a long race should be valuable to other runners, and for this reason this book of Cornaro's deserves consideration; in fact for five hundred years it has been a classic in Italy and has been translated into many languages. It is of especial interest because he began life handicapped. One may say of some who have preserved their health and vigor to an incredible age that they had been better equipped than the average mortal at the beginning. But read the author concerning himself:

"Because I was born with a poor constitution I fear I shall not live much beyond a hundred years. Yet all those who are born delicate, like myself, would no doubt reach, in perfect health, the age of a hundred and more years, as I feel will be the case with me—were they to embrace the temperate life as I have done."

Luigi Cornaro was born in Venice in 1467 and died in Padua in 1566. Inheriting a delicate constitution, it was his good fortune to discover before it was too late, and

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Where training in the art of dress supplements style and quality supremacy

EVEN her manner seemed more youthful -I could hardly realize that the stylish figure before me was my very own mother. But before I could ask her whether she had found Aladdin's lamp or met a good fairy she began to tell me of the wonderful discovery she had made.

"I know by your expression that you adore it, too. I've never had a suit that gave me such stylish lines, and it is all because I found such a wonderful saleswoman in the store that sells Printzess coats and suits. You know there are times when you really welcome intelligent suggestion—and you never need it more than when purchasing tailored garments.

"The saleswoman was so tactful in offering suggestions and knew so well exactly the lines and color I needed to reflect my personality that I couldn't refrain from asking her how she had acquired her marvelous fund of knowledge. And will you believe it—the Printzess manufacturers not only offer perfection in the style, quality and tailoring of their garments but they go a step farther by training the salespeople in the retail stores which sell Printzess garments, in order to make them authorities on styles, materials and colors?

"For five days each year they hold a sales school and the proprietor of every Printzess store may send as many salespeople as he can spare. Experts on style and the philosophy of dress instruct them in the principles of color, design and how to conceal defects in figure which we women instinctively realize we have but do not know just how to overcome. Each girl who completes this course receives a diploma as an expert garment adviser.

"It's a real comfort to know about this remarkable service. Now I realize that in whatever city I may be, I can go into the store that sells Printzess coats and suits and, with the assistance of the Printzess trained saleswoman, I can buy the garment that best adapts itself to my particular type. It gives me an added confidence in the Printzess label and even greater assurance of 'Distinction in Dress.'"

THE PRINTZ-BIEDERMAN COMPANY
New York CLEVELAND Paris

"The Printzess manufacturers not only offer perfection in the style and quality of their coats and suits but they hold a sales school five days each year for the salespeople in every Printzess store."

Printzess
DISTINCTION IN DRESS

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To the Fraction of a Pound

By an exact distribution of weight in the Greater American the load is divided over the four wheels *almost to the fraction of a pound.* The chassis is not underweighted at the rear nor overweighted at the front. Each wheel carries a *proportionate* share of the load—with an effect on the riding qualities of this *Balanced* Six which has caused it to be known far and wide as the *"Smile Car."*

This balanced principle of construction is evidenced not only in the even distribution of weight that identifies this sturdy, finely-built car; it runs as a dominant characteristic throughout its design.

Throughout there is a fine adjustment of part to part—a balance between axle and power plant, for instance, between torque and load, that adds immeasurably to the efficiency of operation.

You sense this the moment you take your place behind the wheel of the Greater American. No other car gives you just the same riding sensation or is handled with quite the same ease.

10 Smile-Facts About The Greater American

1. *BALANCED DISTRIBUTION OF WEIGHT. No slip—no sideway when you take hard turns. No jolt or jar going over rough spots. Unequalled road-ability.*

Herschell-Spillman "6-60" Motor
developing 60 H. P. at 2200 R. P. M.
Wheelbase 127 inches

AMERICAN MOTORS CORPORATION
Factory and General Offices: Plainfield, N. J.
AMERICAN SOUTHERN MOTORS CORPORATION, Greensboro, N. C.

The Balanced Six AMERICAN Miles & Smiles

(Concluded from Page 54)

to adopt, a manner of life which so marvelously prolonged his years. And yet, though he confined himself to a most rigid régime he did not attempt to force it upon others. He recognizes that each one must discover for himself just what particular articles of diet and what amounts of exercise, work and recreation are suitable to his needs. In substantiation of this truth he quotes an ancient proverb: "A man cannot be a perfect physician save of himself alone."

He limited his own diet to the least amount of food possible to sustain active life. For many years it consisted of soup, bread, the yolk of an egg; in all, but twelve ounces of solids daily, and fourteen ounces of a light wine. But he did not recommend this diet to others.

Temperance and Tranquillity

"However, those persons who are blessed with strong constitutions may make use of many other kinds and qualities of food and drink and partake of them in greater quantities than I do; so that even though the life they follow be the temperate one it need not be as strict as mine, but much freer."

In other words, no particular diet is applicable to all. Moderation is the essential requisite; to eat less than one's appetite seems to demand, and to stick tenaciously to this self-made rule in spite of the temptation to eat more, in spite of the importunities of well-meaning relatives and friends.

Once Cornaro himself weakened in this regard. When he was seventy-eight his family conspired to persuade him that he was not eating enough for one of his age, and the doctors added their arguments. He protested that he had lived and thrived on that amount of food for many years.

"I maintained, furthermore, that it was in harmony with reason that as my age increased and my strength lessened I should diminish rather than increase my quantity of food. This was true; since the digestive powers of the stomach were also growing weaker in the same proportion as my vigor became impaired. To strengthen my argument I quoted: 'Whosoever wishes to eat much must eat little'—which means simply that the eating of little lengthens a man's life and by living a long time he is enabled to eat a great deal."

The wise old man understood better than his doctors or his friends the application to himself of the law of supply and demand. Nevertheless their arguments prevailed, and he yielded. To please them he added to his diet by taking two ounces more of food per day! Whereat he became sick, and they all thought he would die. Then, having proved his point at great inconvenience to himself, he went back to the original daily allowance, and lived twenty or more years longer.

But Cornaro did not rely solely upon a restricted diet. He observed moderation also in other directions. "I have also preserved myself, as far as I have been able, from those other disorders from which it is more difficult to be exempt; I mean melancholy, hatred and other passions of the soul, which all appear greatly to affect the body."

He knew nothing of the poisons created by anxiety and anger or by intense, unrelieved mental strain; nothing of the ptomaines resulting from the fermentation of excess food; nothing of blood corpuscles or germs. And yet his Temperate Life contains the very heart of the whole matter. He lived a life of activity in the fresh air, ate only what his body required, and kept his mind tranquil. Two words contain the whole of his gospel—temperance and tranquillity.

The True Measure of Age

Is it worth while? Not if age implied merely weariness of body, racking pains, stupor of mind; in a word, infirmities. But if it means quite the opposite, it is very much worth while. A certain broad philosophy comes with vigorous old age, a calm but vivid interest in people and events, a better perspective.

"And who would not enjoy life at an age when it is free from the innumerable miseries by which we all know the younger ages are afflicted!" Cornaro wrote that with his own hand at the age of ninety-one, seven years before he passed away like one who sinks into a calm and peaceful sleep.

The sooner one realizes how much the sum of his remaining years can be shortened or lengthened by his own conduct, the greater that sum is likely to be. And so the question with which this article began perhaps would better be stated differently—not How old are you? but How old will you be at thirty, at fifty, or at sixty? For to repeat what was said at the beginning: One's age should be reckoned by the number of years which are to come.

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The Gloves of a Thousand Uses

RAILROADERS, teamsters, builders, motormen, farmers, packers, movers, janitors, linemen, deck-hands, plasterers, street cleaners, gardeners, ash collectors, stone masons, pilots, painters, truck drivers, lumbermen,

—ironworkers, pavers, bricklayers, carpenters, stokers, machinists, foundrymen, everyone, man, woman or child, who does any hand-work of any kind should wear Boss Work Gloves. They protect from dust, dirt, grease, paint, and minor injuries. They are economically priced to suit every purse.

Boss Work Gloves are heavy and tough enough to *wear well* through the hardest kind of usage—yet they are flexible enough to permit a thorough "feel" of the work in hand.

They are easy to slip on and off.

And they come in different weights adaptable to every conceivable requirement with band, ribbed, or gauntlet wrists. Sizes for men and women, boys and girls.

Ask your dealer for a pair of these Gloves of a Thousand Uses. Look over the four best sellers listed below.

***THE BOSS* MEEDY**—The world's favorite work glove for odd jobs around the house and garden, and all light hand-work. Made of the best quality, medium weight canton flannel.

***THE BOSS* HEVY**—The best bet for all work that requires a strong, wear-resisting glove. Made of the very best quality, heavy weight canton flannel.

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***THE BOSS* WALLOPER**—This is the super work glove. Strong, flexible and built for rugged work. Made of the highest quality, heaviest weight canton flannel.

The Boss line includes highest quality leather-palm, jersey, ticking, and canton flannel gloves and mittens

This Trade-mark identifies genuine Boss Work Gloves. Be sure it is on every pair you buy.

Trade Mark

THE BOSS MANUFACTURING CO.
Kewanee, Ill.

MADE OVER

(Continued from Page 13)

At these last words a look of memory darkened Mrs. Critchley's slanted eyes and made them pathetic

"I wonder who it is—now?" she murmured. "I haven't seen a man since I left Geneva, so she can't mean to scold me about that sort of thing. Maybe—maybe," came flutteringly, "it's something entirely about herself this time. Perhaps she's fallen in love again and wants to talk about it—unbosom herself."

And as she remained tense in the clasp of a chilling hush she marveled now, as often, at this one weakness in the make-up of her otherwise strong daughter—her many superficial infatuations, and always for handsome men. Yes, Dorothea, a true artist, had a mania for beauty. The men who could melt that sturdy heart to dreaming, and generally hopeless dreaming, had always been of unusual physical comeliness with clear-cut harmony of line—classical exceptions in these days of mixed and roughened types, and always of ingratiating delicacy because, no doubt from Nature's law of contrast, she was herself so strong, so rough-hewn, a wonderful mixture of Amazon and mother and adventurer.

"I can't see her—this way—of course." This with dull dread from Mrs. Critchley. "Oh, what shall I do? Tell me, Robinette!"

"You've got to, mum. No 'elp for it. I could keep the bedroom dark an' say you 'ad an 'eadache—one of your splitters."

"As if a headache would keep Dorothea off! She'd know—as she did the last time. Think of something!" she whispered fiercely.

"There's nothink to think of, mum ——"

When at this Mrs. Critchley seemed about to fling caution to the winds and open her mouth wide for a healthy wail, Robinette let go of the swelled cheek, which she had been nursing in the cup of her palm, hopped up behind the armchair and bending over it clasped both big spread hands quite round her mistress' face, holding it tightly as she might a damaged bowl whose cracks, freshly cemented, were in danger of splitting.

"'Old 'ard!" Robinette called, the words an able seaman's, the tone a nursing mother's. "Then you shan't see 'er," she cooed. "I mean that she shan't see you—not an inch of you! I'll tell you wot we'll do," she said with excited relief as she bent over the staring visage seen upside down and sparkling with tears. "We'll bolt to an 'otel—now! We'll pick a new one that she'd not think you'd go to. It'll be like that you're called away suddint—see? You'll leave a letter 'ere for 'er sayin' it's abaht seein' your broker out of town—money troubles. Then to-morrow I'll sneak back 'ere—pack, settle up, and be gone again before she gets an 'int of it. See, dearie?

"Now stop cryin' or you'll spoil your nice new face!"

"She wouldn't be fooled. She'd know what I've been doing!" Mrs. Critchley exclaimed in a tone of desperate and sorrowful prophecy, though she started up and began tearing off the lounging robe.

"'Oo cares wot she knows—once you're back in Geneva?

"Then she can write—an' you can answer sweetly—an' there'll be no 'aving 'er a-studyin' of you through them big 'orn specs you so 'ate 'er to wear."

"No, no!" Mrs. Critchley sniffed vehemently in denial. "You seem to forget that I have to keep going to the professor for at least ten times more before I'm entirely finished. He has to watch me. The risky thing about this is the danger of tightening on the bias."

Robinette took on the stimulating energy of a friendly cross-examiner: "Miss Dorothea don't know 'is address? You didn't tell 'er the other time you went to 'im, 'oo 'e was?"

"Of course not! Would I present a red flag to a bull? Why, because of the big sign on his door—Faces Remade, Damaged Contours Restored—I wouldn't let even the taxi driver see me go in!"

"Then as it's a dead secret, mum, don't you see 'ow we can keep changin' 'otels 'ere in London till you're all done to the very last stitch? 'Course you do! An' after that—wot 'appens?"

As Robinette gave this demanding question she stood in a triumphant Goddess of Liberty pose, sadly marred in effect by the cheek ramification.

"Why, after that—the Continong!"

III

A FEW days before the incident in Mrs. Critchley's life just set forth, a girl was walking along one of the Paris boulevards, her approach watched by two young Frenchmen who lounged at a table under the awning of a café. The air had the rainy cold that niggles its way to the marrow, but with mulled claret in tall glasses and overcoats muffling them, the gazers were braving the January wet of their beloved city for the joy of sitting in the open with the street as a stage before them. It was cold for the girl, too, but she did not seem to mind it in the least.

She came on, the brim of a sport hat pulled over her eyes, her hands plunging down the pockets of her cumbersome reefer jacket, which was flung open to show the bared column of a splendid throat, her face lifted to the flurries of fine rain. Her drenched hair of a solid-looking brown showed its genuine curliness by forming little spirals against her ears and neck; on her cheeks there was the sort of blush that comes to healthy, darkly rich skins—a brick red through a softening mist. Among the roof of umbrellas about her she carried none.

"An American," said one of the young Frenchmen, indicating her by a nod. Pale he was, a suggestion of metal work as an arm under one of his sleeves, and the glittering steadiness of a glass eye seeming to rebuke the gayety of the other. "A good many of her type were with us when the fight was on. Is it not so? She's out of uniform now, but I'll bet she drove an ambulance last year, or cooked, or nursed, or did something that was hard to do when we were blazing at *les boches*. Fine women, these *transatlantiques*. But as girls—strange. Is it not so?"

"You have said truly, my old one," the other answered, and his lids looked weary as his lip moved in a shadowy smile. "They are excellent as human beings, these American young ladies; but so often they scarcely seem aware that we are men as they talk to us. They are like comrades—like boys with us. For myself I prefer the sex consciousness of our own girls. If in time of stress as in this war these Americans could have made us more often have little glows of romance and yet have been able to give us the help of iron-hearted men, as they did, what a wonderful combination that would be! Is it not so?"

"You ask too much. Maybe when this transition stage is past during which women—and our own, too—are finding strength and therefore overemphasizing it as converts always do new creeds, such a *mélange* as you desire may be possible. We shall be dead then, my old one, for it will be a part of some golden age as yet remote."

The girl, to their delighted interest, had stepped under the awning to one of the tables on the outer fringe, where she had no close neighbors. She dropped with an indifferent sort of ease into one of the chairs, and her hand in a dogskin glove beckoned to a waiter. The men heard her order:

"Coffee in a glass, *garçon*—very hot—and all the sugar possible."

"Ah, mademoiselle, how I regret! All the sugar possible is nothing to-day," the genuinely interested waiter answered. "*Rien du tout—du tout!* Will you perhaps change your order to ——"

"Not at all. If you cannot—why, you cannot. Bring me the coffee as you have it," she said with a businesslike nod and a faint smile.

After a reposeful glance at the people about her, which included the young men without any specializing favor, she curved the prongs of heavily rimmed reading spectacles about her ears and bent over a letter that she pulled from her pocket. Not a first reading, as the envelope

(Continued on Page 61)

Even in Full Sunshine—Yes, Even in the Most Trying North Light—She Now Looked Not More Than a Glowing Twenty-Seven

If only for one hot night!
—it's worth it

Wonderful cooling zephyrs—when there's not a breath of nature stirring, when everything sizzles and you're almost ready to shrivel up! "I'd give anything for a fan!" you say. Of course you would!

Buy a G-E fan now, to blow the heat and flies and "skeeters" away every hot day and every hot night, summer after summer.

And as it *cools* in summer, the G-E fan *heats* in winter, for, when blowing on a radiator, it whisks the heat to every corner of the room.

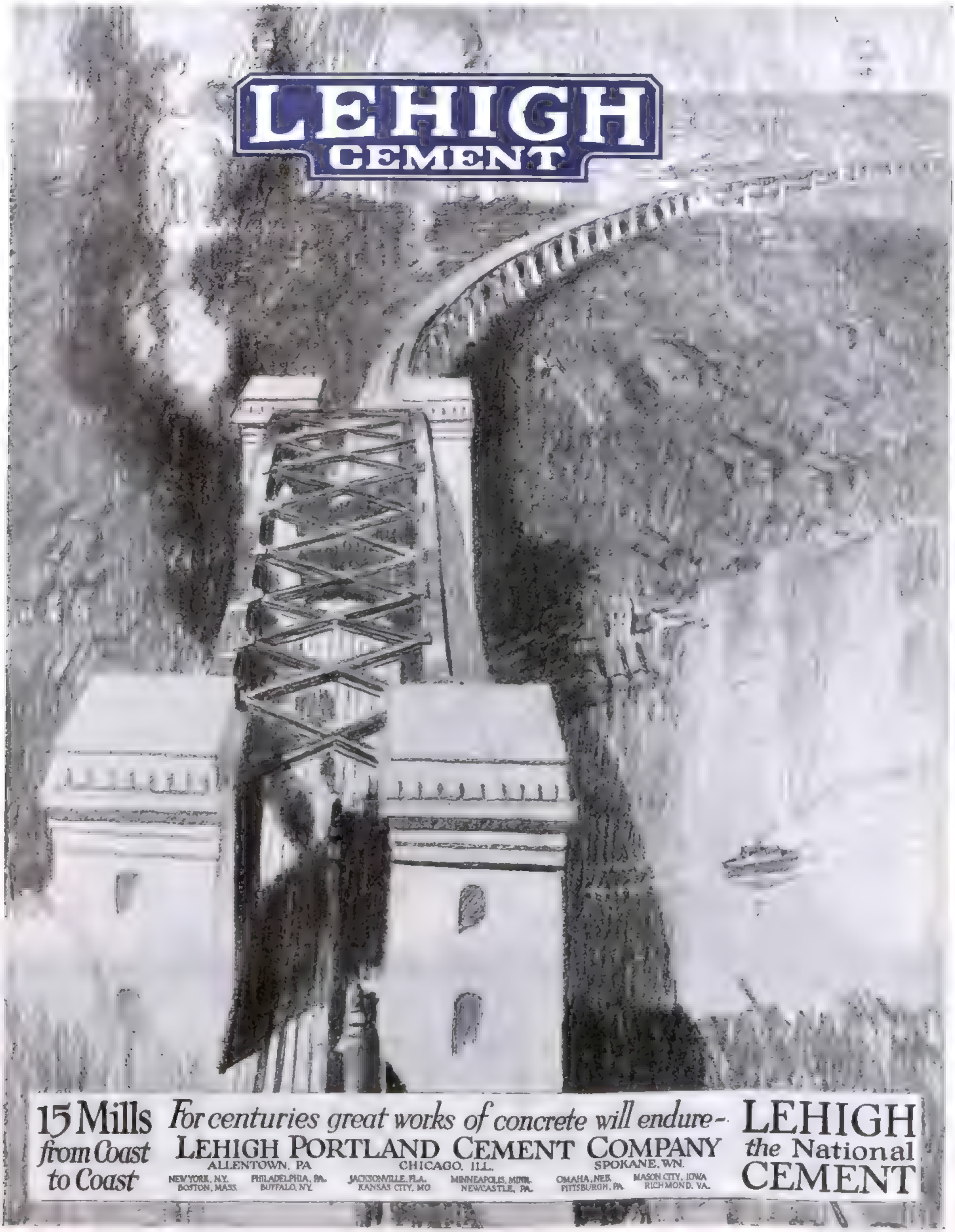
G-E Fans are good to look at in the rich, olive-green finish—dealers who display a rainbow in their windows sell them—wise householders buy them—enthusiastically, and use them—gratefully.

32B-42

—and that night it was sweltering hot!

G-E Fans

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY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LEHIGH
the National
CEMENT

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was torn. Its color was a pale amethyst and the scent of gardenia from it was strong enough to travel through the dampness and with ghostly sweetness reach the audience of two who still watched in the covert way of the well-bred.

They could not see that it was headed "Geneva," that it was a short exclamatory rush of sentences announcing that the writer was on her way to her old lodgings in London on a business visit, and that she regretted—oh, keenly!—not being able to take even the short time necessary for an hour in Paris with her adored Dorothea, but she was with all her heart, and always, her loving mother.

They could see her frown over it, however. They could see her replace it in the envelope, a delicate weariness in her look. They could see her crush it back with the spectacles into the pocket of her reefer, and then, with her finely made calfskin boots stretched out in a restful way, gaze steadily and a little more wearily over the heads of the swaying and jolting umbrellas.

"She does not like her letter, written by some woman," the young man with the rigid arm said, while appearing only to sip.

"No—and I have something to tell you, my friend," the other confided. "At first I thought I would not mention it, but I will. I have recognized this girl." His shoulders twitched as with grim laughter he turned his back more fully on Dorothea. "I had a little adventure with her the other night."

"An adventure? Impossible! I cannot imagine such a thing."

"You need not. It was nothing of a complimentary sort, I assure you! It was very late," the speaker went on, his tone changing to that of the *raconteur*. "I had been over in the old quarter having a pipe with Le Baron and was coming along the Rue de Grenelle toward my bridge. You know how dark and deadly quiet all that ancient part is after eleven—twisting, narrow cuts between the closed houses with the lamp-posts not any too close. Well, I saw that just ahead of me a girl was walking in the middle of the street, and not hurrying as if she were nervous at being out alone at that hour, you understand? My friend, you know my romantic heart! I said to myself as I began gaining on her: 'If at the next light I see that she has a nice profile I will make her acquaintance.' Very good!

"At the next lamp-post I saw that she had a most adorable nose and chin.

"'Good evening, mademoiselle,' said I, and I bent toward her with my very best smile. 'Good evening,' she answered. Though this came so promptly, my old one, instead of encouraging me, it was so thoroughly hearty it disconcerted me. Not until then, when she looked at me, did I realize that she was an American—a regular soldier of a girl. And her eyes—I assure you that as they met mine without a flicker I could only remember the unshadowed and fearless ones of Bastien-Lepage's Jeanne d'Arc.

"'It is a very fine evening,' I went on, not quite sure of myself. 'It is more than that,' the young lady answered in the way a teacher would correct a child. Her voice was rich, like a cello. 'It is a really beautiful night,' she said. 'I am enjoying it thoroughly as I walk home.' 'May I enjoy it with you?' I ventured; a little hopeful now. 'Why not?' asked the fair one. 'Is there not plenty of room for both of us in the middle of the street, and plenty of air?'"

"Oh, excellent, excellent!" his friend grinned, the good eye boyishly radiant. "I can imagine your feelings!"

"This answer made me thoughtful. We strode on without a word. The young lady's face was lifted as if she searched the heavens for a sign, and at last she said: 'I am very fond of astronomy. Do you care for it?' I began to feel like her elderly uncle, and could only answer: 'Not very much.'

"By this time we were nearing a small hotel, where a porter stood, smoking by the open doors, just before turning in. 'I would recommend astronomy to you,' said my companion; and she suddenly stopped beside the porter, who lifted his cap to her. By this time I was really annoyed. 'But why should I, mademoiselle?' I demanded. 'Men can find pleasanter studies here on our own good earth—now that peace is with us again. Is it not so?' Her face was like an impudent gamin's as she replied: 'Nevertheless I prescribe a course in astronomy for you. From it you will discover that there are many planets far more important than—Venus.' And the amazing creature, swinging round on her heel, disappeared into the dark hall."

As his friend flung back his head with an amicably jeering laugh the other rose, warily keeping his back to Dorothea.

"Let us go," he cautioned, leaving the money on the waiter's plate. "She has eyes that look through one. I would be sorry to have her recognize me. Come."

And they went.

A few moments later Dorothea came out of her reverie, looked at the serviceable watch strapped to her wrist, paid her score, and mixed with the crowd. She walked very quickly now, on to the river, over the bridge to the Boulevard St.-Germain, along this a little way, past a café with "Les Deux Magots" printed on its awning, where she nodded to some students and girls lunching round the little tables, and entered a small French hotel just beyond it.

With her key she received a letter—a pleasing one evidently, and that also was expected.

"Madame," she said to the trimly laced and stiffly coiffured woman presiding at the desk, "I will not be at home to anyone until five o'clock. Then Mr. Matheson will call, and I will see him. *Voilà!* I will write the name—Mr. James Matheson—so. Let me know as soon as he comes, and have him shown to the parlor, please."

The cuckoo in the clock above madame had barely retired after five treble announcements when the gentleman for Mademoiselle Dorothea Burr appeared. He found favor in the dark eyes of the hostess, who had the French acumen for beauty whether in a sunset, a spring hat, a church window, a human being—indeed in all things to which beauty was possible. This Mr. James Matheson was a man who might have sat to a painter as a splendid young Roman in a toga and with one of those very becoming, turbanlike wreaths of leaves about his head. So thought madame, and as a special honor she ushered him, herself, to the parlor.

Matheson, called Jim by all who knew him well, made himself comfortable in a corner of the battered Empire sofa, facing a crayon bust portrait of madame above some framed immortelles encircling a copy of her husband's epitaph. He was clothed in expensive and fashionable clothes with no touch of exaggeration, and they were worn with the carelessness that marks the domination of the attire by the man. He had the keenly cut, square chin of the politician—the feature that probably had made madame think of him as the young Cæsar—eyes as purple blue as those that flash from the shadow of peasants' shawls in Ireland; a head classically pure in its lines, covered from tawny brow to the nape of the neck with coal-black hair as sleek and shining as a casque of lacquer. He looked about thirty-four.

Dorothea came in with her buoyant outdoor swagger. There was a still sort of exaltation in her face. Her gray eyes had a glory kept in bounds by her will. She had changed to a dove-hued chiffon with suède slippers to match. A Spanish comb of old ivory held up the heavy coils of her hair.

"So glad to see you again, Mr. Matheson," Dorothea said softly, the brick pink deepening under her skin.

"And it's lovely seeing you!" Jim cried.

He seized with vigor the hand she gave him, and kept it for a few seconds in a clasp that almost hurt.

Curiously, so sensitive to truth is a woman's heart when she loves, this untrembling grip, its hardihood, brought anxiety to Dorothea. On the wireless of the emotions questions quivered: "Was I a fool, before, just at the very last, when I imagined that he—cared—a little? Was I a fool when I thought that his hand shook queerly then, and that there was a question in his eyes when he said good-by?"

Not a trace of this showed as she took the other corner of the sofa and resting her chiffon-covered arm on its back twisted to face him.

"Now tell me all you've been doing these three months since the days at Châlons. Are you still at the head of the picture company?"

"No, I've just pulled out of it."

"Heaps of money, as you expected?" and she made her lips smile.

"Even more. I sold my share in the company at almost iniquitous profit. You know," Jim smiled, "I'm really a lawyer. My going into the movie industry was from a mania to help get the war's truth on the screen. Well, we did, and no mistake—enough grisly pictures of suffering and ruin and beggary in France and Belgium to make our people at home see the United States as a fur-lined nest in spite of some losses, and make fat pocketbooks leap open in a frenzy to help in reconstruction. You see?"

"Yes, I see," said Dorothea with a nervous swallow, and did not at the moment care a pin about reconstruction.

Jim sat back, and as the fire died out his obstinately chinned face became tender. He looked past Dorothea, quite past her, and as at something most gracious and winning. She felt miles away from him as she waited for him to speak again. She felt like a creature who having arrayed herself for carnival finds that rain has come, that the streets are empty and the dance is off.

"After that part was done we had a sort of pastoral epilogue," said Jim in a voice almost of love. "The company took a lot of pictures in the untouched places—scenes of peace, as a contrast. You see? For them we went to the countries fringing those that fought. We got funny Dutch scenes and some marvelous Swiss ones!"

"Yes?" Dorothea asked this as an image might have done, one with lips of steel and a heart of wires. For though Jim Matheson was there, about three inches from her, so satisfying to look at and so well worth loving besides, he was not anywhere near her. Oh, not at all, in any sense that counted. More and more surely this knowledge was driving in.

"Switzerland!" said Jim with glowing energy. "My first time there. Wonderful! Do you know it?"

"Yes," she said.

"And best of all—after, of course, the fabulous heights where you can scarcely get your breath for rapture—is Geneva."

He said this with such a rapt look that a faint and depressing premonition began to nibble at Dorothea's underconsciousness.

"Geneva!" Jim said again; and then: "I met a wonderful little woman there, Miss Burr."

The nibble had changed to a cold bite. As if the window had been opened suddenly, her flesh crisped. Her tongue, rigid in her mouth, was beyond speech. There was no need, however, of asking Jim one question. He was full of something that must be said. She had only to wait.

He swung about impulsively to face her fully. He took her hand. Cold and dead it was, and he never noticed.

"Look here, Miss Burr! We only knew each other for about two weeks, and then in a whirl of work—you at yours, I at mine—but I got the feeling that you could be a mighty good pal to a man. So I've just got to tell you of the miracle that happened to me. You're such a sensible girl—such efficiency—you'll give a blunderer like me some advice. Eh?"

A contortion of her stiff face passed as a smile. "Fire away," said the efficient one.

"Well," Jim confided, a look of glamour stealing over his eyes, "I fell in love in Geneva. Head over heels! Ground rocked, stars sang, moon danced—all the things that romancers say happen to one's habitat with the genuine crash into love. Imagine that! Me," Jim cried gayly, giving grammar a dislocating jazz twirl, "who thought romance left behind—because I'm a widower, you know ——"

"I didn't know ——"

"Yes; and I've got a boy too. Well, to come to the big thing—head over heels I fell into love, love, love! Oh, she's such an adorable little creature ——"

"Widow?"

"Yes." Jim looked at her admiringly. "How did you hit on that?"

"Oh, I've a way of getting at things that's fairly uncanny. Blondish?" she continued. "Like the amber in a stained-glass window?"

"Well, upon my word!"

"Appealing, babyish, no marks of the years upon her?"

"Say, d'you know you'd be a success in the psychic business? She's a perfect little darling—but some marks—just a few little lines of sadness from the past—and I love them!"

"Too bad, for they'll all be gone when you see her again," said Dorothea, the note of prophecy deeper. "That is, if you ever do!"

"Now what in thunder makes you say that?"

"I almost believe I've a sixth sense that tells me things." And her heavy brows flickered in the bitterness of her thought. "Are you going to tell me her name?"

Jim looked dubious. "Well, you see she hasn't accepted me—yet. Perhaps I ought not to talk. But yes," he broke off, "I'll tell you her first name. It's Debby."

"You called her Debby?"

"Good gracious, no! Here's the sad part," he confided, and his warm brown hand brushed the marble of Dorothea's: "I only saw her four times altogether. Hadn't time to know her well enough to call her by her first name."

"Only time enough to ask her to marry you?"

"Sounds funny—but it's true. She's the sort of woman that appeals at the first look—honest, simple, cozy, sweet. Besides, these are rushing times, and she was an elusive little thing. At our first meeting I managed to find out that she was free—a widow. The rest was straight sailing. But the day after I came out with the flat statement, 'I'm wondering if you'd marry me, for I'm in love with you,' she ——"

"Bolted," Dorothea murmured.

"Right again," Jim nodded.

There was a pause. It was plain that he was fumbling with some idea.

"Look here," came at least in a dreamy voice. "I'll show you her picture. She doesn't know I have it. She dropped it in the writing room of the hotel and I grabbed it."

He opened a big cardcase, and with finger tips that expressed adoration drew out an unmounted snapshot photograph.

"Look," said Jim wistfully.

Dorothea did not touch it. She merely bent her sedate young head and gazed until her eyes grew hard at the picture of her mother's ingenuously smiling face under a white sailor hat and a lace parasol.

"Not bad," she murmured mildly. "Not bad at all."

Jim was disappointed and annoyed as he silently replaced the treasure. "No woman," he meditated, "not even this strapping, lawyerlike girl, can be just to another woman."

"What's your next move?" Dorothea inquired casually.

"I'm going to find her."

"You haven't an idea where she is?"

"Not now."

"I think you have a hard job ahead of you," Dorothea said, and managed a false smile of sympathy. "I've an idea you'll never meet her again."

"You don't know me," said Jim, and that chin of his looked ominous.

After this they talked of generalities, mostly of the results of the war upon the future of the world. Just before leaving Jim touched briefly on his confidence.

"I'll want to tell you how I fare on my quest," he smiled.

"Write to me here. But I've an idea I'll know without a word from you." Her laugh was so gay it would have deceived anyone but a mind reader. "Don't forget that sixth sense I told you about!"

After he had gone Dorothea went back to the corner of the sofa and sat without moving for fully ten minutes. She was reliving all the scene. An imp seemed picking at her heart with a pin. Particularly edged was the memory of the words, "good pal," "efficiency."

"That's all that I suggest?" Dorothea asked drearily of space, her hands twisting. "All right, then; I'll use my efficiency to good effect."

It took her two days to make the arrangements for crossing the Channel. She did not give up her room in the hotel; merely whizzed off in a taxicab with a Gladstone bag.

"I would believe it a romance," madame thought as she watched the departure, while haunted by the American young man's deep blue eyes, "but that she looks not happy—looks angry—like a soldier off to kill. Ah, *jeunesse!*—with such a man inclined to me, how different would I have looked when I was twenty-two!"

IV

EARLY April was freshening the world. Hearts tired of winter expanded under its magic. Mrs. Critchley was one who exulted; not only because of the sparse green so pale it was ghostly, nor the lengthening of the pearly days, nor the small winds that with every light rush bore fragrance from the moist earth, all of which she loved. Her personal success in her several serious aims made a solid sense of

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well-being that was to her spirit what one of her perfectly boned corsets was to her back.

Even in full sunshine—yes, even in the most trying north light—she now looked not more than a glowing twenty-seven. Robinette had made it a daily duty to view her from various distances and every angle, and daily she had grown more reassuring until recently she had delivered an ultimatum as with a clash of cymbals: "Not an 'int of wot's been done—not one! Has perfect a job, mum, has 'eart of woman could wish!"

With this passport to comfort went the memory of having eluded Dorothea's cross-examining eyes in London, and ever since, by dodging about among the English cathedral towns; also, that she had just as surely turned James Matheson's ebullient pursuit to failure—saw it marked only by his telegraphic sort of notes that were like small white gravestones along her wake:

"*Dear Mrs. Critchley:* You might let me see you somewhere for just five minutes. How can you be sure that I wouldn't interest you to some extent, if you don't give me the chance? This will be forwarded to you from Geneva. A letter to my London bankers—Muir & Foss, Threadneedle Street, will reach me quickly.

"Yours so sincerely, JAMES MATHESON."

"*Dear Mrs. Critchley:* I wish I could find you. Do, please, see me. If, after one little talk with me, you still decide to send me about my business I'll take the first boat to New York. But—do see me! You might as well agree pleasantly, for I mean to hound you until this happens. You cannot escape. This is a threat. Getting more sincere every minute.

"JAMES MATHESON."

These were samples of at least a dozen. And Mrs. Critchley liked them; liked him, too, all the better for having written them. That is—she liked them in her way. And what that way was remained her own secret, except as imperfectly divined by Robinette. The pleasure they gave her did not incline her to grant his prayers. She distinctly did not want to see him; in fact hoped with all her heart he would give up the pursuit and sail for America, to vanish from her sight completely.

Now back in her beloved Geneva she awaited a visit from Dorothea. She had asked her daughter to come to her. She longed to see her. Her mother love, deep and strong, was hungry for her stormy child after this separation of almost a year; never before had there been such a long one. Yet, with this, she was in a martial mood. She knew there would be a tug of war once Dorothea's grave slate-gray eyes rested on her and stayed there in the slow, digging way of a leisurely spade. Well, she was ready. She had things to say this time, in her own defense, never uttered before. It was astonishing how valiant she was made by every flash back from the mirror of the girlish phantom that was her new self. Let her come!

This happened just before *déjeuner*. Mrs. Critchley hugged the big girl hard and kissed her as often as she was permitted. Dorothea responded conservatively.

"How are you, mother? You don't show any fatigue from all this hen-headed travel of yours," she said with one of her dry candid smiles.

Her eyes were a searchlight all round the ruddy waves that framed Mrs. Critchley's face, just as had been anticipated.

"I'd only hear of each place you'd been at after you'd left it. And you always wrote shaky, lead-pencil scrawls while en route, without mentioning your next destination."

"Yes, dear. I was a little runaway—just felt like it—as long as you were well and successful. For you know, darling, that if you'd been ill—or anything—nothing would have kept me from you."

"Too bad I didn't try that ruse," was Dorothea's reply. "But you see, I happen to have a taste for straight truth" here her gaze slowly encircled the exquisite oval facing her, where a wistful smile struggled to be hardy—"for straight truth in everything," she said.

"I've ordered a delicious *déjeuner* for you, dearie," Mrs. Critchley side-stepped. "Will you change first?"

"Why should I? I'll just freshen up. My togs are quite correct for morning."

And implying that her mother's sport clothes of satin and hat of tulle were not, she went off to her room in her tailored homespun and boxlike turban, a moving expression of straight-shouldered ease and self-satisfaction.

The *déjeuner* in the big glass-roofed corridor filled with a talkative crowd passed uneventfully; mostly questions from Mrs. Critchley about Dorothea's many aims for future work. Afterward, as the sun was as warm as June's, they had coffee by themselves in one of the arbors in the garden. And it was there, as Mrs. Critchley served this, with a grace of wrist that was all her own, that she felt her heart congeal. Dorothea had lighted a cigarette and ignoring some fluttering remark of her mother's was gazing at her intently, with unflattering resignation.

"So," said Dorothea, "I was right. I knew that was why you kept dodging me, kept on the run all this time like a bank teller who's made off with the loose cash!"

Mrs. Critchley said nothing to this, because she had nothing to say.

"You've had your face—lifted—again."

"I don't like that word," the accused objected, and tried to win with a quivering smile.

"That was what the beauty professor called it in that circular I came across five years ago, after your first excursion into this facial clipping and hemstitching," Dorothea stated, her voice too calm to be comforting. "'Lift the droop!' he advised in a headline."

"But you might use a prettier expression. Why not say I've had myself improved, dear?"

"For the simple reason that I don't think you've been improved—quite the contrary."

At this point Mrs. Critchley tugged in by both horns the beginning of the defense she had been mentally rehearsing for days.

"Now, see here, darling," she said persuasively, "don't let us argue about our different points of view. You think you understand my motives about this—this sort of thing—but really, you don't. Maybe if you'd never left me I wouldn't have thought of it. But don't forget that you did insist on leaving me, to live your own life, as you expressed it, Dolly."

"You know how I dislike that foolish name, mother," Dorothea said, her look changing and taking on a touch of the wondering pathos with which one listens to the prattle of the feeble-minded.

"Well, I wish you didn't!" Mrs. Critchley flashed. "I wish I could call you Dolly as I did when you were a dear fat little baby and until you were fifteen, when you began to dictate to me about—everything. Well, to go on: I was heartbroken when—just so you could be happy—I let you go to study architecture in Paris and to be a girl bachelor there. It was only after you'd been gone six months that I began to take an interest in my—liberation."

"Liberation? Are you using that word advisedly?" Dorothea murmured. She looked with an odd mixture of tenderness and reproof at the little creature bristling before her.

"Yes, I am. For I began to see that after escaping from two husbands you had been as bad as a third."

"Escaping?" Dorothea commented. "Was papa as bad as that?"

"Your father was not so nerve racking as Mr. Critchley, who spent his leisure from business with his stamp collections as a gloating tiger might paw over a hoard of steaks and chops, and who had only to read of a patent medicine to feel he had everything the matter with him that was set forth on the labels. No, dear Robert was not as bad as that. Still, to be quite honest, Dorothea, he was—noisy. And he had your way of arguing about every little thing. I've known Robert to argue until he was purple, over—a tack!"

"*Primâ facie*, a tack is a trifle. If it runs into one it becomes both important and pointed," Dorothea said smoothly.

"I mean an inoffensive tack; just which way a man should drive it into a packing box. Oh, your father was—trying. That's flat."

"And I, like him, am trying. That's what you mean?"

"Dearie, I'm sorry to have to say it——" A mist crept over Mrs. Critchley's forget-me-not eyes. "But don't let us quarrel. You're so pretty, Dorothea—that is, you could be so adorable if only you weren't so hard. Can't you soften up a little?"

Dorothea allowed her mother's hand to seize one of hers, even brushed it gently after withdrawing her fingers from it. This

(Continued on Page 64)

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General Sales Agents for the United States

(Continued from Page 62)

was, however, an admonishing touch. James Matheson's face and his words that had slain her hope at its beginning were never more clear.

"I can't let you get away from results by this ruse, mother dear. You can't shirk your folly by putting blame on me and your late husbands. I haven't studied law for nothing."

"That's what makes you so unkind," Mrs. Critchley cried unsteadily. "The law! Hateful! Not meant for women!"

"An elemental point of view," was her daughter's peaceful comment.

"An old-fashioned one. And I'm glad I'm old-fashioned."

The words broke in alarm on Mrs. Critchley's lips as Dorothea gave a lunge over the little table, nailing her on a still gray gaze.

"Are you that?" she asked crisply. "How can you be old-fashioned when you do the silliest thing that only the silliest women of the present day would think of doing?"

Mrs. Critchley's flare of resistance was now spent for a time. She sank deeply into the cane armchair and regarded Dorothea from under the transparent brim of her hat. Actual fear was in her face.

"I knew James Matheson," her daughter said with the succinctness that makes the briefest declarative statement complete.

"Did—did you?" This was grasped at as an escape from depressing personalities. "Charming ——"

"I knew him," Dorothea went on, "only a little while at Châlons. I watched him as one of the heads of a motion-picture company taking photographs to show the results of the war." She paused. Her lips gave a twist. "I'm going to tell you something that I wouldn't breathe to another on this earth. I could have cared—yes, cared a lot—for Mr. Matheson." A quiver ran through the strong voice. "He—he was just what I liked in every way—very handsome—early thirties—practical and ambitious."

Mrs. Critchley looked unutterably miserable. Guilt was written on her. Sympathy flooded her.

"He liked me enormously, I could see, new acquaintances though we were."

"Did you get as far as reading his palm?" her mother ventured hopefully.

The very patience of Dorothea's puzzled frown meant exasperation. "His palm? Now tell me why you intrude such a meaningless question?"

"It just came to me how, after you had studied palmistry ——"

"That was done merely to distract my mind after work."

"Of course, dearie. But I remembered how you had said you'd never bother to read any man's palm unless you found him interesting enough to want to find out something about him. And so—I—I—wondered, that's all."

"We were not reading palms at Châlons, mother," said Dorothea gravely and correctingly. "To continue—Mr. Matheson liked me enormously. But nothing came of it because, as he told me the day he came to see me in Paris—of course not dreaming that I even knew you—he had fallen madly in love with you."

"Was that my fault?" Mrs. Critchley asked plaintively.

"Why not? He was driveling over a snapshot photograph of you that he'd picked up somewhere, and in it I assure you you looked like anything but a mother! If you showed your real age, if he knew you had a daughter like me, why, such a thing would have been most unlikely. However," Dorothea added with a nobility that was crushing, "I did not give you away to him. Instead I've come now from Paris to say what I have to say on this subject—to you. It's this: You've got to rouse yourself and face a few truths!"

"So must you," came breathlessly from Mrs. Critchley. "I've got something to say too."

But after this she subsided, for she had little chance to arrange herself against Dorothea. Broken phrases, a futile "No" and "Oh," shot from her, only to be borne down by the opposition as bits of seaweed are in the strength of a backwash.

"The basic truth," said Dorothea, laying down her cigarette and touching the tip of her right forefinger to the tip of her left thumb, "is this: In having yourself permanently kept a girl you are trespassing on the property of others ——"

"I don't see ——"

"In fact you are butting in."

"Butt ——"

"Butting in on girl land!" She let this soak and settle. "I suppose, mother, it has never occurred to you that by your own acts you have become a—hybrid?" she asked with amiably lifted brows.

A feeble shake of the head in the negative from Mrs. Critchley.

"Yes," came from Dorothea sadly and with force, "you are without specific class—a middle-aged woman remodeled to seem in the twenties."

As she saw her mother wince she added profoundly: "Remember, I'm telling you this for your own good."

"And how unpleasant one's own good can be!" sagged from the accused. "But—go on."

And Dorothea did go on. "You refuse to settle down with your contemporaries," she argued, beginning to smoke again, and keeping one eye on a fly on the lattice as if it helped her to eloquence, "and the girls, when they know you've got me, simply marvel at your youthful looks, but never get close to you, never play down in the gravel with you as they do with each other. You know this."

"Go on," Mrs. Critchley said again, and this time said it as darkly as was possible to her type of human sunbeam.

Dorothea squared herself until she seemed made of wood. "What about my children?" rang suddenly from her.

The question sent her listener's struggling assurance crashing. Her lips vainly tried to echo the words. In a murked sort of way she waited to hear that her daughter had been a war bride for years.

"My children of the future?" came proddingly, an unusual tremolo in the girl's voice while her fist struck her crossed knee.

"What—on—earth, dear, do you mean?"

"Where's their grandmother?" Dorothea demanded.

"Their—what?" was a whisper.

"Their grandmother. That's what I'd like to know! Where she's to come from—a nice, dear old lady in full black satin and gray puffs?" Her look impaled the dazed woman opposite her. "I'll tell you—they're not going to have any grandmother. You've seen to that. There 'ain't going to be no such animal' for them. And they've a right to a grandmother—the poor little things!"

Mrs. Critchley was dumb, nothing in the world real but her daughter's arraigning eyes.

"You had a grandmother—maybe you had two of them—in lace caps and things—like Whistler's mother. And I—yes, even I—had a grandmother." Dorothea paused here to give a considering frown. "That is, I had a near-grandmother. For I remember that though Mumsie Arnold's hair was snowwhite, she had it banged, and instead of a bonnet with strings she wore a toque of violets that was pretty giddy."

A vague smile had been venturing into Mrs. Critchley's face during this bit of description. She found courage for an admiring whisper.

"Yes, grandmothers were beginning to go out at just about mamma's time," came reminiscently as if she were talking of bustles.

This had a rousing effect on her daughter. She sprang up and pressed out the fragment of burning cigarette. Her face had taken on a sodden sort of hopelessness.

"I might as well talk to a chocolate caramel!" she stated in the smallest and coldest of tones. "Nothing gets under your skin, mother. You are—impossible!" and she stalked out.

AFTER a moment spent in getting her breath Mrs. Critchley did some stalking too. That is, in her own fluttering way she hurried after Dorothea and overtook her in the hall outside their private sitting room. Her ineffective hands tried to make of themselves a vise as they closed round her daughter's coat sleeve.

"You come in here," she demanded, her eyes imploring and a little wild.

"No, thanks, I'm going to my room—to a needed rest," was the answer, in a tone that conveyed about equally remoteness and disapproval.

"You'll not rest until I'm heard. You come in here!" And Mrs. Critchley gave tugs at Dorothea's arm that would have been as futile as an infant's if that young person with sudden impatience had not of herself stepped forward as directed, rushing her mother along with her.

When they had entered the flower-filled, chintzy place Mrs. Critchley stood with her back to the door, patterned against it with outspread arms in the attitude made famous in her girlhood by Bernhardt in Fédora.

"Sit down," she directed with menace, knowing that her fragile hat had sagged over one eye, and not caring.

Dorothea's air of patience as she obeyed could have served as a pattern for any asylum matron handling a refractory inmate. "Try not to get excited," she murmured.

"I'll get just as excited as I like!" Mrs. Critchley retorted.

She left the door, and dropping in a trembling way to a seat faced her daughter.

"I told you I'd have something to say—and please don't interrupt me. Well, then—to begin: It will surprise you to hear that I don't do what you disapprove of in wiping out the marks of the years because I wish to attract men. On the contrary, I don't want them to make love to me. I don't want to bother with them. The thought of marriage—giving up my independence, trying to adjust myself again to one of them—well, it fills me with horror!

"I don't want girls to like me as one of themselves. I don't want to be considered one of them. In fact, except in the case of babies and tots like the four Belgian orphans I've adopted, I don't enjoy myself with the young. Of course I love to be with you, because you're mine. But other girls in the twenties, except for a short while, bore me to extinction!

"On the other hand, I keenly enjoy the society of women of my own age. I never lie to them about how old I am. That is," she corrected, gulping nervously as she was spurred to hope by the slow astonishment spreading in Dorothea's intent face, "I must admit that I don't state exact dates. I hate numbers, and always have. But in going back over the past, talking of history and all that sort of thing with my women friends, I never pretend that I don't remember things that they've lived through; and I always tell them of—you. I also tell the girls I meet that I have a daughter of their own age. And often," said Mrs. Critchley almost vindictively, "I tell them this right off the bat so that I can escape from them. Now!" she concluded triumphantly and folded her arms.

Dorothea, silent, was evidently applying some law of logic to what she had heard. After some seconds she spoke murmuringly:

"If you don't have yourself—er—made over—because you want the devotion of men, nor to palm yourself off as younger than you are—then why on earth do you go to all this trouble? You must want to please someone—get somebody's admiration. Whose?"

Mrs. Critchley became suddenly tragic, clasping her small hands and thrusting her arms out stiffly in a frantic appeal.

"My own!" She half sobbed this. "I do this for—myself. So I can keep on liking my own self. Now—you know!" Dorothea continued her silent stare.

"To you, dearie, it seems silly," she sighed, "but after all I went through with dear Ambrose and dear Robert I was left looking a good deal older than I was. Oh, how I remember one winter dawn about two months after Mr. Critchley had passed away, when I found myself looking in the mirror at a—hag! That was what I said, all alone there in the dreary gray light. 'You dreadful hag!' I said out loud. Oh, I couldn't endure it! And when I heard of this facial surgeon in London and saw his amazing results on some guaranteed models, I couldn't resist going to him.

"You found out and scolded me that first time, when you were a mere schoolgirl. I didn't care—I was happy. I could bear to look in the glass because I was my familiar self." She looked very wistful. "Strong-minded people like you can watch themselves grow different after thirty-five and not care a pin. Now you—when you're my age—you wouldn't do what I've done ——"

"You can bet your bottom dollar on that!" Dorothea announced, suddenly vigorous, her smile again superior. "But go on. As a type you are interesting me."

"Oh, I'm so thankful," her mother cried humbly, and dragged her rocker nearer. "You see, I reasoned this way: I'd have a wart taken off the tip of my nose anyone would. Then why not loops and tucks and things?"

"I should never think it worth while to have even a wart removed," said Dorothea

(Continued on Page 67)

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gravely, "except, perhaps, from the tip of the nose. When, therefore, you place it in that uniquely conspicuous spot, mother, you are presenting your case unfairly."

Mrs. Critchley gave her shoulders a cheerful shiver. "Well, maybe I was cheating just a little bit."

"And are you cheating, too, when you say you care absolutely nothing for the admiration of people?"

"Oh, I didn't say quite that," came pleadingly. "I've always been accustomed to having strangers look at me as if they liked to look; and that I did want to keep. But with men—well, as soon as one gets seriously interested—I vanish." An ache darted into the tone. "You see, dearie, though my face and figure are young, I can't keep up the stride. All I want is—peace. I want to be a real mother to my sad-eyed little war orphans, to rest in pleasant places with Robinette to care for me, to read all the books I never had time to read when I was young, exercise moderately, sleep lots. And I can do all these things with comfort if I am not maddened by watching my face getting long on chins and short on eyes and starting annexes of flesh in the most unexpected places."

A whimsical kindliness had come to Dorothea, an enwrapping, mellowing look. "You're really in the heaven of the middle-aged, mother—just a spectator of life from a proscenium box. Then when one of the players, seeing you apparently so fitted to act the heroine, tries to lure you to play opposite to him on the stage, you sneak off and hide up in the dark gallery. Poor James Matheson!" she concluded. "A pity you had to fool him, mother."

Instead of replying, a curious ghostly terror crept into the listener's face.

"What's wrong?" Dorothea cried, and held her off. "You look positively awful—as if you were afraid of Matheson!"

"No, I was afraid of myself," the answer came on a gulp. "I never ran as fast from anyone as I did from that young man. Defeat seems impossible to him. He's—a conqueror!"

"Ah, I see. Then if you'd been young enough, mother, you'd have fallen in love with him?"

Mrs. Critchley gave a succession of small, wondering nods. "Horribly! Why, I was tempted at moments to make a complete fool of myself even now." A mist crept over the bluebell hue of her eyes as she slipped an arm about her daughter's shoulder. "Thank heaven, that danger is over and I've done nothing that would make you despise me, for I feel we'll be the best of friends after this talk of to-day."

"Right-o!" Dorothea drew down the clinging hand and held it in an encompassing grip. "But perhaps your test is still to come, my dear. Where's this unsettling Matheson now?"

"Probably sailed for America, as he said he would. Anyway I have a feeling that I'll never see him again!"

"Mr. Matheson," Robinette announced, entering with a card between her finger tips. "Somethink's wrote on this," she added after closing the door.

A wild look had passed between mother and daughter. It was Dorothea who had force enough to take the card.

"He says he's stopping at this hotel and saw you come in from the garden. He's waiting just outside. He says he's sitting on the stairs by the door."

"You'll stay with me?" Mrs. Critchley pleaded. "You won't leave me—alone?"

Dorothea's laugh, though pleasant, was a trifle malicious.

"Do you think you can masquerade as a perfect twenty-seven and never be dragged into the dance, never pay anything to the piper? You've connived, my dear mother, at what they call a youthful effect, and this tempestuous pursuit by ardent youth is one of the consequences. Ta, ta—winner of hearts! I'll go through the bedroom, back to the garden, and wait there until you send for me."

She vanished, and Mrs. Critchley stood very still, feeling a little sick.

"Tell Mr. Matheson he may come in," she said desperately to Robinette.

"Your nose, ma'am," the woman suggested emotionally, "would be the better for a dash of powder. Shall I——"

"No—let it shine!" came from her mistress' set lips. "The more it shines the better for the work I have to do. I only wish I had one of those pink-eyed colds in the head!"

Robinette and her stupefaction went out, and almost immediately James Matheson was standing before a little woman of an aspect both fierce and tremulous. She fought against his appeal, which came with new strength at the first sight of him. Strong, straight, shining, from sleek black head to the patent-leather pumps that were planted wide apart in a restful and determined way, he seemed to have brought the Alpine glow in with him.

"You look as if you hate me. But—you don't!" he said with undismayed geniality, though Mrs. Critchley had twisted herself into a corner of the sofa and from there kept glowering up at him, her hands crushed together, her hat still on.

There was silence.

"Can it be that you don't want me here? Am I officious? Am I forcing myself on you?"

As Jim said this he sat down and arranged himself with the inflection of permanence marked.

"But as I wrote you, I had to see you, had to get some information over to you—and you wouldn't give me a chance. Generally I have excellent manners. Occasionally they are very bad, but only when I feel they have to be—as now," he concluded.

Though his opponent knew nothing of military tactics, she instinctively followed one that has often been effective. Because of the weakness of her batteries she tried to bewilder and rout the enemy by an appearance of strength in a rushing attack. During the next few moments, while Jim sat with his folded blue-serge arms so fixed they seemed of iron, Mrs. Critchley with self-crushing candor had told him the truth; the whole humiliating truth, and in detail. All that she had thought of her hated defects on the day that she had gone through the fog for her second treatment at the professor's, all she had laid before Dorothea—disclosed brusquely as her twenty-two-year-old daughter—were made ruthlessly plain to him in short undecorated phrases that she fired at him like a volley of shots.

"You made me tell you," she finished, her breath frayed, her brow wet. "You're not a man to take a hint, and so let me spare myself. No! I've had to club you with the bitter truth. Well—you've had it!"

She expected his first staggered words to be: "I see," or "You are right, of course," or "Had I known, naturally I wouldn't——"

Instead he seemed refreshed, and said with his warming smile: "So Dorothea Burr is your daughter. Well, well—but I'm glad of that. She's a splendid girl. I've seen her at work, and I never met a girl I respected more."

This did not promise any hope for poor Dorothea's secret admiration of him, so Mrs. Critchley merely waited for him to begin some politely futile talk of abstract things, and then with a subdued air take himself off and out of her life, as a suitor, forever.

"Let me ask you one thing," Jim continued cozily, while the appeal deepened in his shadowy blue gaze: "If you had believed us suitable for each other, could you have cared for me? Now, if——"

Mrs. Critchley sprang up.

"Oh, don't begin those silly ifs," she cried, her little face harassed. "What's the good of it?"

"Please tell me. Now, if——"

"Oh, if—if——" she echoed; and added on a hard groan: "I'm nearly forty-four!"

She did not look at him as she said this, and began to walk about, waiting to hear him stand up and take his hat. When he did not budge she found herself floundering wildly, and faced him.

"Well, then, if we could perform miracles—put time back for me about a dozen years—yes! Now go, this minute!"

"You could love me," he said softly.

"If!" was flung out as a bitter reminder.

"You do—do love me!" came with open rejoicing.

"Please go!" Mrs. Critchley cried and stamped her inefficient foot in a low shoe that gave out a blaze of cut steel. "Go away!"

"Surely," said Jim, "you'll allow the condemned the usual last-hour privileges? I read only this morning of a prisoner in Sing Sing who for his last day requested a red necktie, caviar, a phonograph and an Irish terrier. I'm sure he got the necktie and the caviar. You won't be harder than a sheriff? You'll grant me some of the final favors I ask?"

"Well—say what you want. Do you want me to promise to be a mother to you?" she demanded, hardening herself and trying to look practical and a matron.

"No—merely your answer to a few questions." Jim's voice was so persuasive it was creamy. "First: During our brief acquaintance here didn't you notice how perfectly our tastes agreed? How a very sane amount of the gayety sufficed for me as for you? Didn't I read a lot? Was I like the fellows sweating at tennis in the morning, at golf in the afternoon, rowing like fiends before dinner, then hard at these new, twisting, toe-tapping dances until about three G. M. in the morning? Did I do any of these things? Not any more than you did."

"This talk is hopeless," Mrs. Critchley interposed.

"Another thing—why didn't I go into the fight, into the trenches? You must have thought of that. Credited me with a weak heart, I suppose?"

"I allow people to know their private business best," she retorted; and added in a determined and deadly cold tone that put an inch to her height: "It doesn't matter a pin to me how sedate your tastes are for your age, nor how weak your heart may be—I shall not marry you. Your age is the barrier. You are about thirty-three——"

"Excuse me," said Jim, stare and tone flat. "This bird is forty-seven."

No faintest response came from her at the joke.

"Don't be silly," she said icily.

"Is it silly to be forty-seven? But I can't help it. And if I could—I wouldn't," he ended with a grin, defiant, unregenerate.

"I don't believe you."

This was only a whisper. Peering at his face in an awed, examining way, Mrs. Critchley was edging nearer to him when the telephone communicating with the office tinkled.

"Just a second!" said Jim, springing up and cutting off her startled lurch toward it. "I fancy the proof of what I've just said is at the other end of the wire."

Fluttering aspirates came from Mrs. Critchley as she tried to say: "Who?" and "What?"

"My son," said Jim. "He's just been discharged from the air service. Philip's his name, and twenty-one his age. I told him to call me up here during the afternoon. Let me answer."

VI

THE most disorganizing half hour of Mrs. Critchley's life, one packed with the most curiously mixed emotions, was over.

She had met young Philip Matheson, a fair-haired, freckled, laughing lad who, without the slightest resemblance to Jim, called him "Dad." She had also met his friend, Rodney Oakes, some half dozen years his senior, who, straight, tall, with something of the North American Indian in his tawny, handsome face, epitomized the tales of the daring and victorious air battles that had made his name as well known as Pershing's. She had also sent to the garden for Dorothea and had lived through that young woman's long pulsating stare at her, followed by well-bred stoicism in the face of facts that upset all her appraisements, chief of which was the staggering one that, from her point of view, James Matheson was an old man.

And now having seen the youngsters, as Jim called them, depart for a walk she was alone again with the lover who had seemed to throw her and her theories and decisions into a huge rotating electric fan that tossed her as if she were a cork. She was standing indeterminedly and a little breathlessly, wondering in what words she would tell him that, contemporary though he was, she would not marry him; and that she meant to hold to her resolve not to marry anyone, ever.

Jim solved the matter in his own way. He swept Mrs. Critchley to him, and in the sweeping removed her hat. His arms crushed her. His kisses rained upon her.

"Oh, my sweet darling!" he murmured, the accent all on the possessive case.

"No, no," Mrs. Critchley objected, managing to give an eye up at him, "I'm not that!"

Jim replaced her cheek very accurately upon his breast. "As you were," he commanded; and went on fatuously: "We'll be so happy. We're neither of us going into this with that 'first, fine, careless grace' which just because of its underlying enthusiasm can change to unreason and headlong

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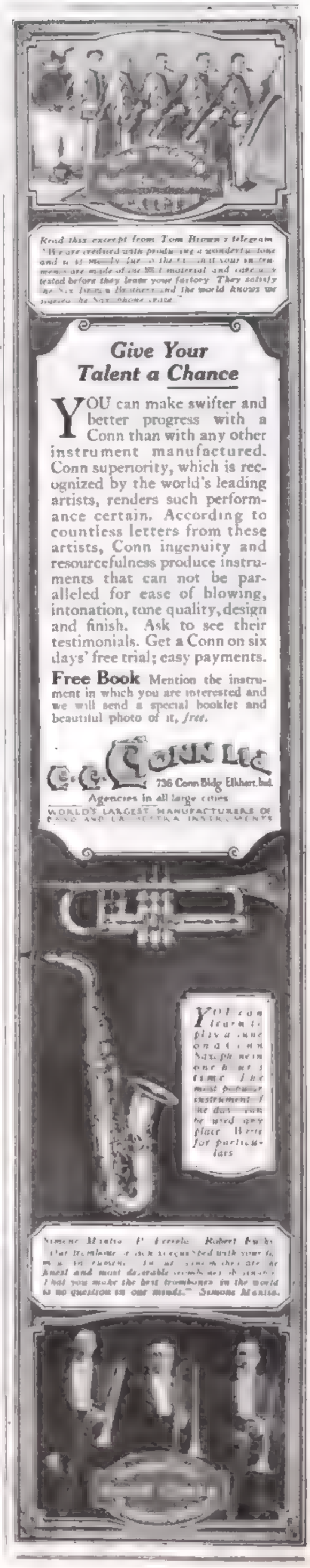
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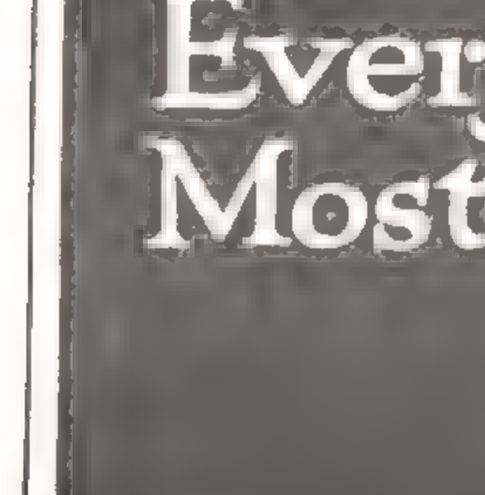

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(Continued from Page 67)

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In that position, able to look fully at him, he could see her grow inattentive to his words. Her gaze suggested a leveled opera glass going over his face, inch by inch, dwelling on the heavy coal-black hair, fresh skin, smoothly modeled jaw, eyes as lustrous as dark blue agates.

The ruling interest within her surged out on a wondering question: "How do you manage it?"

"Manage—what?"

"To keep so young. What do you do?"

"Say"—and he shook her with laughing horror—"what do you think this bird is? A movie actor, dolling up to play permanent juvenile?"

"You—that way—just naturally!" A piteous wistfulness went over her face. "Oh, it doesn't seem fair that you, a man ——"

"To tell you the truth," said Jim, "I know that as far as looks go, I'm a living lie, for I've heard it everywhere." He looked apologetic.

"And it doesn't come only from my own good habits and cold tubs and a knack of sleeping anywhere, like a terrier after a twenty-mile tramp. I've really inherited this warranted-to-wear business. My grandad, ninety now, had hair as black as mine till he was seventy. People don't endure equally, you see. Take a dozen pair of gloves in the same package and at the same price. I've had one or two pair go to pieces in a week, basically frail, and the rest just couldn't get old—after months of hard wear I've given them to my man, almost as good as new. So ——"

He did not finish. Mrs. Critchley had wilted between his hands that sustained her. He lifted her as he would a disconsolate child and placed her on the sofa.

"What's hit you, dear?" he asked as he gave her the handkerchief for which she was fumbling.

It was a murked and twisted face that, after a moment, she turned fully to him. "I didn't want to marry anyone. I didn't want to marry you, not even at your true age," she said with a spurt of decision; adding helplessly: "And now—now, I do."

"Good work," Jim announced, his joy held in check by the continued depression of her gaze.

"But now, when I do—I can't."

"Oh, yes, you can," said Jim, making round laughing eyes at her.

"No—not since you know all about this face business. Only that I thought you a persistent young person that I had to get rid of, I'd never have told you—oh, never! Now you must be laughing at me. And how you must despise me!"

"Dear little Debby, I am speaking to you under oath. I do not despise you. Instead, you have, in a way, enlarged my vision. As you said in your own defense, the time may come when women who, like you, dread the signs of age may indulge in this face correction without having to keep it a guilty secret—regarding it as no different from the work of expert dentists. I really have the most open sort of mind. My grandfather told me that in his youth women drank tea secretly lest they be called tea drunkards. See how we change? The heresy of yesterday is the habit of to-day—as this delaying of visible age by the new facial surgery may come to be. Who knows? Still ——" He paused with a yearning flicker of the brows.

Mrs. Critchley, who had been brightening, grew troubled at the last word and the look that went with it.

"Ah, there is a—still!"

"I told you I was on oath," Jim said remindingly; "and the truth is that I'd be just crazy about the sort of little old lady that you'd grow into if you'd only let yourself alone! You'd be the sort that everyone wants to hug. Old age is only ugly, dearest, when the spirit within is ugly. With generosity and grace, and particularly with beauty like yours as a background—oh, it can be wonderful!"

As her hand stole to rest on his that still held her other one in a smothering clasp, Jim grew prayerful in his truth telling.

"And at last," he said gravely, "when I'm an old gnarled fellow with a white thatch, wouldn't I be glad to see you—instead of looking like my daughter—looking like my own dear wife, a fellow traveler through the long climb up and the gentle going down? Would I mind the lines? Would I mind that silver instead of bronze curled round your precious face? Not a rap!"

He was sitting tailor fashion on the floor, and his head sank to rest against her arm. There was silence in the room. Into Mrs. Critchley's lovely eyes there came, ahead of time, something of the look one sees in old and gentle faces—the velvety dimness, the dreamy retrospection that steals from hearts worn thin like old silver, from minds that look back even upon failures with all bitterness gone.

"And if you wouldn't mind—you, who'll be everything," she said, her voice shaken, her hand stealing down his face like the brush of cool rose leaves—"why, I won't mind either."

Content was hers save for one question that brought a sense of guilt: Why should she have this best romance in the afternoon of life when her daughter was still without her first happiness? Oh, if only Dorothea, whose heart was as tender and questing as it was valiant, could be happy too!

Jim was about to go so that Mrs. Critchley might rest before dressing for dinner. He paused to look out of the window.

"They're back," he said, peering down. "Phil's not in sight, but Dorothea and Oakes are in the garden. Very cozy," he commented.

"What are they doing?" The drowsy one gave a hopeful dart forward from her corner of the sofa.

"Oakes looks positively radiant. Dorothea has his hand and she's staring at it."

"Reading his palm?"

"Yes—yes, she is, by Jove!"

"That's—all—right."

This was a pleasant sigh, and, smiling, Mrs. Critchley settled the pillow under her chin.

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SENSE AND NONSENSE

Casus Belli

IN CHICAGO there was a saloon known to be kept under rather close surveillance by the police. Shootings, cuttings and gang quarrels were not uncommon there. One day the report was circulated that a man had been killed in this place and another badly wounded. A newspaper man, an old acquaintance of the proprietor, met him on the street.

"Say, Jake," he said, "I hear there was a killing up at your place last night."

"Yep, pretty bad one."

"Give me the inside dope—just what was the cause of it?"

"Oh," replied Jake, undisturbed, "just dissatisfaction."

Snapshot Judgment

JIMMY MELONEY, the minor-league baseball manager, received a letter from a young player which gave an excellent, unabridged account of his ability to make good in any league. Also he declared he could hit .300 against Christy Mathewson, Walter Johnson—the higher they come the harder he could hit. It so happened that Jimmy was very much in need of an infielder, but the young man had neglected to say whether he was a pitcher, catcher, infielder or outfielder.

Meloney answered the letter and inquired what position the prospective phenom played.

A reply quickly followed, inclosing a snapshot of a ball player, crouched, awaiting a grounder.

"You can see from the inclosed photograph," wrote the young man, "that I play in a stooping position with one hand on each knee."

A Narrow Escape

A NOTED actor who has an unfortunate habit of failing to recognize acquaintances was at a table in The Lambs Club in New York the other day when a young playwright passed by, nodded and was not recognized. He indicated that he was offended by stopping and introducing himself.

"My only defense," said the old actor, "is to tell you of a thing that happened to Joe Jefferson at one of the hotels many years ago. Mr. Jefferson was just entering the elevator when a bearded man spoke to him and offered to shake hands. Jefferson, unable to recognize him, asked the usual questions about the weather, about the man's family, and so on.

"'Who was that man?' he asked after entering the elevator.

"'Why, that is Ulysses S. Grant!' his companion informed him.

"'Let me off at the first floor.' Jefferson ordered the elevator man. 'If I meet him again I'm likely to be asking him if he was ever in the Army.'"

Living on Want

BIDE DUDLEY, the playwright, has an acquaintance who has a reputation for inability to hold a job. Dudley met his friend on Broadway the other day and was unable to get out of the way before being discovered. He noted, though, that the man was well dressed and apparently prosperous.

"Look as if you were managing to eat regularly," he said to the friend. "What are you doing now?"

"Say," replied the friend, "I've got me an outside job with one of them European relief committees and I'm going good. I'll eat three squares a day just as long as there's a European starving."

The Details Unimportant

WHILE on a trip in the West Finley Peter Dunne discovered an old acquaintance very much in need of two hundred and fifty dollars to finance a suddenly conceived plan to make a lot of money quickly. Mr. Dunne did not look upon this friend's financial status as he would the Bank of England, but eventually he loaned him the money.

A few months later the acquaintance wrote to Mr. Dunne, asking for his future address, saying that he would soon be ready to return the money. Dunne regarded the request lightly and did not answer.

Again the man wrote and again Dunne tossed the letter aside with a smile. He never expected to get the money.

Finally the Western acquaintance wrote to Mr. Dunne's business agent in New York, inquiring as to how he could reach Mr. Dunne and where he could send the money. The agent promptly replied by telegraph:

"Never mind about the address. When ready send the money anywhere and Dunne will meet it halfway."

Modern Warfare

FRESH troops were coming up to replace a regiment of color that had been unsuccessful in a recent attack. On the way up one of the debonair arrivals undertook to extract a little information on the subject of said attack from a member of the retiring force.

"Hey! What's the matter with youse guys, anyway? Ain't your outfit got 'ny punch?"

The discouraged one rolled a baleful eye in the direction of this unnecessary addition to his trials, and replied:

"You tell 'em, boy! You tell 'em! But we didn't get no suppoht. That there ahtillery didn't give us no garage!"

Vital Statistics

ONE of the census men called at the home of a workingman in New York, noted in his neighborhood as a great reader and a wiseacre for statistics. He found the man poring over an encyclopedia.

"How many children have you?" asked the census taker.

"I have just three—and that's all there will be too," replied the man, looking up from his book of knowledge.

"All right, but why so positive?"

"According to this book here," said the man with deadly seriousness, "every fourth child born in the world is a [illegible]man.'"

No Such House

ONE day in a ball park at Chicago a successful and rather arrogant prize fighter snubbed a companion of his earlier days, who presently sent an emissary to him to reproach him for his snobbishness.

"Jim says you ought to be ashamed of yourself for throwing him down now when you two used to be such good friends," stated the intermediary. "He says he's done you a whole lot of favors in the past."

"Aw, tell him to forgit it!" growled the pug. "Dat guy never done nothin' for nobody."

"Well, all I know is he told me to ask you if you'd forgot that hotel episode in Toledo, one time when you were together," pressed the go-between.

"He's a liar," said the pugilist. "To begin with, they ain't no Hotel Episode in Toledo."

White Teeth All Your Life

PEOPLE seem to think that white teeth belong only to childhood--that as you grow older, your teeth *have* to lose whiteness. The truth is that discolored, yellowed teeth are almost invariably a sign of *neglect*.

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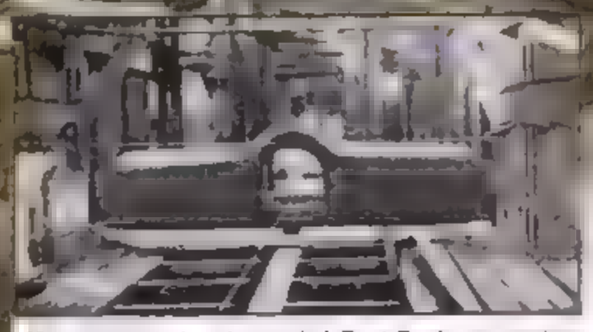

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CATCHING UP

(Continued from Page 25)

"Every Time I Meet a Man I Take a Fancy To He's Either Poor or Married or in Love With Somebody Else—or Something"

and she was a collector of human documents, many of which it would have been calamitous to publish.

"If you can spare me half an hour, Lady Audrey," said Calvert, "I'll tell you what only two persons know about the whole devilish affair. I think I am on a hot scent, but I've got to mind my step a little."

Lady Audrey nodded.

"I'll send Isabel to bed," said she, "and we can have a good gam."

She went out, to return a few moments later with a bottle of Irish whisky and a siphon and a box of cigarettes. Calvert declining refreshment, she poured herself a little nip, lighted a cigarette, then tilting back in her chair crossed her silk-pajamaed legs and looked a curious and incongruous figure, with her short curly hair almost white, fresh but weather-roughened face scored in lines of character pleasing rather than disfiguring, and the smoke from her Turkish cigarette swirling like incense above her.

Calvert, a good narrator in a boyish, staccato way, leaned forward in his chair and proceeded to put her in possession of all the facts in their proper sequence. Any stranger entering at that moment would have thought himself the victim of some prank upon his visual sense—the striking personality of Lady Audrey, with her face of an early Christian, hair like a Kentucky colonel, pajamas like a French fop, Turkish slippers and cigarette, opposite a handsome youth in skin-tight green silk *maillot* with a girdle of spiked leaves suggesting a hula dancer, elfin cap, gilded rapier and papier-mâché poignard and the earnest face of a subaltern reporting to his chief the result of a reconnaissance. The tableau was bizarre, outrageous, absurd, yet neither of the two was conscious of this to the slightest degree.

But Isabel, who had gone obediently to bed, then slipped stealthily out to creep through the *salle à manger* and was now watching the conference through a chink in the portières, nearly betrayed herself to the censure of her hostess as she fought against her hysterical laughter provoked by the spectacle. But this girl being a thorough young person in her methods, and thus lending her whole faculties to eavesdropping, quickly forgot the ridiculous in the mortal intensity of Calvert's narrative.

When in the course of this he came to the part which Nita had played that night he swerved slightly from the literal truth, but without the slightest skid, giving Lady Audrey to understand that he had costumed himself at his hotel and called for Nita.

But he did not modify in the slightest the intensity with which she had subsequently played her part and might still be playing it. There came a gleam in the green eyes of Lady Audrey as she listened to this, but it was not one of disapproval, and as Calvert concluded she blew a thin column of smoke at the chandelier, took a sip of her strong waters and looked at him with a grim nod.

"As you Yankees say, some girl!" said she. "I take off my hat to her. If you're going to mix it up with murderers you've got to be prepared to go the limit. I've met her once or twice. She's a beauty. I rather got the impression that she was a bit *déclassée*."

"I don't know anything about that, and I don't particularly care. But just this moment I'm a little anxious about her."

"Hoity-toity! She knows her book. But what I don't quite see is what she expects to get out of this hound. He's not the sort to get drunk with wine and love and tell her what he knows."

"Of course not! She doesn't expect anything like that. She wants to find out what she can about him, then overhaul his past record. Agnes should be our star witness if we can convince her that he's a wrong 'un."

"Yes," admitted Lady Audrey. "Agnes is a good girl, if an awful little fool. It will take some doing though. I don't seem to know of anybody that just fits in with this Howard. You'd better not see Agnes for a while. She'd be pretty sure to remember your voice, and it's just as well she shouldn't know who brought her home." And then without the slightest movement of her head or body she snapped out sternly: "Isabel, come here! I've heard you listening there the last five minutes."

Calvert's eyes opened very wide. There was a frou-frou from behind the portières, and there appeared a very lovely and shamefaced figure in a silken nightgown covered by a crimson kimono. Isabel's thick dark hair hung over her shoulders in two heavy braids. Her face was burning with confusion, but her mouth with its full red lips in a pout looked more rebellious than penitent.

"Well," barked Lady Audrey, "don't you feel ashamed of yourself?"

"How did you know I was there?" asked Isabel.

"I didn't. It was just a bluff. Now how much have you heard?"

"Everything, Lady Audrey."

"H'm! And how much are you going to blab?"

"Nothing. I'm not that sort. I eavesdropped because it seemed to me that after being already mixed up in this thing I had a right to know what was going on. First I proved Mr. Steele's alibi; then told him about this man Townley."

"*Oh, là, là!*" cried Lady Audrey. "What are young girls coming to? But most of them are already there nowadays."

"Then since I was here when Mr. Steele brought Agnes in," went on Isabel, "I thought it a stingy mean trick to send me off to bed as if I were a convent pupil."

"Well," said Lady Audrey, "you seem to be getting a pretty good secret-service corps, Steele. What's your first name?"

"Calvert, Lady Audrey."

"Well then, Calvert, my advice would be that we all set ourselves quietly to look up this man as soon as Juanita Heming reports."

A clock chimed, then struck six.

"Well, Agnes can do with some watching. We'd better give her a bit of scope and keep our eyes on her."

"Suppose I have her shadowed by one of the intelligence sleuths?" Calvert suggested.

"Good idea! You can work up Townley's end of it. Unless I'm much mistaken, he's going to be sore with himself for letting Nita seduce him into losing this chance of nailing Agnes down. Go to bed, Isabel."

Calvert rose and adjusted his mask and domino.

"I feel like a fool, prancing out in broad daylight this way," he said.

"Wait a minute," said Lady Audrey, and left the room.

Isabel looked at Calvert and laughed.

"I'm glad I know all this," said she.

"So am I," he answered. "I'm glad you're in it too."

"You'd better look out you don't fall in love with Nita. But after all, why shouldn't you?"

"There's one perfectly good reason," said Calvert, and gave her so intense a look that she realized suddenly her state of déshabillé, and rose.

The sight of her standing there, with the early sun pouring in through the long French window to edge her about with a silvery nimbus, gave Calvert a thrill such as Nita's daring beauty had failed to inspire.

"Come soon and tell me what you learn," said Isabel, and smiled back at him over her shoulder as she turned away.

Lady Audrey came in with a long motoring *cache poussière* of gray linen, a man's cloth hat and a pair of military spat putties.

"Put on these and nobody will notice you," said she. "Don't want to make a scandal in this chicken run."

Calvert followed the suggestion, and went out unremarkable except for his shoes. He found his taxi still waiting, and returned to the Cecilia.

XI

THOUGH bound to acknowledge that Calvert was right in maintaining the imperative necessity of keeping Agnes out of Howard's clutches until they might be able to investigate his record, Juanita's keen instincts told her nevertheless that this was an afterthought on Calvert's part.

To be a really brilliant secret agent or detective one should have the fundamental faculty of putting all personal sentiments in the background. The perfect policeman, like the complete criminal, should possess but a single objective, in the fulfillment of which sentiment cannot obtrude. To the achievement of either the slightest ray of human kindliness may very easily prove fatal. The complete policeman must be just as ready to sacrifice friend or brother, sweetheart or lover, as must the crook; and a calendar of crime would show how a monkey wrench has often been thrown in the cogs of either's process through listening to the dictates of heart or passion.

So now Nita could feel herself weakening for an instant through a hot anger against Calvert, which had feminine jealousy as its basis. Under an exterior which could be cold and hard as diamond when occasion required she was actually temperamental to the point of folly, and in the last few hours she had begun to feel for Calvert an attraction with which no other man up to this time had inspired her. She was not at all sure in the depths of her curiously contradictory and willful nature just what developments the night's adventure might produce in their mutual relations.

Nita more than half suspected that her brother had cabled her to come because he felt that Calvert might prove precisely her affair, and though she would have laughed at this until meeting him, she now felt that Jerry was right. Calvert pleased her infinitely. He was precisely the type of man she would have wished to marry, and knowing that he was destined to be rich had fanned the flame of her desire for possession. Oddly enough, or perhaps

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consistently enough, a chivalrous impulse at any cost had made him even more desirable to Nita, but at the same time she was furiously angry with him for having left her to play out her hand alone, though this was her own suggestion.

The sinister viking, watching her through the slits of his mask, did not miss the gleam in her tawny eyes as they followed the progress of Calvert and Agnes on their way out. He saw how bitterly she resented her abandonment to a stranger, and as his cold blue eyes passed in appraisement of her glowing personality there was kindled in him a sort of saurian greed. He saw his opportunity and determined to profit by it.

"There go two fools, Titania," said he. "If you don't mind my saying so, your Yankee escort has the wrong costume. He falls rather short as Oberon. He should have had the ass's head of Bottom. Fancy leaving a girl like you to take that silly flapper home."

Nita shrugged her bare shoulders and took another swallow of champagne. She agreed with Howard, but this phrasing of her thought brought back her mind to the work in hand.

"Yankees are apt to be like that. They've got a sort of mawkish sentiment that we Colonials share in to some extent."

He gave her a quick hard look.

"What's that? We Colonials?"

"Yes, I'm Australian by birth. Unless I'm quite wrong you are, too, though it would take another Australian to guess it."

"By Jove, you're keen, but you're right! I left there when I was fourteen."

"And I the first year of the war. My husband was a colonel in the Anzacs."

"Still living?"

"No, killed at Gallipoli a week after he landed. He was thirty years older than I."

"Really? Nearly time, wasn't it? Here's peace to his soul." He raised his glass. "Hope he left you provided for?"

"No fear. He was Scotch, and owned a little station or two about the size of France—sheep and silver. It used nearly to kill him to buy me a new dress."

"I know the sort. Lived in holy fear of an earthquake or volcano that might land him in the almshouse. Wanted you to make your own gowns."

"And darn his socks. There were about a dozen children, though, so I get only my widow's third—a paltry ten thousand a year. But think of all the fun I've missed!"

The cold glare that shimmered through the buff mask might have frightened some women.

"Quite so. That's why you're catching up. You ought to be able to toddle along, even on a crumby ten thousand pounds a year."

"I could do myself fairly decently if it wasn't that I was so closely watched."

"That doesn't seem to saddle-gall you to-night."

"I had a bit of luck. The old girl that rides boundary on me got a wire calling her to the bedside of a nephew in Guy's Hospital. I had motored out to Fontainebleau for *déjeuner* at La France et l'Angleterre with my soldier friend, and got back to find a wire commanding me to follow her on the next train.

"So I saw my chance and badgered him into going with me down to Landolff's to get these costumes. A nice boy, but a bit raw. Wants to be a sport, but doesn't quite know how. I must say I like 'em young. Who's your flapper?"

She took his proffered cigarette and lighted it, then without waiting for an answer beckoned to a passing waiter and pointed at the nearly empty bottle.

"My treat, Baldur."

"Oh, come!"

"I'll cable them to kill another sheep. The dingoes get a few thousand every year. It won't be missed."

The blue eyes were fairly charring the eyelets of the mask. There is probably none more easily deceived than the deceiver. Nita, drawing on the vaporings of her recent Australian hosts, played her part with the able adaptability of the American girl with a Continental experience.

"I say," said the englamoured Howard, "why did Oberon bolt off so suddenly?"

"He'll be back. I fancy your Columbine poured out her woes. 'Fraid you're a bad lot, Baldur."

"'Fraid so. How do you like the *laus?*"

Nita laughed.

"You've been New Zealand way, too, haven't you? I'll confess I've got a criminal taste for this sort of debauch. Come by it honestly, no doubt. My stock was pure Sydney—the broad arrow's the crest of our escutcheons. I shouldn't tell you all this, except that we're not destined to meet again, and if we should you wouldn't know me."

"Don't think it! I'd know that hair at a thousand yards' range."

"A wig."

"Yes. A wig that grew on you. How about those golden eyes?"

"They wouldn't know you five minutes after they say *bon soir.*"

The waiter brought another bottle. Nita jerked her head toward the change, an amount almost equal that of the wine. The ardor of the chase had now entered into her to a pitch where she was prepared to play almost any stake. Draining a tall glass, she suggested that they dance.

"Let's kill the bottle first," said Howard.

"You finish it. I'll help a little. Don't want to get squiffy. And mind your step, Baldur! I like this sort of thing, but I play safe."

"I say, Titania, you don't mean to let me down like that? Never to see you again, after just a glimpse in? I'm not altogether a bad sort."

"Who said you were? You may be a duke for all I know, and then again you may be a tout. But there are a lot more of the latter than the former."

"Oh, come! I'm neither one nor the other. You've enchanted me to the point of telling the truth. I'm what you said a while ago."

"What's that—a bad lot? Well, anyhow, you're a good dancer; and that's a deal more important now, just as a good swimmer might be the best partner in the shipwreck, even if he happened to be a stoker in business hours. You see, Baldur, I believe in cash transactions. The best sailor is the best man in a storm; the bushman the best man in the bush; and if you go out to crack a till the jimmy expert is high boy. The business of the moment is dancing, so you're it."

She laughed and rose to her feet, while her fascinated partner drained the residue of the bottle, then took her lightly but strongly to lead her through the reeling swarm. Nita could feel the hammering of his heart, and knew that she now held the trump cards. The man in his infatuation was on the point of forgetting himself. Nita felt that if only she had some focal point of attack it might not be difficult to gain her ends.

They finished dancing rather breathlessly, and stood for a moment watching a wild acrobatic revel which seemed to be a sort of free-for-all volunteer exhibition of terpsichorean indecency. Her partner's arm was over her shoulders, but as his fingers sunk into the firm flesh with a growing pressure Nita disengaged herself.

"I'm going to bid you good night, Baldur," said she. "It's been a good spree, but we shall never meet again."

"Don't say that!" he begged. "I'm crazy about you."

"That's no particular distinction. Have you any right, title or guaranty to any future consideration?"

"Not much, I'll admit. But if you would lunch with me to-morrow ——"

"Where?"

"Armenonville."

"Too small."

"The Madrid."

"All right. What name?"

"Capt. Howard Townley."

"That's not enough. You'll have to let me see your face."

"Well, that's fair enough—if you'll let me see the rest of yours."

"Not yet."

"Then why should I?"

"Oh, very well then—good night and good-by."

She slipped airily away from him and moved to the door. He followed, begging, protesting.

"Titania! I know you're a fairy and that fairies are heartless, but for just this once do have a heart!"

"And exchange faces? *Merci, monsieur.*"

"Well then, here goes!"

He passed his hand behind his head and ripped off the mask to reveal a physiognomy not dissimilar to what Nita had expected to see, except that it was handsomer, older and more forbidding, in a hard impenetrable way. The eyes were set too closely to the high-bridged nose, which was thin in its upper part but rather broad below, and with sensitive nostrils which

(Continued on Page 76)

¶ Call! Call for Northern Tissue, now. A refinement of old methods gives to this dainty bathroom paper an evident superiority and a remarkable economy. Insist on the right paper this time. Call! Call for Northern Tissue, now.

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(Continued from Page 74)

opened upon a cruel, full-lipped, Roman mouth. There was no fault to find with the lean, tanned cheeks and trim ears, which were closely set, with thick black hair clustered at the tips. The chin Nita had already observed to be strong enough, though rather pointed, the jaws going back to a breadth which was mostly muscular; and a straight corded neck, round and powerful, gave to the set of the head and its type of physiognomy such an expression as one might get from the head of a game-cock.

In her swift assay, with the mocking and half-defiant glint of the blue eyes, Nita's impression was so intensely disagreeable that only the good fortune of her mask saved a betrayal of what she immediately felt. Oddly enough, the upper part of the face revealed, especially the cheeks and the configuration of ears and malar bones, was more pleasing than its sensual lower half, while being at the same time the more forbidding. This latter quality lay perhaps in the set of the eyes and their dark narrow eyebrows, which slanted upward at the corners.

"To-morrow then, Titania," he pleaded.

"Well, to-morrow then," said Nita relentingly. "Mind now, you don't mix your dates! This is to-day."

"A day I'll never forget, lovely queen of the fairies. Where—what hour?"

"You know the little pond in the Bois behind the Cascades?"

"*Bien*—sure—the duck pond the Cascades flow out of."

"Yes, you can look for me there a little before five."

"Topping! We can walk to the Pré Catalan for a cup of tea and a dance or two."

"That sounds amusing. *A demain!*"

XII

LIKE most strenuous young men who have lost a night's sleep out of their routine, and with no particular fatiguing dissipation, Calvert scarcely noticed the lack of seven or eight hours in bed, and it never occurred to him to go there now in broad daylight. He took a sponge bath and dressed, and it being still too early for *petit déjeuner* he went to the little café on the corner of the Rue de Tilsit and had a *café au lait* and a *croissant* and chatted with the youngest of the six pretty daughters of the big proprietor.

It occurred then to Calvert that he might as well occupy his day in trying to find out something more about Howard. He and Nita had heard him tell Agnes that the Martell stables were the ones in which he had been interested, and Calvert was under the impression that these were at Chantilly. He asked the bearded *patron*, who was not sure but inquired of an ancient vinous cab driver who was making his *petit déjeuner* of white wine and a bit of bread and cheese.

"*Parfaitement!*" said this relic. "They are at Chantilly."

This was enough to go on, so Calvert asked for the *indicateur* and found that there was a fifty-minute express which left in about an hour, Gare du Nord. He went down to the station feeling that the opportunity to look up Howard was a good one, because there was little chance of running into him a few hours after the ball.

It was a very beautiful day in early summer, and as the train approached Chantilly the forest was beautiful in its fresh foliage. The train was on time, or nearly so, and there were few passengers. Calvert learned that the Martell stables were some little distance behind the château. He walked round past the track, and was a little surprised to see a couple of horses being tried out on the straightaway on the edge of the wood. Three lads, as the French call the stable boys, were watching them, and a man evidently an English trainer—was standing at a little distance. He was tall, well built and in smart boots and breeches, with a tweed coat and cap, and had rather the appearance of a country gentleman just in from a canter.

On drawing near Calvert discovered that one of the boys also was English, a small stocky fellow with a wizened face, probably a recent Tommy, as he wore khaki breeches and spat putties. He looked up as Calvert approached, and from force of habit saluted.

"Have you seen Mr. Townley round this morning?" Calvert asked.

"Captain Townley, sir," said the boy, who had the look of an ex-jockey now overweight. And then Calvert received a shock, for the boy screwed up his face and said: "That's Captain 'Oward Townley, the 'ead trainer, standing yonder, sir."

And at that moment the man turned, and something in the swing of his lithe figure told Calvert that it was the person whom he sought and upon whose absence he had counted.

For a moment Calvert scarcely knew how to act. Townley had noticed him and started to walk in his direction, and Calvert was utterly at a loss to think of any explanation or excuse for his presence there. The chances were rather against Townley's recognizing him, but there was always the possibility of his voice betraying him. If there had been time he would have made pretense of looking for some other person, but the man had noticed him, and Calvert knew that the trainers of racing stables are not partial to the presence of strangers during their tryings-out.

It struck Calvert suddenly that he had put his foot in it most deplorably. To beat a retreat now would mean rousing suspicion, while on the other hand any clumsy pretext seemed even worse. A young American officer would scarcely go out to Chantilly early in the forenoon for the purpose of taking the air, and though he had a perfect right to be there on public ground, there seemed to be no plausible reason for his presence.

Then to make matters worse, the stable boy stepped to meet Townley and said, "Gentleman asking for you, sir."

Townley gave Calvert a nod and a sharp glance.

"Looking for me?" he asked. "I'm Townley."

Calvert made the best of a bad job, and answered with a slight air of embarrassment which might have been natural under the circumstances:

"I believe you're the head trainer out here, Captain Townley."

"Quite so. Whom have I the pleasure of addressing?"

The words were polite in a dry perfunctory way, but it seemed to Calvert that there was a shade of suspicion in the rather broadly exaggerated English voice. His first impulse to make a bluff at being a former gentleman rider who—shortly to be mustered out of the army—desired to get into the racing game in some capacity seemed, as he looked at the man's shrewd face and hard, discerning eyes, but poorly calculated to deceive, so he resolved immediately upon a more direct attack.

"I came out to ask you about a private matter," he said, ignoring the question; and glancing at the stable boys he walked a few paces away. "You may not recognize me, but we were talking together not many hours ago."

"I've got you," Townley answered. "You're Oberon. Anything wrong?"

"That's what I came out here to find out," Calvert answered. "But it seems to be all right, so far as you're concerned. I wanted to know what's happened to my partner. She hadn't shown up at her hotel at six o'clock."

"Really? Well, that's not my fault. She left about half an hour after you did. May have taken a blow round the Bois to freshen up. I'm sure I don't know. Anyhow, I don't believe there's any cause for worry. She was right as rain when she said good-by to me. How about my Columbine?"

"I can't say as much for her," Calvert answered. "I got her home something the worse for wear, and when I let her in we ran slap into Lady Audrey Chatteris."

"Good Lord! She wasn't due until Monday."

"Well, she got held up at Chartres by the strike and hired a car and came back. She'd just got in when we arrived. You can imagine the sort of a fool I felt. Of course she blamed it all on me."

"What did Agnes tell her?"

"Agnes was past telling her anything. I left her there and beat it. I went back to the ball, but you two had gone. So I changed, then went round to find out if my partner had got in."

"That wasn't very wise, was it?"

"Well, the concierge was up and stirring, and I explained that the party had broken up and wanted to know if she'd come in."

The cold eyes fastened on him searchingly.

"So then you came out to see if I'd turned up. How did you know where to find me? Agnes tell you?"

"No, Agnes couldn't tell anybody anything. She was all in, but I'd heard her call you Howard, and while we were dancing we passed you and just then you pointed to the Martell *pavillon* and said, 'That's my stable.' So I took a chance and came out here. I scarcely expected to find you, of course."

"But you wanted to get a slant on me?" The curt voice held a mocking tone. "What I don't get is why you should have left your pretty partner with a total stranger."

"Well, for one thing I could see that you were a gentleman; and for another I had recognized Agnes as an old friend, though she was past recognizing me, so I felt a personal interest in getting her back. Besides I didn't expect to be gone very long."

Howard nodded.

"I say, old chap," said he, "who was your partner anyhow?"

Calvert laughed.

"Oh, come!" he said. "She's whatever she told you she was. You can't expect me to give her away."

"No, of course not." He slapped his boot with his crop, then turned to the stable boys.

"Take him in and give him a rub down and tell Smithers to bind that pastern."

He looked at Calvert.

"We're tuning up for Trouville week. Let's go down to the café and have a drink. Must say I could do with a peg. I drove my car out after leaving that bally inferno. You'll find your Titania safely landed. She can take care of herself. I must hand it to you as a good picker."

"She doesn't often do that sort of thing," said Calvert, "but last night she probably thought the chance too good to lose. Sorry I can't accept your invitation, but I've got just about time enough to catch the Calais boat *rapide* back to town. Sorry if I've done you an injustice, but you can't blame me, can you?"

"Not a bit, old top. But I don't think you need worry about Titania. If ever I met a girl that knows her book she's it."

Calvert glanced at his wrist watch, then bade Howard a friendly good morning and hurried back to the station, at which a few moments later the boat express made its brief stop. He was relieved and a little puzzled. The man had impressed him as a not infrequent type of well-bred Englishman who as the result of misfortune or misbehavior had turned his early horsemanly and turf experience to practical professional account. Very likely he was one of those who—of good county family—might have been first a horse lover in an amateur way, later to gamble away his inheritance on the turf. But he did not impress Calvert as a criminal, and seemed very far from being the sort of sordid brutal assassin he had pictured. Reflecting on the result of his visit as the train rushed toward Paris, Calvert could not see that it had done any particular harm. He had not betrayed his identity, and should Agnes be unable to recall it there seemed no reason for its being known to Townley.

It was nearly noon when he reached Paris, and deciding that Nita must be still sleeping, and having by this time a healthy appetite, he crossed to the Terminus Restaurant and made a hearty *déjeuner*, then got into a taxi and went to the Rue Pergolese, Heming's apartment, where he rang. There was no immediate response, but on pressing the button again he heard a stir within, and Nita's pretty face, flushed with sleep and wreathed about with her ruddy hair, appeared at a crack of the door.

"Good morning," said Calvert. "Sorry to spoil your beauty sleep, but I couldn't wait any longer to compare notes."

She opened the door and he stepped inside, closing it behind him.

"Well, how are you, old dear?" Nita asked smilingly, and then—not greatly to Calvert's surprise—she flung her arms round his neck and kissed him on either cheek. It had already struck him that Nita was not entirely the mistress of her clearer faculties. Like many persons of strong mental control, she had been perfectly able to keep her head steady as long as there was intellectual work to do, but, the necessity for this past, sleep had loosened the vinous fumes, so that she had waked up about half intoxicated, or in that condition which was known in unregenerate America as a "hangover."

As a matter of fact she was actually in far better condition than Calvert had expected to find her. He was rather astonished when on leading him unconcernedly into the little salon she flung open the *volets*, took a deep breath or two of the fragrant summer air, looked at him with a

(Continued on Page 79)

On campaign tours, in his private car, Roosevelt could put himself to sleep in the midst of noise and tumult, and wake after a few moments, completely refreshed

A dynamo of human energy— Roosevelt always knew how to stop

WHEN Roosevelt was making the hardest campaign tour of his career after the Republican Convention of 1912—working under conditions of unusual strain, and addressing crowds from the back platform of his train seven or eight times a day—the newspaper men traveling with him in his private car often marvelled at his wonderful physical endurance.

"One secret of Roosevelt's staying power," said a newspaper friend who was with him at the time—"was his ability to relax instantly when he was tired. With people arguing campaign plans all around him, he could lean back in his chair and put himself to sleep at will."

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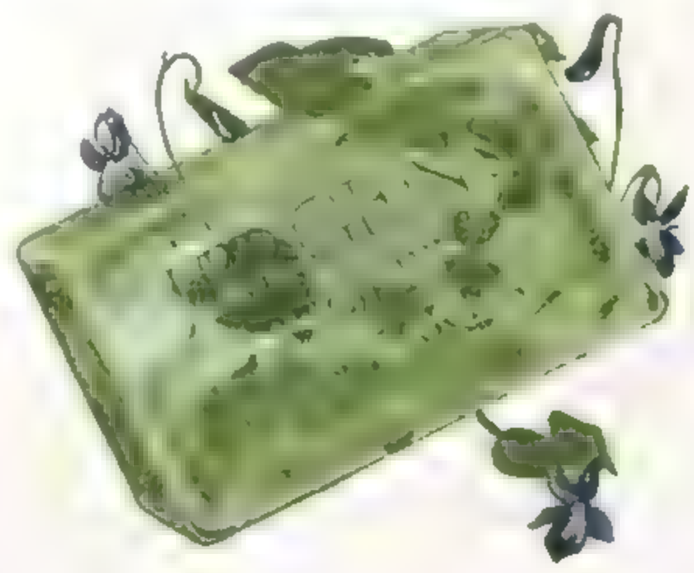

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smile and said, "I feel awfully woozy; how are you?"

"I'd feel rotten if I'd gone to bed," said Calvert, "but I didn't. All of my business began after I left you."

"Wait a minute," said Nita, "and I'll start some coffee."

She went out into the little kitchen, to return almost immediately.

Calvert then told her briefly all that had happened since they parted. Nita was amused rather than piqued, as he feared she might be at his confession to Lady Audrey. But she looked irritated when he told her of how Isabel had overheard them.

"That little fool will spill the beans yet," said she, "but Lady Audrey might be valuable.

"The old girl knows everybody and is like a paper-shelled almond—all kernel, concentrated meat. Isabel will probably work her in to start something with you though"—she gave him an airy look. "It's probably already started. But I don't agree with you in thinking that your seeing Townley has done no harm. I wish I did."

"It all depends on keeping Agnes quiet," said Calvert.

"You can't count on keeping a girl like that quiet. I know the type. It's the restless, gadding, dancing, joy-riding, feather-headed grasshopper type. There's no great harm in that sort, and in some considerable good and pluck and generous impulse, but unstable. She'll have a rush of confiding impulse and tell Howard all she knows. It depends on whether or not she's able to identify you. One thing's certain—she may not have done so yet, but she's pretty apt to the next time she talks to you, so you must keep away from her. It really wasn't necessary for you to go out to Chantilly but, of course, you never thought he'd be out there on the job so bright and early. He must have a pretty good head."

"That sort has," Calvert answered. "Champagne would affect him about as much as cider; but he didn't look to me like an assassin."

"He did to me, Calvert. His sort doesn't stop at anything, once gone wrong. Money greed will take such a man any distance, and women help of course. Agnes is attractive in herself, and with a million or so thrown in he'd run any sort of a chance. I seem to have got him dazzled for the moment though."

"As the case stands," said Calvert, "I can't see how we're to get the goods on him."

"Nor I." Nita rose and going to the little kitchen returned with a pot of coffee, a bowl of sugar and two cups. "I'm not sure but what it might help if he suspected you."

"How so?"

"Well," said Nita coolly, "as I said last night, the bleating of the kid attracts the tiger. If he thought you suspected him and were on his track he'd be quite capable of trying to put you quietly out of the way."

"That's so," said Calvert.

"Then maybe it was a good thing I went out there after all."

"Well, you'd better mind your step, my little boy. I must say he gives me a bit of a chill. There's something crocodilian about men like that. Just cold, calculating ruthlessness, such as you don't often get in warm-blooded creatures. Latins combine hatred or vengeance with murderous instinct, and with Orientals religious difference is apt to enter in, and there may be a sort of grim humor about our Western desperadoes, while even our late enemies were backed by a theoretic false philosophy of culture. But with such men as Howard the motive is sheer unadulterated greed, selfishness, egoism, with no emotional or other extenuating element at all. They would remove anybody in their way, just as a bushman might kill and eat a tribal enemy, whether it be man, woman or child. The war wouldn't have affected Howard in the slightest. He was just born that way."

"Well, you may be right," said Calvert. "I can't say that I see much light ahead. Whether it's Howard or not, though, there's this much gained: We've got another interested individual involved, and unless we can turn up something in the next few days I'll just report him in as such. All hands would a lot rather suspect this turf buzzard than your brother."

Nita reflected for a moment.

"Something tells me that our *soirée* was by no means wasted," said she. "It's vitally important that this hound should be shown up in his true colors to Agnes. I don't mean necessarily that we must convince her that he killed Hazard, but she's got to know him for the cold-blooded proposition that he is and have it proved to her that he would scrap her without the slightest hesitation for another girl with the same amount of money who pleased him better."

Calvert nodded.

"I begin to see your strategy. Of course if Agnes would come forward with some statement that he knew of her being Hazard's heir and where Hazard was stopping, and that Howard had got her consent to marry him, then Mr. Townley would be immediately required to furnish an indisputable alibi. His past record would also become of considerable importance."

"Of course," said Nita. "I had all this in my mind when I went deliberately to work to fascinate him. He thinks that I am the gay young widow of a millionaire Anzac colonel who has left me ten thousand pounds a year and more in sight. He has got to be made pretty sure of this, but once convinced he'll be quick enough to drop Agnes if only to clear his skirts from any possible suspicion which might result from his marrying her. Then once he turns her down, she might come forward with some very vital information—and then again she might not. It would depend on two things—how much she really cares for him and how far such information might appear to incriminate herself."

"Do you think that you can wean away his reptilian affections?" Calvert asked.

"I don't know. He seemed terribly keen last night, and that sort is a good deal of a plunger in a hard, devil-may-care, obstinate sort of way. I've made a date with him for to-morrow, and I can tell better after I've been with him for a while. But there's one thing that worries me, Calvert. Do you think he could have noticed you when you were watching him at Bagatelle and remembered you this morning?"

"I couldn't say. He had a peculiar gleam in his eyes when we were talking this morning, but that may have been because he thought I was out there looking for trouble on your account."

"Because if he did," said Nita, stirring her coffee, "you've got to be terribly careful. I can't tell you what this man makes me feel, buddy. I've never had a person come so near getting my nerve. He gives me a sensation of dealing with some diabolic force. He's not one of these post-bellum neurotic creatures who are bursting out in crime all over Europe, especially England, as the result of war experiences. He's pure and simple vampire—the Old World legendary sort. I seem to get the cold radiation of pure evil in him. It's barely possible that he saw Agnes that night with Hazard, and discovered who he was and took his trail with murderous intent."

"If we could only get Agnes to come through with all she really knows!" said Calvert. "Douglas Harker and I were both convinced that though what she told us was true she was still holding something back."

"That's my reason for wanting to show him up to her. If I can manage to get him in my little net—which means letting him get me almost in his—it will be your job to see that Agnes has proof of it. That might loosen her tongue."

"It's a pretty dirty business for you, Nita."

"It is a dirty business for everybody concerned, most of all for Jerry, at this moment. I am quite ready and prepared to take any chance to collar Townley, even if it comes to putting myself in his power for a few moments in some low place of rendezvous.

"But I can't get over the ugly feeling that he suspects you, Calvert; and if he does he'll certainly try to get you. Are you positive that he did not follow you to the station and slip onto your train?"

"Positive. He stopped at the café and was not on the platform when the train drew out."

"Well, let's hope you're right. Now I'll tell you something more. I am not only fairly certain that Townley killed Hazard, but I think I know precisely how he did it. I believe that I could reconstruct the crime to its least detail."

Calvert stared at her in astonished disbelief.

"Even to the weapon?"

"Even to the weapon. That's the least baffling part of it." She raised her hand warningly. "Please don't ask me to explain just now, my dear. I'm not holding back on you from any silly love of mystery or fear that you will steal my credit, but because if I were to tell you what I think and what suggested it, and then something were to happen to me and you were to feel obliged to come forward with what I had told you, it might make things even worse for Jerry."

"All right, Nita," said Calvert; "run your own trail then, but be careful."

"I shall, and the chances are that I may have to call on you suddenly and unexpectedly to back my play; so please don't be absent from your hotel over two hours at a stretch."

She glanced at her watch.

"I must get dressed and run out to see Jerry," said she. "There's always the chance of his knowing Howard. Don't you want to come?"

"No, I can't; I've got an engagement."

Nita glanced at him suspiciously.

"Is——" she began, then checked herself.

"Say it out! Look here, Nita, don't you start and bring another complication into this mess! I don't mind telling you that I'm pretty keen about that girl. She was my first flame."

"Oh, dear," sighed Nita, and her tawny eyes rested on him wistfully. "Every time I meet a man I take a fancy to he's either poor or married or in love with somebody else—or something."

She leaned suddenly forward, caught Calvert by both wrists and looked intently into his eyes.

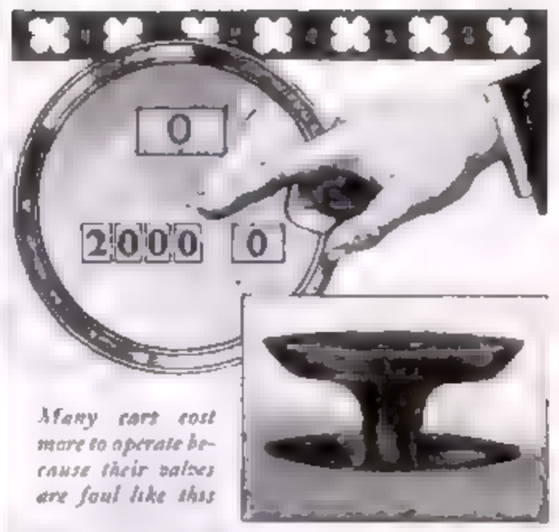
"You've got to like me, my little boy! You'd get horribly dull with your Isabel. You ought to have a girl like me that would keep you wide awake."

"Yes," he admitted, "I don't believe there'd be much trouble about that. You're the sort to get a fellow on the go."

Her tawny eyes grew a little misty and a smile wreathed her red lips. Her head slanted back and her long dark lashes swept down.

"Then go!" she murmured. "You can't make the pace too fast for me."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



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A little Clover Valve Grinding and Lapping Compound will make your valves as tight-closing as the day they left the factory. And after a cleaning with Clover, you'll be surprised at the "pep" your car will show!

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If you turn your car over to a garage for valve grinding, specify Clover—good garages will use it even without your asking.

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Technical questions gladly answered

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THE dominant appeal of the Premier lies in its artistic wholeness. It is to this singleness of impression that the car owes its striking dignity and grace. Every component part of the Premier—from its wonderful aluminumized motor and its exclusive electrical gear-shift to its luxurious appointments, and its refinement of detail—lends itself to this effect of unified completeness. The Premier has that distinctive quality of beautiful things—economy of design.

En tour in Europe or America, occupants of this well-poised car enthusiastically confess their feeling of confidence and reliance—their abiding sense of pride in ownership.

PREMIER

MOTOR CORPORATION

INDIANAPOLIS····U S A

THE ALUMINUM SIX WITH MAGNETIC GEAR SHIFT

PEACE AND BUSINESS DEPRESSION

(Continued from Page 21)

powerful effect in determining the character of the rising generation in the United States." This explanation of our troubles was quoted with approval in Congress by the House Committee on Commerce, which added: "The condition of commerce at that time gave a wildness to speculation and enterprise which a change of circumstances seems not capable of bringing back to the *rationale* of a peace commerce. The erratic course it then pursued prepared for the time of peace a bitter portion for many. Baseless speculation, planless enterprise and general business demoralization had unfitted us for the conditions of peace."

Now human nature in the day of the gig and the hackney was much what it is in this present period of the low, rakish racer and the modish electric; abuses and errors that incurred John Adams' inexorable condemnation are rampant among us. Can we better than our grandfathers come back to the *rationale* of a peace commerce? There are some who doubt it.

There are some who explain their doleful forebodings merely on the ground that times are too good to last; for the same reason that the farmer regards every fine day as a weather breeder they consider prosperity the mother of depression. Some, too, are still orthodox enough to believe that the sins of wasteful extravagance, speculation and extortion will incur the wrath of Him who saith, "Vengeance is mine; I will repay."

Others content themselves with the maxim that history repeats itself; every great war has been followed by collapse—this one will be no exception.

More thoughtful men, eschewing phrases and goosebone predictions, find in our prospects cause enough for anxiety. They know that when readjustment to peace conditions has been completed it will affect American industry in many ways, but their fear of a disastrous crisis grows mainly out of two of its expected effects. The first is that foreign nations will cease to buy from us in the enormous quantities and at the swollen prices of the last few years. The second is that the nations formerly at war will not only provide for their own wants but will also sell their products in neutral countries and even in our own markets at prices too low for us to compete with. Both these propositions deserve consideration.

It is true that during the war we made huge sales to some of the belligerents and we also supplied neutrals with goods that they formerly bought elsewhere. To do this we enormously expanded our industries and we modified and reorganized them, diverting capital and labor from some branches in order to enlarge others. The expansion and reorganization have been costly, but have yielded great profits. It was just this condition during the Napoleonic Wars that prepared the way for disaster by fostering a mode of life marked by lavish expenditures, by encouraging speculation through the promise of continued profits and by demoralizing business through the assurance that everything offered for sale would command a high price. There are evidences that all three of these evils exist to-day, but fortunately there are countervailing facts.

Extravagance and Speculation

In the matter of extravagance we have left our forefathers as far behind as the motor car leaves the hackney and the gig. Ocular evidence of this is so strong that statistical proof would be superfluous. It began even before we entered the war. As early as 1916 in six leading branches of the retail trade it was found that in spite of the startling growth in the previous two years sales were twenty per cent greater than in 1915, while the profits on these sales increased by ten per cent. Even more significant is the fact that the greatest increase in sales was made by the jewelry stores, with twenty-two per cent, while the clothing stores made the largest addition to their profits, fourteen per cent. The shades of the Lycurgan Society may mow and gibber at such incompatibility with the principles of republican government, but we hear nothing of Tammany's exacting new pledges of frugality!

The growth of speculation rapidly became as notorious as lavishness and wasteful self-indulgence. "War brides," "war babies" and numerous other additions to our slang dictionary testify not only to its prevalence but also to the toleration merging into approval with which it was and still is commonly regarded. As gamblers in business, when compared with us, our forefathers still wore swaddling clothes. They lacked not the will but the opportunity and the easy methods. Think of the limitations when a stock market did not even exist! Aside from banks—though heaven knows they were speculative enough!—there were practically no corporations that issued stock. The grave Mr. Niles, editor of the celebrated Register, complained as late as 1820: "We are sorry to see that jobbing in stocks begins to be something like a regular business in the United States. . . . A dealing in stocks to the amount of many millions a year would not produce a thing of value equal to that of a grain of corn." But though the stock exchange is now the scene of our most hectic and spectacular worship of fortune, there are many other fields where candles to this goddess burn night and day, and efforts to "douse their glim" are usually futile.

We cannot doubt that now, as formerly, this wild orgy of speculation prepares against the time of peace a bitter portion for many. But as yet it has been too brief really to weaken the moral fiber of our people. Our intoxication is still a spree, not habitual drunkenness. With our forefathers it lasted for nearly a quarter of a century; with us it has been less than six years. And for some time now sober voices have been heard urging retrenchment and prudence. Indications multiply that we will not wait for Tammany to address us on the causes and remedies of the national calamities.

Industry Will Survive

But the greatest difference between our position now and what it was at the end of that other great European war is found in the character and organization of business. In that former time every producer had to be the merchant of his products and every merchant was truly a merchant adventurer. Communication was slow and uncertain, transportation costly and precarious. Comprehensive knowledge of the forces determining market conjunctures was impossible. Indeed, there was no organized market. Business was much like a game of blindman's buff. Producers groped for an opportunity to sell. If they caught it profits were large; but patience, slow movement and steadfastness were requisites of success. These requisites ceased during the European war; business became a wild romp, and any clumsy dash would capture opportunity. Seybert rightly said: "The spirit of that time had a powerful effect in determining the character of the rising generation," and it is not surprising that men found it hard to return to the *rationale* of a peace commerce.

To-day, on the other hand, paradoxical as it may seem, there is probably less left to chance, less risk-taking in the organization and conduct of our business, than this country has ever known. The popular impression to the contrary comes from confusing those who plan and carry on our industries with those who gamble in industrial stocks. There is a world-wide difference between these classes. Amazing as is the expansion of enterprise, with rare exceptions it is not based on mere guessing as to what the future may bring forth; it is the calculated action of men who do not mistake temporary benefits for permanent advantage and who, even while expanding to reap those benefits, plan for curtailment and compute the costs of reduction when the present conjuncture has passed. When we lose, as we must, much of our export trade to the former belligerents and to neutrals, there will be irredeemable loss to those who have bought stocks or other things at exorbitant prices, but American industry will not be prostrated.

This is not the place to describe the technical arrangements, practices and institutions that have made business a science

How The Vacation Suit Should Be Styled

MY concern of the past few weeks has been the visiting of half a dozen seaside and mountain resorts not many hours distant from Fifth Avenue, and I return to town impressed with a number of new ideas and tendencies in style that were not apparent a month or two ago.

What New York Wears

A postcard request will bring you the illustrated booklet, "Round About New York," which shows and tells what well dressed men are wearing this summer here in the metropolis and gives glimpses of the city itself. Give the name of the best clothier in your town.

I find that young men generally, whether vacationing or week-ending at nearby places, have adopted the plan of getting a new outing suit for midsummer holiday use—a suit styled a bit differently than the business models of the season.

In selecting a suit for vacation wear the design and drape of the coat are of first importance. These things may make or mar the entire effect. The style of the coat is something that calls for good judgment in designing as well as good taste in buying on the part of those who would appear correctly clad.

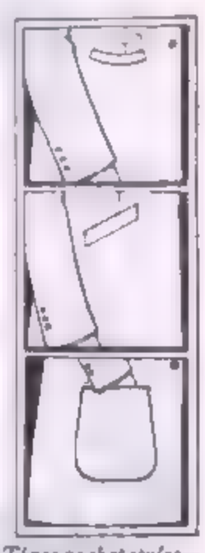
The correct sleeve is cut to follow the curve of the arm.

Smoothness of fit is insisted upon. Back and front—from the collar and shoulders down—sweeping lines, unbroken by wrinkles, distinguish the coat that the summer season demands.

An extremely flat-lying coat collar; a smoothly rolled lapel without crease or break; shoulders smartly squared, of soldierly, athletic lines—all unite in producing a handsome upper contour to top off the excellently shaped waist from which the skirts of the coat drape gracefully.

It is a coat of liberal length, ending at about the middle knuckles of the extended hand. Two or three buttons are preferred and the coat corners are rather square—in the double breasted models, precisely square. Patch pockets a bit wider at the base than at the opening are popular and attractive.

It is a great satisfaction to those who appreciate sincerity and skill in the making of clothes to observe the practiced sureness with which the creators of Cortley Clothes have put these new style ideas into being. The midsummer Cortley models are as well done as those of early spring. Their "Milstand" shoulder is a superb accomplishment. And not by any means the smallest thing in their favor is the moderate price which permits a man to have two or three suits in a season without being extravagant. They can be had in almost any town.—*H. L.*



Three pocket styles—the "Arkly," the slant flap, and the "Pyramid" patch.

Cortley Clothes

by

COHEN & LANG

Style Authors

In the City of New York

LOOK FOR THE CORTLEY LINEN LABEL IN THE INSIDE POCKET

A Barbers' Razor for You

Most men try several razors before they lay hands on the one they swear by. But when they find that razor, how they do prize it!

Did you ever notice that the razors men prize are almost always regular razors of the GENCO type—the kind that all barbers use? Barbers continue to use regular razors because no other shaving tool yet made takes and holds such a keen, smoothly-cutting edge.

Then again, barbers know that for a real shave an edge must be stropped.

Anybody Can Strop a GENCO Razor

Look at the diagram and learn why. Each GENCO Razor is built to strop. The edge bears against the strop at the scientifically correct stropping angle. All you have to do is to hold the razor flat and the strop taut as you move the razor over it.

How much would a regular razor with the same strong, sturdy, reliable blade every day save you in the course of a year? Good as GENCO Razors are, their price is low.

Go to your dealer and get a GENCO Razor without risk—"GENCO Razors must make good or we will." This means that we guarantee good service.

If for any reason your dealer can't supply you, write to us.

GENEVA CUTLERY CORPORATION
230 Gates Avenue Geneva, N. Y.

Largest Manufacturers of High-Grade Razors in the World

Genco RAZORS

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Note how GENCO Razors meet the strop in just the proper way to assure a perfect shaving edge. The bevel leads backbone to the edge and guides it on the strop.

instead of an adventure. Perhaps the change to better things is best seen in the character of our money and credit. Language is inadequate to describe the wretchedness of our currency at the close of the Napoleonic Wars. Specie was exceedingly scarce. There were plenty of banks, but ignorance and dishonesty limited their credit and usefulness. Their unregulated note issues formed our paper currency. These circulated only where the issuing bank was known, and even there were usually under suspicion and at a discount. The bank note was apt to be a variety of the scrap of paper that deserved the contempt in which it was held. "Foul rags," "filthy dowlas," "musty shoddy"—no opprobrious epithet was spared them. To make matters worse, Niles informs us, "a vast number of counterfeit or fictitious notes are spread through the country, chiefly circulated by traveling merchants from the eastward. . . . In times so prodigal of crime in money making as the present the only safety of the people is to refuse every one that they do not know to be genuine." The inconvenience this entailed can better be imagined than described. A Western member of Congress going to Washington wrote: "I outrode the credit of the paper I started with and had to turn broker and exchanged with travelers going west for paper on banks to the eastward, the credit of which they had also outrode." Such financial chaos added to the ruin brought by the peace crisis and delayed recovery. The perfection of our present system stands in strong contrast. Its efficiency may be trusted to assist readjustment to the conditions of peace.

Can We Hold Our Markets?

Alarm is exaggerated about the results of a reasonable contraction of our industry and commerce. But have we any assurance that the contraction will be reasonable? Shall we be able to retain even the markets that we had before the war? By far the greater part of our commerce was with the nations that were engaged in the war; and it is feared that for years to come it will be abnormally reduced, because their purchasing power has been so weakened that they cannot pay for the goods and services they formerly demanded. They will be strained to pay even the interest on the huge war debts they have contracted, and must reduce their consumption in many fields. For a time, indeed, some of them may continue to buy certain things needed to replace what war has destroyed, but when reconstruction is achieved they will do their utmost to supply their own necessities. We can confidently reckon, therefore, on selling to the former belligerents only those things that they can neither produce nor dispense with, and their productive capacity is normally very great. Russia alone among them offers no prospect either of early recovery or of a safe market.

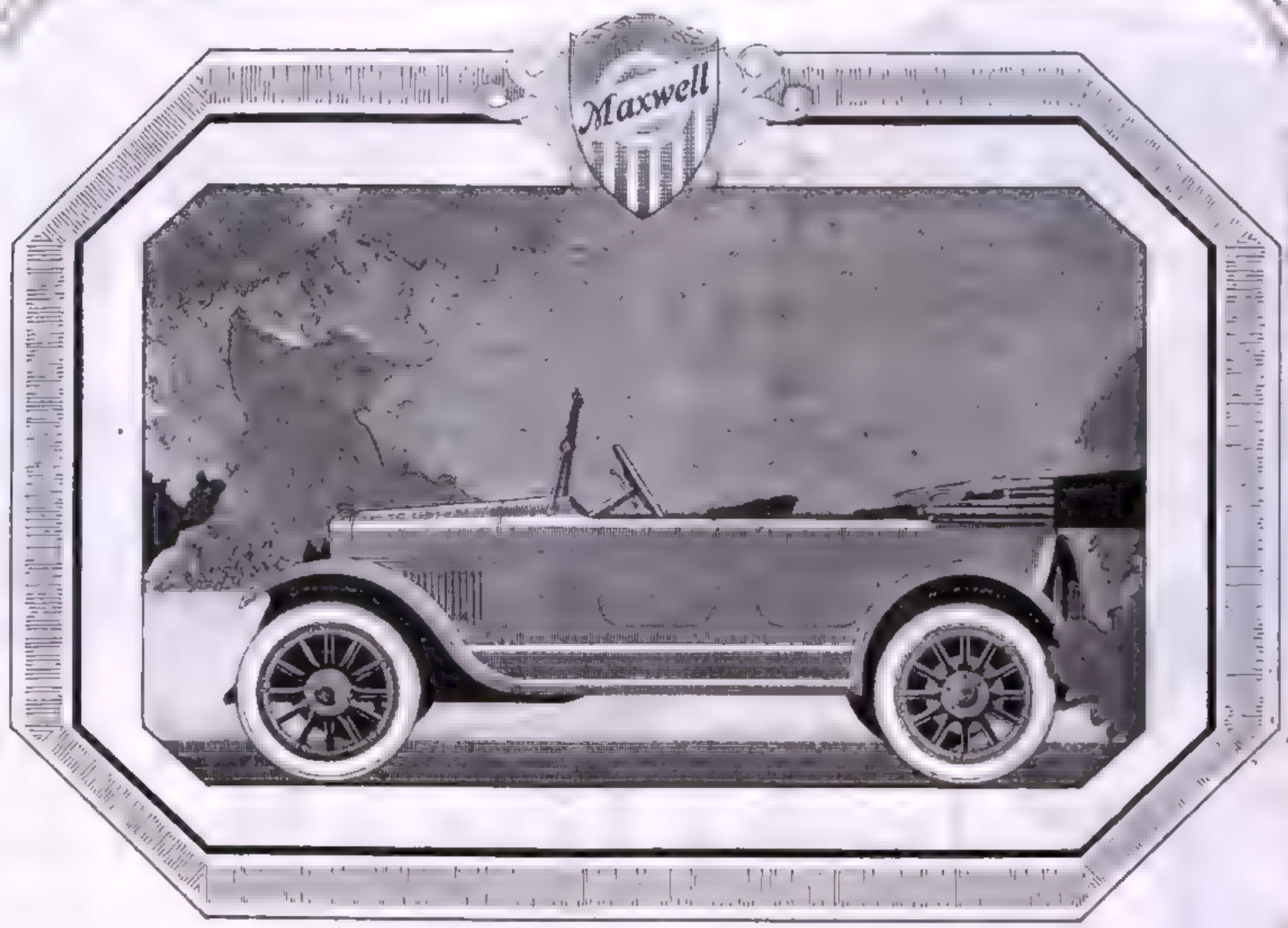
It seems therefore that we must continue to rely in great measure on our domestic market and our trade with neutrals, and even these will be in some jeopardy. For England, Germany, France and Italy must not only consume less, they must also strain every nerve to produce more, and must sell their products where they can for what they will bring. These nations are already devising plans to regain and extend their commerce and to protect their domestic markets. So far as these plans are merely political they need give us little concern. But to the extent that they are economic, consisting in more efficient organization, coöperative in place of competitive buying and selling, the extension of credit devices and facilities, the improvement of ocean transportation, more orderly relations between labor and capital and the like—to that extent we must expect both at home and abroad more dangerous competition than we have ever known before.

Practical Measures

Can we meet the competition? Time alone can answer this question with assurance. But it may at least be said that we shall not enter the struggle unprepared. Business men have dropped from their eyes the scales that blinded them during the Napoleonic Wars. Like our competitors we have been planning for the new order. Our credit institutions have opened branches in many foreign countries—a new development in American banking, planned to promote foreign trade and to retain for us the position we have recently acquired in international finance. We have greatly strengthened our shipping facilities. Our laws have been amended so as to promote and encourage organization and coöperation among our merchants and producers with a view to putting our goods advantageously on foreign markets. Effective legislation to prevent dumping and unfair competition in our domestic markets is now pending in Congress.

By these and other practical measures we may reasonably hope to consolidate the territory we have occupied. Reconstruction in Europe will be slow. The tragic depletion of labor power by battle and privation may be ameliorated by better organization, but years alone can build up the loss in full. Some branches of industry have been almost totally disorganized, their machinery rusted, buildings destroyed, working forces scattered, and the brains of their managers held through tense years of anxiety to things so remote from ordinary business that return to former activities is slow and difficult.

But it is not on the calamities of others that we rely. The present spirit of American business men is not the spirit of a *Plunderbund*. Thus far "we have seized unfairly the commerce of no people; we have taken no mean advantage of the industrial extremity of others, but we have accepted the responsibility of carrying on the enterprises which had been begun by European capital whose further supplies were interrupted. Our entrance into new fields of enterprise abroad has been of signal benefit not only to the countries where the investments have been made but to the original investors whose work we have taken up at the point where they were compelled to lay it down." Thus spoke before we ever entered the war the American business man in the person of President Farrell, of the United States Steel Corporation. And for peace as for war we have taken no measure and proposed no policy with a view to damage the interests or delay the recovery of any nation whatsoever. Our hope of success in any competition that may arise rests not on the weakness of others but on the organized efficiency, intelligence, trustworthiness and broad vision of American business men.



Those Good Brakes in

MAXWELL

are aided by Special Steels

Brakes seem to be one of the overlooked features of a motor car. In a Maxwell they have had the extreme of attention.

For instance, a road engineer, in about 500,000 miles of experimental driving, has constantly tested and studied them.

That is why you can check the speed of a Maxwell in an instant and bring it to a standstill either by foot brake or hand brake.

Special steels in a Maxwell are largely responsible. They give it extra strength in wear and endurance, but they make the car light in weight.

Thus when you call on it to halt, the brakes are not required to "wrestle" with superfluous weight, and the momentum of the car is easily stopped.

These are steels made to Maxwell's own formulae. They equal, pound for pound, the steels in any car built. But no car has steels just like them.

In a large measure they contribute to Maxwell's growing prestige, as expressed in figures like these: Nearly 400,000 now in use; and 100,000 more for the year 1920.

MAXWELL MOTOR CO., INC., DETROIT
MAXWELL MOTOR CO. *of* CANADA, LTD.
WINDSOR, ONTARIO
MAXWELL MOTOR SALES CORPORATION
Export Division, 1908 Broadway, New York

"Two Years Old and Looks Like a New Top"

ARE your top and side curtains gray, dusty and leaky? Here's a preparation with which you, yourself, can easily and quickly make them look like new. Johnson's Black-Lac gives perfect satisfaction on any kind of a top—leather, imitation leather or mohair. One coat imparts a rich black surface just like new.

Johnson's Black-Lac is easy to apply—dries in fifteen minutes—does not rub off on the hands or clothing—is permanent, waterproof and inexpensive.

JOHNSON'S BLACK-LAC TOP DRESSING

Do not hesitate to use Johnson's Black-Lac on the finest leather—it acts as a preservative and renders the leather soft and flexible. It requires no experience to apply Johnson's Black-Lac—all you need is a brush and an hour's time.

Start today to reduce the depreciation of your automobile. An hour or two a month and JOHNSON'S CAR SAVERS will prove their value in dollars and cents when you come to sell or turn in your car.

There's a JOHNSON CAR SAVER for every purpose—for removing carbon—for mending leaks in radiators—for renewing old tops—for revarnishing cars—for oiling squeaky springs—for grinding valves—for cleaning and polishing body, hood and fenders—for patching tubes and casings. No experience is necessary for the use of JOHNSON'S CAR SAVERS—they can all be applied by the average motorist with perfect satisfaction.

Insist upon your dealer supplying you with JOHNSON'S CAR SAVERS—don't accept substitutes.
Write for our booklet on Keeping Cars Young—it's free.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON,
Racine, Wis., U. S. A.
Canadian Branch—Brantford, Ont.

THE REINCARNATION OF CHAN HOP

(Continued from Page 32)

his careless, happy-go-lucky ways and general good nature was much beloved of Chan Hop.

Deftly Chan filled Patsy's plate with the viands that he best knew would appeal to him, while the latter now and then voiced his appreciation.

"How are they comin', Chan? Winnin' any money nowadays?" queried the little rider as he pushed back his chair from the table. "Gee, them was great cakes, Chan! I'll have to pick a winner for you before long."

Chan Hop shook his head sadly.

"No good," he gloomed. "Me win nothin'."

"What's that?" broke in the rider. "I thought you was black with money."

"Not no more," vouchsafed Chan Hop sadly.

The jockey was turning to go but he wheeled quickly. "What's that?" he ejaculated in amazed tones. "Somebody trim you?"

Chan Hop nodded shortly. "Tlim," he responded resignedly; "I guess that's light."

Patsy Duffy emitted a long low whistle.

"Gee," he exclaimed, "I never would of thought it! What horse was it?"

"Troublesome."

"Who handed you that?"

Chan Hop was too full for words. He pointed silently over in the direction of Ah Jim's kitchen.

"You don't mean to say you let that bird get between you and your bank roll, do you?" exclaimed Duffy in tones of intense chagrin. "Didn't you know better than that?"

Chan Hop did not answer. He was staring straight into space through the open door. From his standpoint there was evidently nothing more to be said.

"Listen, Chan," resumed the rider after a moment's thought, "I think I can put you where you can get even with that Chink highbinder. Got any money left?"

The cook tiptoed silently over to the little cupboard behind the stove and took therefrom a small roll of bills, which he counted and laid on the table. All told there was seventy-six dollars. He made a motion of his slender fingers, palms outward; silently indicating that that was all that remained of his little fortune.

"Down to the birdseed, eh, Chan? Well, if it's the best you can do I guess we'll have to help you out." The boy dug down in his own pocket and produced a healthy-looking wad of yellow-back bills.

"Now, listen, Chan," he enjoined—"listen to me good an' I'll put you next to the best thing I ever had in my life. You know that filly, Applause, don't you? She's a two-year-old. Well, they started her last week, an' I rode her. It was the first time she ever faced the barrier. She got off badly, and was all tangled up, besides being knocked into the fence a couple of times going down the back stretch. It was a rough journey all the ways, Chan, but at the finish she was running over horses, looking for something that could make her race; and as she had no chance to win, why, I just put on the brakes. She was away back in the bunch when they got to the grand stand, and nobody noticed her, but, believe me, if she'd had clear sailin' all the way she'd 'a' won by her lonely. Now she's in the third race this afternoon. Same company, only fewer of them. It looks as if it was made to order for her. I never told a soul but you, Chan, because I wanted to grab the biggest slice of the watermelon myself."

Chan Hop's face lit up. He had been long enough on the race track to recognize a real good thing when it came in his direction, without having to go through the ceremony of a formal introduction.

"Now, Chan," resumed the rider, "no one will mistrust that you've got a good thing.

"You be my bettin' commissioner. She ought to be as good as ten to one anyway, if not more. You can bet a hundred of this for yourself and the rest for me. Don't tell a livin', breathin' soul. I have told it all to you now," he concluded. "Play the hand as best you can and I'll come round to-morrow morning to breakfast and we'll settle."

He laid the money on the table. "Sure you got it right, Chan? Applause in the third race, and bet all the kale on her nose. If she don't win she won't be no place."

He passed out the door and was gone.

And then Chan Hop the dreamer sat down to dream again. The sun had come out from behind the cloud; and he began to recall with some qualms of apprehension that in consigning all the gods of his fathers to oblivion he had forgotten to throw out a life-saver to the little god Yen Sang, who, as everybody knows, presides over the destinies of mortals, and is the deity of good luck. In his soul of souls Chan Hop hoped that the good little god would take into consideration the stress he had been under, and forgive him.

Now Chan Hop was possessed of an optimistic mind. He never questioned for a moment that Applause would win, but he began to consider how futile and useless it all would be unless in some way or another he could administer fitting financial chastisement to the recreant Ah Jim. Since the events of the day before he had not had speech with that worthy. In the simplicity of his mind Chan Hop opined that Ah Jim—loaded down with a guilty conscience—would avoid him.

According to the laws of his country and the rules of the Tong to which he belonged it had always been an eye for an eye, a purse for a purse, and a life for a life. Because, you see, Chan Hop had not been Christianized and he had never heard any of his people dealing out pulpy platitudes that exploited moral suasion.

He was pondering deeply on these points when a sharp rapping at the door announced a visitor, and one could have knocked Chan Hop down with a lily stalk when the latch was lifted and Ah Jim walked in, smiling as serenely as if no such horse as Troublesome had ever existed.

Swift as a flash of lightning Ah Jim's gaze was focused upon the money lying on the table. But not with any more celerity than the wheels of thought in Chan Hop's head commenced to turn at top speed.

In shrill, high-pitched Chinese the brazen Ah Jim passed out the compliments of the day. He alluded quite casually to what he called their joint bad luck of the afternoon before, but with his gaze always wandering to the table upon which lay Chan Hop's newly acquired wealth. He expressed the hope that their fortunes would be rehabilitated speedily.

By no signs or token did the crafty Chan Hop make manifest that there was any doubt in his mind regarding the honesty or good intention of Ah Jim. He rose to the occasion as one who has been waiting for opportunity and has met it face to face. Equally suave and polite was Chan Hop. Equally sorry that his friend Ah Jim had lost his money with him. Tremendously hopeful that they would speedily reimburse themselves. And even, not to be behindhand in hospitality—Chan Hop produced teacups and lifted the steaming kettle from the stove. It was not the same Chan Hop who had sat until dawn rocking in mental agony with his face buried between his trembling hands. It was a high-toned, optimistic Chinese gentleman and sportsman, to whom the loss of money meant nothing.

But after partaking of the proffered refreshment Ah Jim became more talkative. If there were any doubts in his mind regarding what Chan Hop's attitude would be they were now disabused. After such a reception he could not think that the latter either bore him ill will or mistrusted him. But still Ah Jim's restless, avaricious eyes never left, for more than an instant, the roll of beautiful yellow-back bills that lay upon the table. Already as he talked he was framing schemes to add them to the amount he had already purloined from the unsophisticated Chan Hop.

Chan Hop watched all this byplay as he chattered about trivial matters. Now that he was aware of Ah Jim's real character he could diagnose his thoughts with as much exactitude as a great physician could expatiate on the bodily ailments to which all human flesh falls heir.

Little by little and with extreme caution Ah Jim turned the conversation directly upon the question of money. He launched

Real service, good looks and shoe economy

For everyday wear through the summer the Top Notch Service Shoe combines solid comfort and good looks at less than half the price of leather shoes.

This shoe is made of extra quality strong brown duck, with neat trimmings of black leather. It has an extension sole of fine brown rubber that looks just like a leather sole. This sole is springy and waterproof. It takes the jar out of walking.

The Service Shoe requires no "breaking in"—it is comfortable from the first moment you put it on. It is a particularly good shoe for boys, who wear out shoes fast.

TOP NOTCH
BEACON FALLS
SUMMER FOOTWEAR

Below is the "Gym-Bal," another very popular, athletic looking shoe for boys and young men. It is made with uppers of extra fine quality white or brown duck, with leather trimmings and ankle patch of leather. Its corrugated, non-slip sole is made of the best rubber, dark red in color. It will outlast two ordinary soles.

Write for the name of the dealer in your town who sells these money-saving shoes, made by the manufacturers of Top Notch rubber footwear. Look for the Top Notch Cross on the sole.

Beacon Falls Rubber Shoe Co., Dept. C
Beacon Falls, Conn.

New York Boston Chicago
Kansas City Minneapolis San Francisco

The "Gym-Bal"
White or brown duck, with leather trimmings, ankle patch and the real athletic look. Just the shoe for vacation use.

Which Is Your Car?

Is yours the open car which exposes you to all sorts of bad weather? Is yours the car that you have to lay up during the long winter, just when you need a car the most? Is yours the car that is on the job only about 50 per cent of the time? Then consider what a wise thing it will be for you to put an Anchor Top on your car and convert it into a closed sedan or coupé. Then you can ride in snug comfort anywhere in any kind of weather. You will have two cars in one—an open car for summer, a closed car for winter. You will have year round use of your car instead of only six months' service.

Convert your open car into a beautiful closed car

There are 20 models of Anchor Tops for these cars: Buick, Ford, Willys-Knight, Essex, Overland, Dodge, Chevrolet, Reo, Maxwell. Each Anchor Top is designed for a specific car and fits on the regular body irons. No overhanging, no rattling, no squeaking. Anchor Tops are fitted with dome light, elegant whipcord lining, snug-fitting doors and windows

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To be certain of your Anchor Top, write today for our illustrated booklet, prices and name of Anchor Top dealer nearest you. Last year we could not supply all who wanted Anchor Tops. We urge you to rush your inquiry to us now, to insure early delivery for you.

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Name _____

Address _____

forth into one of his rhapsodies on good living and the satisfaction of the senses, alluding quite casually, of course, to the necessity for the acquisition of money in order that one might carry to the climax the hopes of his heart. Incidentally he expressed some little surprise that Chan Hop's bank roll was still in such a healthy condition.

Again his erstwhile friend met him halfway. He bustled about setting his pots and pans in order while he explained with ingenuous confidence that the money Ah Jim saw was that which he had always kept as a reserve fund in the event of being a victim of some terrible malady. He further explained that Yen Sang, the little god of chance, had come to him in a vision in the middle of the night. He described with many oratorical flourishes how the latter had driven up to the kitchen door in a carriage completely covered with chrysanthemums, roses and cherry blossoms. He had alighted and laid his hand upon Chan Hop's head.

And in addition to this Chan Hop went on to state with additional elaborations how the divine custodian of good luck had put both arms round his neck and kissed him; bidding him be of good cheer, and whispering in his ear a behest to wager all his remaining wealth on a filly called Applause, which was going to start in the third race the very next day. After a revelation of this kind Chan Hop had no choice but to obey.

Ah Jim listened to Chan Hop's exposition of enthusiastic belief with the grim smile of cynicism, because long ago he had forsaken the faith of his fathers and had gone ghost-dancing with the iconoclasts. From the pocket of his blouse he drew forth a list of the entries and scanned them rapidly. To his way of thinking, Applause did not stand a chance. Five or six horses would be sure to beat her. Worst of all, if Chan Hop ever reached the betting ring with his money it would be lost to Ah Jim forever. This, he decided, must not happen.

So Ah Jim launched forth into a dissertation on the fallacy of betting on unknown quantities. He reminded Chan Hop that the last race run by Applause had been a very bad one; that she was in among practically the same class of horses to-day and that she could not possibly win.

To all this display of language Chan Hop shook his head in violent protest. He explained that other races did not count. What mattered it about them anyway? Had not the little god visited him in the still hours of the night and whispered in his ear? No, no, Ah Jim could not possibly be right. He must be mistaken. Moreover, nothing that anyone could say would deter him from betting his money as he had been directed.

Ah Jim saw it was useless to argue further. He concentrated on the idea of securing the money himself. If Chan Hop was bound to gamble, why should he not lay the odds? That would be the easiest solution. He would try it anyway.

"Applause would be a long price," ventured Ah Jim as he baited his hook.

"Oh, yes," replied Chan Hop nonchalantly; "the good little god mentioned something about that too."

That being the case, why should not Ah Jim and Chan Hop back their opinions in private? suggested the former as he watched his prospective victim out of his narrow, slanting eyes. It was perfectly proper for two Chinese gentlemen, such as they were, not to agree regarding the collective or individual merits of the speed kings. Would there be anything wrong should they make their wagers privately and without having recourse to the public places where white men gambled?

Chan Hop pondered deeply for several moments. When he replied he had evidently weighed his words carefully.

"Yes," he thought; "there could be no harm in that; it would be perfectly proper." Ah Jim must know that, either win or lose, the strong bond of friendship already existing between them could not be disturbed. The only thing, of course, that remained to be adjusted was the question of price. If, as Ah Jim had stated, five or six of the horses were sure to beat Applause—why, the odds should be liberal. If they could arrange that to their mutual satisfaction Chan Hop had not the slightest objection to making a private wager with his friend.

As a rainbow trout rises to a judiciously chosen fly Ah Jim came back with a rush. Chan Hop was a peculiar character anyway. A man who was guided by visions and tin gods might change his mind in the twinkling of an eye. He hastened to assure Chan Hop that he would wager fifteen dollars for every one that the latter could produce on the proposition that Applause would not reach the finishing line before the rest of the field. How much did Chan Hop wish to wager?

Chan picked up the money lying on the table and counted it slowly. As every bill fell from his fingers Ah Jim's vulturelike gaze was glued upon it. When the tally was finished Chan Hop had counted out four hundred and seventy-six dollars; dollars that spelt easy money according to the expert estimation of the astute Ah Jim.

"All right." Ah Jim would cover that amount in the ratio of fifteen to one. It would take more than seven thousand dollars, but, as he hinted, they were both Chinese gentlemen, thank goodness, and nothing appealed to him more than a sporting proposition of this nature. "Would it be necessary to have a stakeholder?" he inquired as if it was an afterthought.

Chan Hop ventured the opinion that it would be the correct method of procedure. He believed it was usual in all such cases; he did not doubt his friend Ah Jim, of course, but still, life was replete with uncertainties and if anything should happen to either of them before the wager was decided there might be complications; because, he reminded Ah Jim, up to date there had been no witness to their pact.

And so it was that two Chinese gentlemen with sporting proclivities made a little journey over to the stable where James Monohan was trainer. The latter was a man who bore a high reputation for probity, and in his hands they placed the full amount of the wager as before stated, with instructions to turn the whole amount over to the winner.

After these things Ah Jim teetered back to his own kitchen, feeling that he had been baptized with the oils of joy and gladness, and congratulating himself that he had done a good morning's work. He chuckled humorously when he thought of poor misguided and antiquated Chan Hop, who still believed in fairies.

III

IT HAS been said by men who are passing wise in such matters that all narratives of the conventionally successful brand must have a joyous termination for everybody concerned, but the reader can already see that in a case of this kind where two gentlemen make a wager from entirely different viewpoints such a culmination would be absolutely impossible.

So it is that making the best of the present situation we must state without further waste of words that along in the afternoon the bay filly Applause, ridden by Patsy Duffy, got away in front when the barrier lifted and fairly set the back stretch on fire as she juned home—making every post a winning post; winning, as Patsy would say, on the bitsky. Fighting for her head every inch of the way! Be it also recorded that as the cunning Ah Jim watched this marvelous reversal of racing form, old superstitions—forgotten since the early days of his youth—laid hold upon him and forced him back to a heathen belief in the necessity for being on good terms with the gods of destiny.

Later in the evening Ah Jim with bloodshot eyes watched through the window of his kitchen, from which point he could see Trainer Monohan counting out to Chan Hop the winnings of his wager. Ah Jim, the savant, the iconoclast, the cunning fox, broke into a cold sweat and his knees trembled so that he had to cling to the windowsill. His whole personality was drifting from its mooring.

Still later, when the lamps were lit, Chan Hop might have been seen working laboriously on a long strip of pink-tinted paper. Upon this he was inscribing with a camel's-hair brush certain quaint Chinese hieroglyphics, the same being crowded into close proximity because Chan Hop felt that he had a story to tell which called for fulsome elaboration. Also be it said that this red strip of paper did not represent a Buddhist emblem of happy augury.

He did not complete his task until the big clocks in the city were tolling the midnight hour. All was silent about the stables. Chan Hop manufactured a water paste of flour and liberally anointed the back of the pink strip which bore the evidences of his literary genius. Then he opened the door quietly and made a stealthy progress over in the direction of Ah Jim's kitchen. When he arrived there, with deft fingers he pasted the pink paper on the door, sighed happily, after the manner of one who knows that he has been rehabilitated and that all the polite conventions have been observed.

But in the morning Ah Jim arose betimes. He had naturally passed a sleepless night, and as he swung wide his kitchen door to let in the morning sunshine the pink strip of picture writing which had caused Chan Hop so much intellectual exercise kicked him fairly in the heart.

Stable boys coming to early-morning breakfast found Ah Jim huddled up on the doorstep, the very incarnation of abject misery. To save his life he could not divert his unwilling gaze from the pink strip of paper, on which a most drastic arraignment of duplicity and human infamy imaginable had been recorded. Men addressed him, but he did not even answer. And, of course, no white man could have given a solution of the tragic air which permeated Ah Jim. How could they know that a masterful mind had gone into eclipse?

But to Ah Jim the story of his undoing in its most minute details was as clear as the leaves that quivered on the trees outside. Chan Hop saw to that. As he read and interpreted the manifesto he knew that the law of retribution as prescribed by the ethics of his ancestors had been accomplished, and that whatever debt he owed Chan Hop had been paid in full. Moreover, it was forced upon Ah Jim that any old time the little god of good luck put both arms round anyone's neck it was incumbent on all those present to sit up and take notice.

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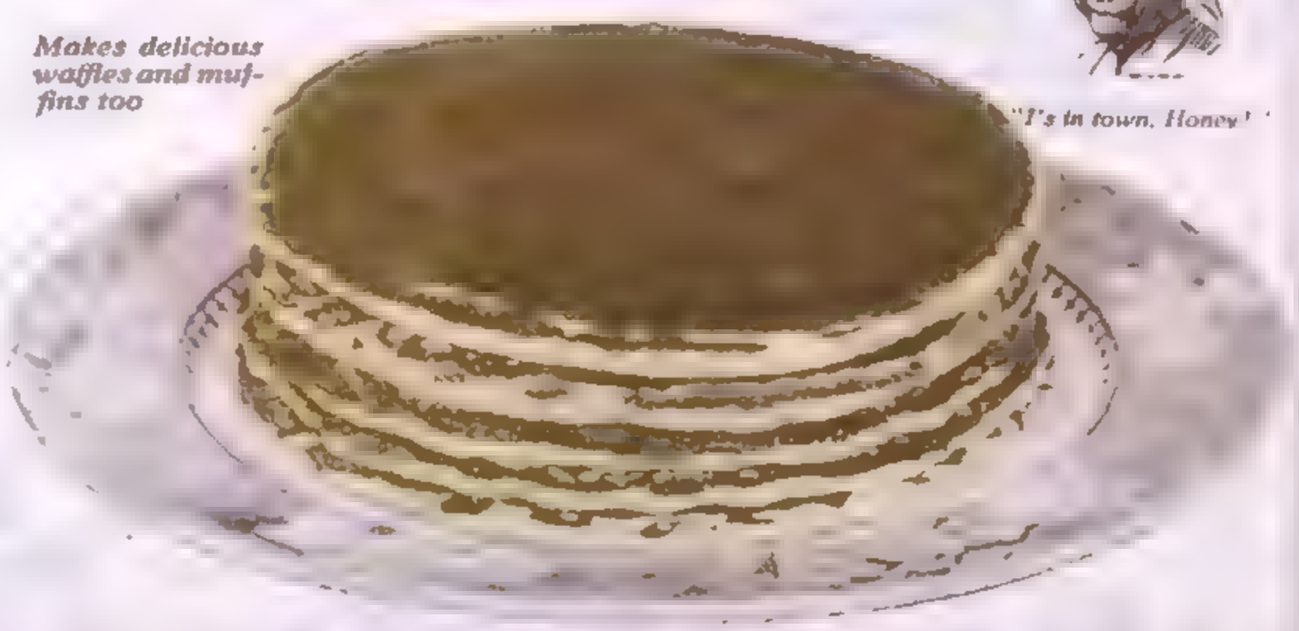
Aunt Jemima's tender, fragrant, golden-brown pancakes—with the real old-time southern flavor—you can have them in camp! *So* easily!

Simply stir water into Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour and the batter's ready.

There's no milk to hunt for; it's already in the flour in powdered form. No eggs to buy; the flour's so rich it needs no eggs. *Everything* you need for perfect pancakes—except water—is in the one red package!

By all means, take along a supply of Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour. To satisfy, gratify that healthy, out-door appetite. To make it easy for the "cook."

"It's in town, Honey!"



Makes delicious waffles and muffins too

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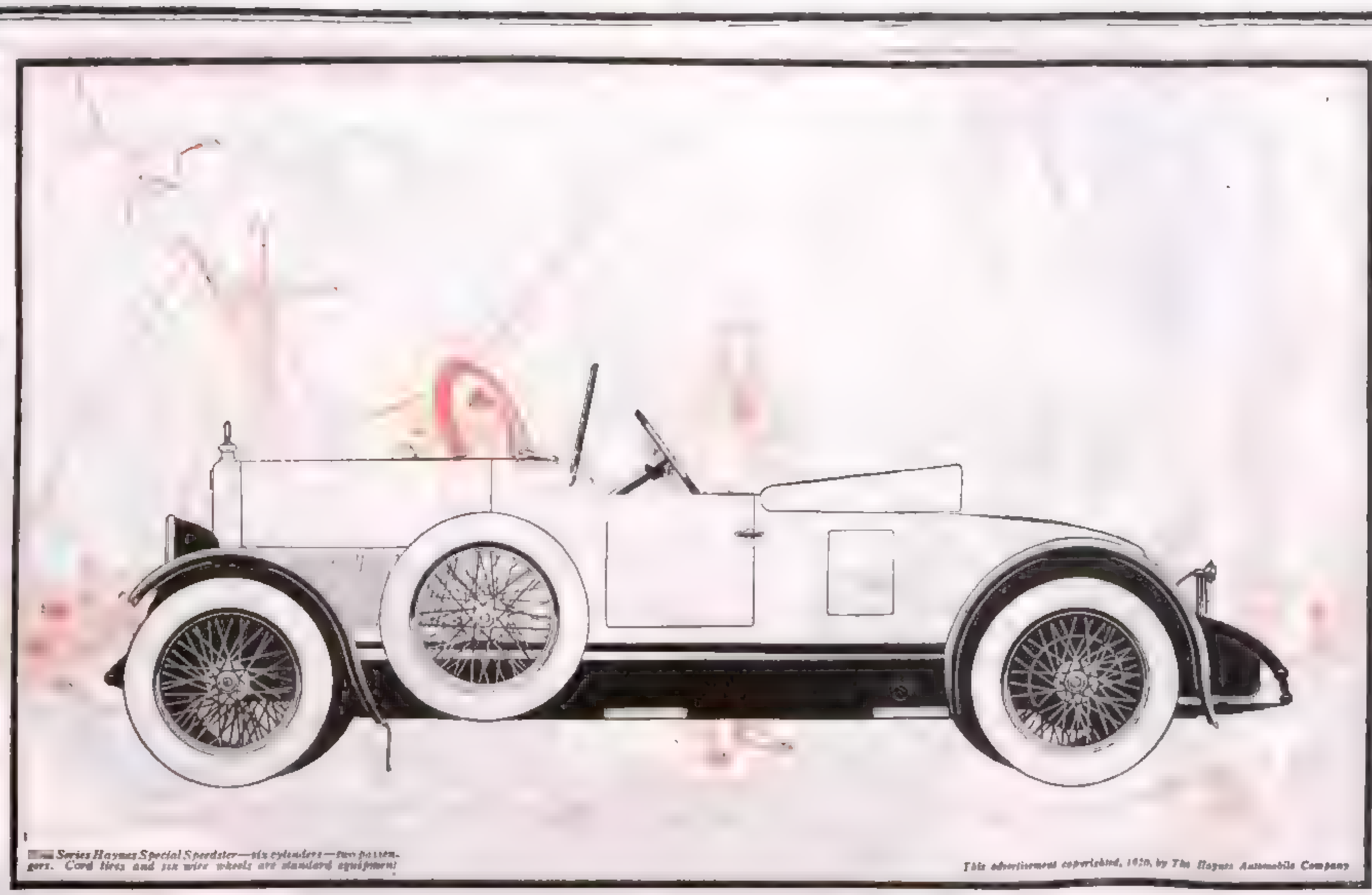

Series Haynes Special Speedster—six cylinders—two passengers. Cord tires and six wire wheels are standard equipment

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ANSWERING the demand for a swift, snappy production—a truly individual car that fulfills the wishes of those who desire a creation that embodies the vibrant spirit of youth, a car that fairly breathes life and vigor and confident class—comes the new series Haynes Special Speedster.

Haynes engineers and designers are alive to the discriminating desires of those who are satisfied only with that which exemplifies the utmost distinction and exclusiveness. In the new series Haynes Special Speedster, they have given expression in a new and beautiful way to the four essential factors of car-character which the Haynes has established—beauty, strength, power and comfort.

The long, low, rakish lines; the deep, leather seat for the two passengers; the individual fenders and steps; the unique windshield and top ventilator; the speed-lines of the aluminum body—the low-swung chassis; the special compartments of the rear deck; the cord tires—all these give to the eye the promise which is more than realized when the car is swung into the roadway and given its head.

Production of the new series Haynes Special Speedster must perforce be limited. The importance of making an immediate reservation is emphasized

The Brochure, illustrating and describing the new series Haynes character cars, is unusually beautiful. A copy will be mailed to you on request. Address Dept. 71.

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CHARACTER CARS

Beauty — Strength — Power — Comfort

1893 — THE HAYNES IS AMERICA'S FIRST CAR — 1920

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

(Concluded from Page 38)

used as is even now employed in the household operation. Saccharin and sulphites were formerly used in corn and peas, but this practice has been discontinued.

Much study has been given to the bacteriology of canned goods. This investigation has shown that some cans contain bacteria in the spore stage, but that these germs cannot develop into active bacteria so long as the can remains air-tight. This means that such bacteria will not harm us unless the canned food is allowed to stand open before being used. Most of the examinations appear to indicate that properly prepared canned goods do not contain the organisms which produce food poisoning.

About twenty-five years ago spoilage in canned foods was quite prevalent. This trouble started a serious investigation by the canners, which is being continued actively to-day. Early studies showed that the spoilage was due to bacteria whose spores were not destroyed by the process then used. In overcoming the trouble the canners increased the time and temperature of sterilization, which largely eliminated the trouble.

A recent statement of Dr. W. D. Bigelow, chief chemist of the National Canners' Association, covered this point as follows:

"In recent years canners have rarely had spoilage, but exceptional cases have occurred. Some canners, experiencing trouble for the first time, have been inclined to regard spoilage as a mystery that could not be avoided. Others have attributed it to defective material used in connection with their pack, such as defective cans or impure sugar or salt. Our laboratories have subjected this problem to the same line of attack that is used in studying epidemics of human diseases. The bacteria causing the swells and flat sours have been isolated and studied. The spores of the bacteria are heated with the various foods that have been found difficult to process, to determine how long they must be heated at certain temperatures to kill them.

"In the examination the heat penetration of the various foods is determined. This is accomplished by means of an ingenious apparatus which shows the temperature of the center of a sealed can while it is being sterilized, either in an open bath or a pressure kettle. By putting together the results of these two investigations we are able to suggest to the canning company the proper process to employ in destroying the particular bacteria studied.

"Since these are the most resistant bacteria the laboratory has encountered, it is believed that a process which will destroy them will insure sterilization. In addition to the bacteria above mentioned, we have studied two organisms in evaporated milk which resisted processing and subsequently caused the milk to turn bitter. One organism was studied which spoiled canned hominy by giving it an unpleasant sweet taste."

There has been considerable discussion in recent times concerning the question of whether or not the vitamines in food are destroyed in the process of canning. Very little information of a definite character with relation to vitamines is yet available. We know that most foods in their natural states do contain minute quantities of this rather elusive substance. The general opinion seems to be that the quantity of vitamines which we obtain in a mixed diet is in excess of our body demands.

There are three kinds of vitamines of which we know: The fat-soluble vitamines which are found in milk, egg yolk and leafy vegetables, such as spinach, beet tops and other greens; the water-soluble vitamines found especially in seeds, roots and cereals, such as corn, wheat and beets; and the antiscorbutic vitamines, which are supposed to provide an antidote for scurvy.

The fat-soluble vitamines exist also in certain vegetable oils and yellow vegetables, such as yellow corn, carrots and sweet potatoes. These vitamines, as well as the water-soluble ones, are highly resistant to the action of heat.

Recent articles in scientific journals furnish data which indicate that the canning process does not appreciably reduce the first two classes of vitamines. The antiscorbutic vitamines are believed to be less stable toward heat, but are not seriously impaired by canning. One high authority presents data showing that canned tomatoes retain a sufficient quantity of this third class of vitamines to insure their value in counteracting scurvy. In canneries tomatoes are heated at 212 degrees in agitating cookers for six to ten minutes. This is ten or fifteen minutes less time than they are cooked in home canning.

Speaking of temperatures, it may be generally stated that no canned food is processed at a temperature in excess of 250 degrees, and this maximum temperature is maintained only for a short period of time. Commercially packed beans are processed at 240 degrees for one hour, and do not suffer the destruction of their food properties in this canning process that they do in home cooking at a lower temperature for a period of five or six hours. In New England the average housewife cooks beans for from eight to twelve hours.

Apples and tart fruits are preserved at a temperature of 212 degrees, or boiling point, to which heat they are subjected for only eight minutes. Home-made apple sauce takes from twenty minutes to half an hour at 212 degrees. The less acid fruits take more time to process, but none of them requires more than fifteen or twenty minutes at the boiling point.

To briefly summarize the facts concerning the destruction of food values in canning, it appears that practically all foods suffer a greater loss of nutritive elements in ordinary home cooking than they do in the process of being preserved in large commercial plants. Home canners do not as a rule subject their canned vegetables or fruits to pressure. If they were equipped to do this there would be much less spoilage in the homemade pack.

The most serious error in the use of canned foods is the common idea that such foods are ready to serve, or need only to be heated before being eaten. It should be remembered that the canner's task has been to collect the raw material, rid it of waste and deliver the refined food in good condition for the housewife or chef to exercise culinary skill in its final preparation.

Food poisoning is often blamed on canned goods without a semblance of reason. Only too often people are made ill by certain foods through personal susceptibility. Sea food may not be contaminated, and still prove an irritant to certain individuals. In like manner, strawberries and other foods may agree with one person and poison another. Evidence has been collected showing that with some people the use of certain canned food has the same effect as the same food freshly prepared. It is further true that if by chance meat or milk from a diseased animal should pass inspection the operation of canning affords the maximum of protection.

Only a few years ago ptomaine poisoning was believed to be one of the commonest of ailments attributed to food. Recent studies have proved that most of these cases are due to some other cause than that of food poisoning. Common causes of ptomaine are bacteriological infection, even dysentery; accidental poisoning with chemicals such as caustic lye or saltpeter that got into the food by mistake or design; simple indigestion; and in rare instances even sunstroke. An outbreak in Chicago called ptomaine poisoning was found to be due to tartar emetic that had been put into the food with malicious intent.

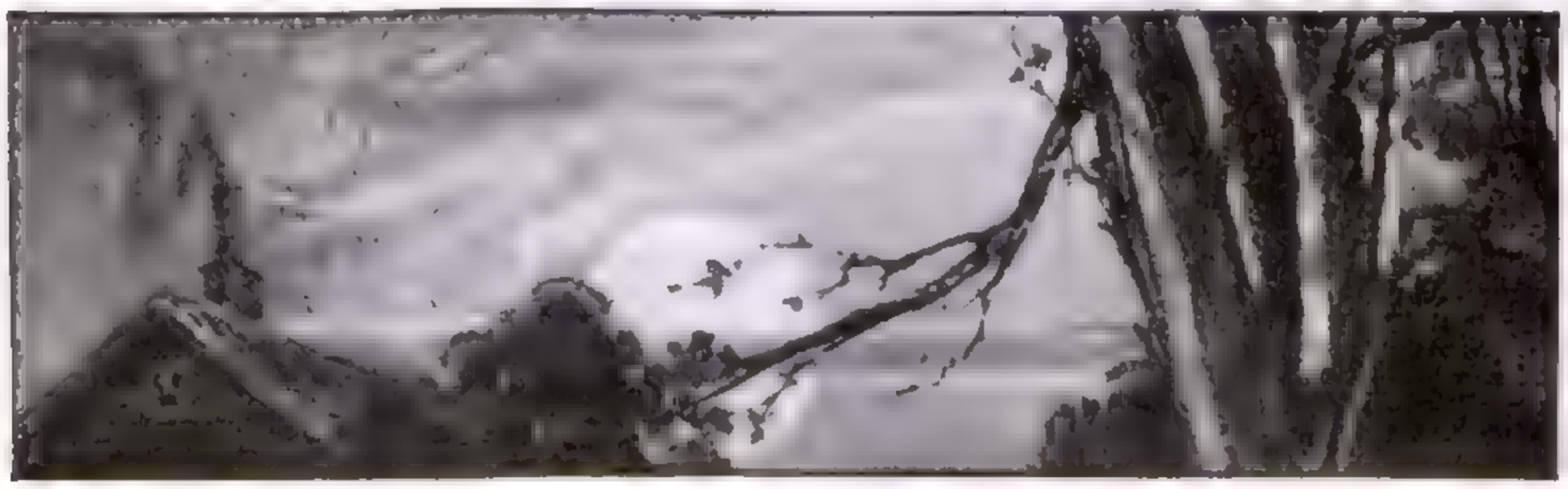
Dr. M. J. Rosenau, of the Harvard Medical School, is authority for the statement that the bacteria producing ptomaine poisoning are first cousins to the typhoid bacillus, contain no spores and are easily killed by heat; they are not found in canned goods on account of the heat of processing. Fire is the great purifier. Cooking is the greatest sanitary protection we have against infections of this kind. The safety of canned goods lies in the fact that they are thoroughly cooked.

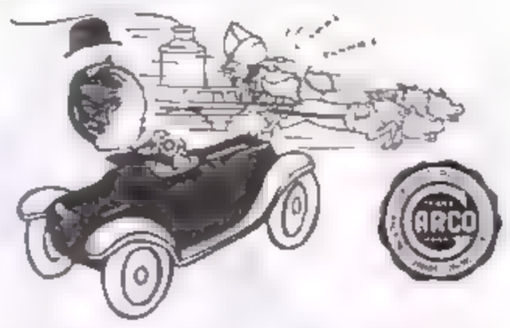
Doctor Rosenau further said: "It is now generally accepted that there is no such thing as ptomaine poisoning as that term was once understood. For example, nine students had a fraternity dinner at which the pièce de résistance was a turkey. During the night most of them were attacked with cramps and diarrhea, and suspicion fell upon the turkey. We got the carcass of the bird for study. It had an unpleasant odor and gave evidence of putrefaction. Our chemists prepared an extract from the meat of the turkey in accordance with the classical method for extracting ptomaines, and when this extract was injected into laboratory animals it produced symptoms similar to those observed in the men who had eaten the turkey. It therefore appeared that we had actually obtained a ptomaine in captivity.

"I then bought a fresh turkey, sound and wholesome, and induced the chemists to pass it through the same manipulations they had used upon the decomposed bird. The result was that precisely the same poisonous extract was obtained from the meat of the fresh turkey that had been obtained from the meat of the decomposed bird. In other words, it became evident that the supposed ptomaine was in fact a poison produced by the acids, alkalies, alcohol and other strong chemicals used in making the extract, and did not exist as such in the meat of the turkey. 'Ptomaine' is a term for a chemical substance of uncertain origin, unknown nature and doubtful existence."

Canned goods which are cheapest in price are often the most expensive from the standard of food value.

Let us carry away the thought that canned goods already have the cleanest bill of health of any class of food we use, and they are continuing to improve in purity and quality as the months go by. The tin can is not only a food conservator but a remedy for menu monotony. By providing a ready market for surplus foodstuffs it has eliminated a large part of the waste in farming. It has helped in the building of railroads over dry plains, strengthened the lonely prospector in his patient search for the rare minerals of the earth, made possible the discovery of Arctic poles, and simplified the work of meal-getting in all civilized homes. Instead of handing the tin can a slur let us bow in respect to its mighty service.





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The Antiseptic, Healing Powder to Shake Into Your Shoes

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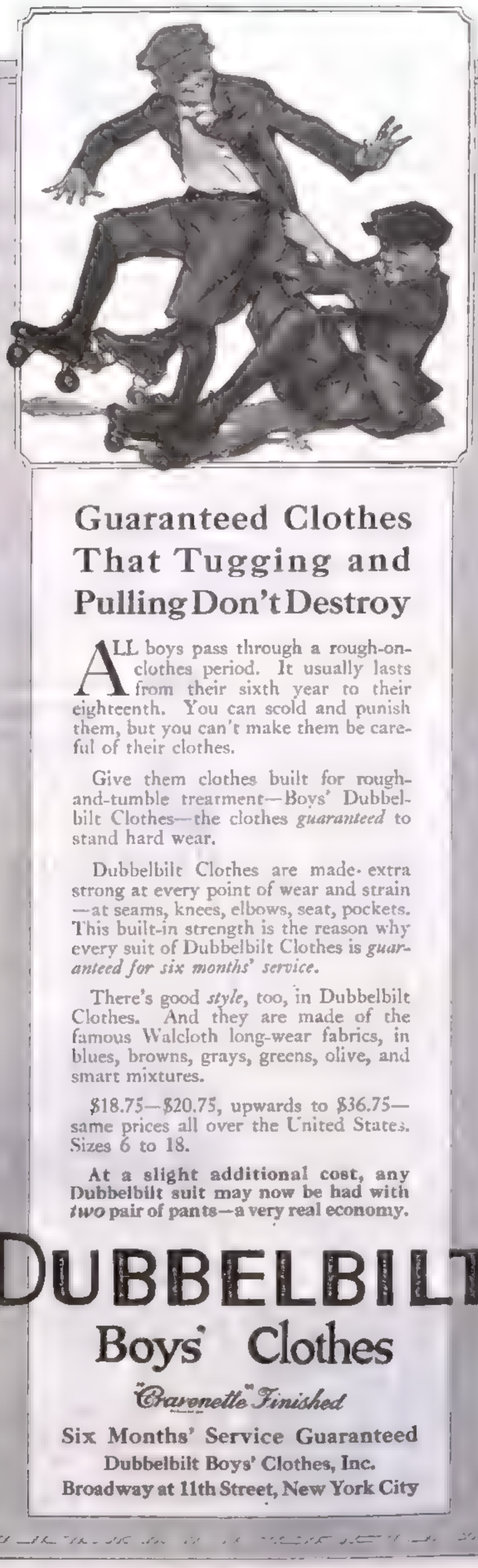

Guaranteed Clothes That Tugging and Pulling Don't Destroy

ALL boys pass through a rough-on-clothes period. It usually lasts from their sixth year to their eighteenth. You can scold and punish them, but you can't make them be careful of their clothes.

Give them clothes built for rough-and-tumble treatment—Boys' Dubbelbilt Clothes—the clothes *guaranteed* to stand hard wear.

Dubbelbilt Clothes are made extra strong at every point of wear and strain—at seams, knees, elbows, seat, pockets. This built-in strength is the reason why every suit of Dubbelbilt Clothes is *guaranteed for six months' service.*

There's good *style*, too, in Dubbelbilt Clothes. And they are made of the famous Walcloth long-wear fabrics, in blues, browns, grays, greens, olive, and smart mixtures.

$18.75—$20.75, upwards to $36.75—same prices all over the United States. Sizes 6 to 18.

At a slight additional cost, any Dubbelbilt suit may now be had with *two* pair of pants—a very real economy.

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Boys' Clothes

"Baronette" Finished

Six Months' Service Guaranteed

Dubbelbilt Boys' Clothes, Inc.

Broadway at 11th Street, New York City

DO OPPORTUNITIES STILL EXIST?

(Continued from Page 29)

that is worth something to himself and to the railroad. The more he learns, and learns well, the more certain is he to advance in position and in the amount of his monthly check.

"Every engineer must first be a fireman, every conductor has been a brakeman, every section boss has been a track laborer, every track supervisor has been a section boss. One railroad section hand in Illinois became president of the Canadian Pacific Railroad and was knighted. We refer to the late Sir William Van Horn. Another railroad president—Sir Thomas Shaughnessy—was a supply clerk in Milwaukee. Our own president, Mr. Underwood, started at the bottom in the Milwaukee railroad yards and learned the business from the ground to the top.

"It was a long road these men traveled. They had no one with family, or other influence, back of them—nothing but their own natural ability, the same and no more than many of you who are shoveling gravel or tamping ties have got; but they had ambitions, worked hard, attracted the attention of their superiors and soon began to climb, slowly at first, but finally with leaps and bounds.

"In this country men do not 'inherit' railroad jobs; they earn them by the sweat of the brow—by hard and honest toil.

"The history of the Erie, if written, would contain a long list of men whose hands were first calloused for years by contact with cement, iron, lumber, brake wheels, locomotive levers, etc., before they reached the head offices. One, in the early days, was an Italian—Giovanni Morosini—who came to America as a sailor before the mast, and worked as a laborer on the docks. He was an Erie office boy. His rise was rapid, and in a few years he was auditor.

"A. E. Ruffer, transportation manager of the Erie, began railroad service as an office boy in Jersey City; Wm. Schlafge, mechanical manager, delights in referring to his start as a 'smut-face mechanic'; F. H. Murray, shop superintendent at Susquehanna, was an apprentice in the Meadville school; Frank Tuma, master mechanic at Avon, was originally a fireman on the Greenwood Lake division. The list could be extended almost endlessly.

"So you see, some of the men who order things done, and whose names signed to a piece of paper have great force and authority, have bent their backs, calloused their hands and soaked their shirts with sweat. They had to do it to reach the big desk.

"But, of course, there isn't a chance in a billion for a man to become an official of an American railroad unless he can speak English—not a chance. There will always be plenty of hard common labor for him, and a living; but that is all.

"While this is being written there are at work in humble positions on the Erie, many men who in future years will be the bosses—the superintendents, the master mechanics, the foremen, the managers, the auditors, the assistant managers. Why not aspire to be one of these?"

Where the Bosses Come From

Whatever sins big business may be answerable for, however great an ogre it has been, there is no dodging the fact that the majority of those who keep it going are but a few years graduated from the ranks of labor. It may be that labor does not receive an adequate share of the profits of business. But a tremendous portion of all capitalistic profits goes to men who are but a few years removed from the ranks of manual labor. Those who remain in the ranks may not share sufficiently in this good fortune, merited or unmerited, but at least they have the satisfaction of knowing that their own recent fellows are to a large extent the beneficiaries, and that each generation of recipients will be largely from their ranks.

These facts do not justify, nor can any twisting argument use them to excuse, the slightest injustice to the rank-and-file worker. But when these workers are led to denounce indiscriminately everything that has to do with profits, capital, large salaries and the like, it may not be wholly amiss for them to know who the fortunate persons really are.

The biggest of big business is just as much—perhaps more directly—in the hands of those who have come up from the bottom as the smaller enterprises, or as industry as a whole at an earlier period. Consider the largest, best known and at times most execrated concerns, such, for example, as the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey. Here, if anywhere, we have big business, the power of wealth, the quintessence of capitalism. At least that is the way it would be expressed by those who do not approve of such large aggregations of capital.

But the most recent addition to the company's very important manufacturing committee at 26 Broadway, W. C. Koehler, was a man who came to this country as an immigrant and began his work as a day laborer. He is now the manager of the largest single refinery. The new manager of domestic sales began as a clerk, and so did the latest addition to the board of directors. S. B. Hunt, vice president of the company and a member of the board of directors, began as a tank-wagon driver.

Past Histories of Executives

One of the largest corporations in the world is Swift & Company. Its volume of business last year amounted to $1,200,000,000, the largest of any of the packers. This company was founded by Gustavus F. Swift, whose six sons now fill the majority of the positions on the board of directors as well as many of the higher official positions. Offhand this would seem to be a tough case of concentrated wealth and power. It is to be presumed that all of the six brothers entered the business with an assurance that they would go through to important positions if they made good. Moreover, it would seem as if six were a very generous number, and that the chance for anyone else to get ahead, with six brothers in control, would be small indeed. But there are limits to which even six brothers can spread themselves out.

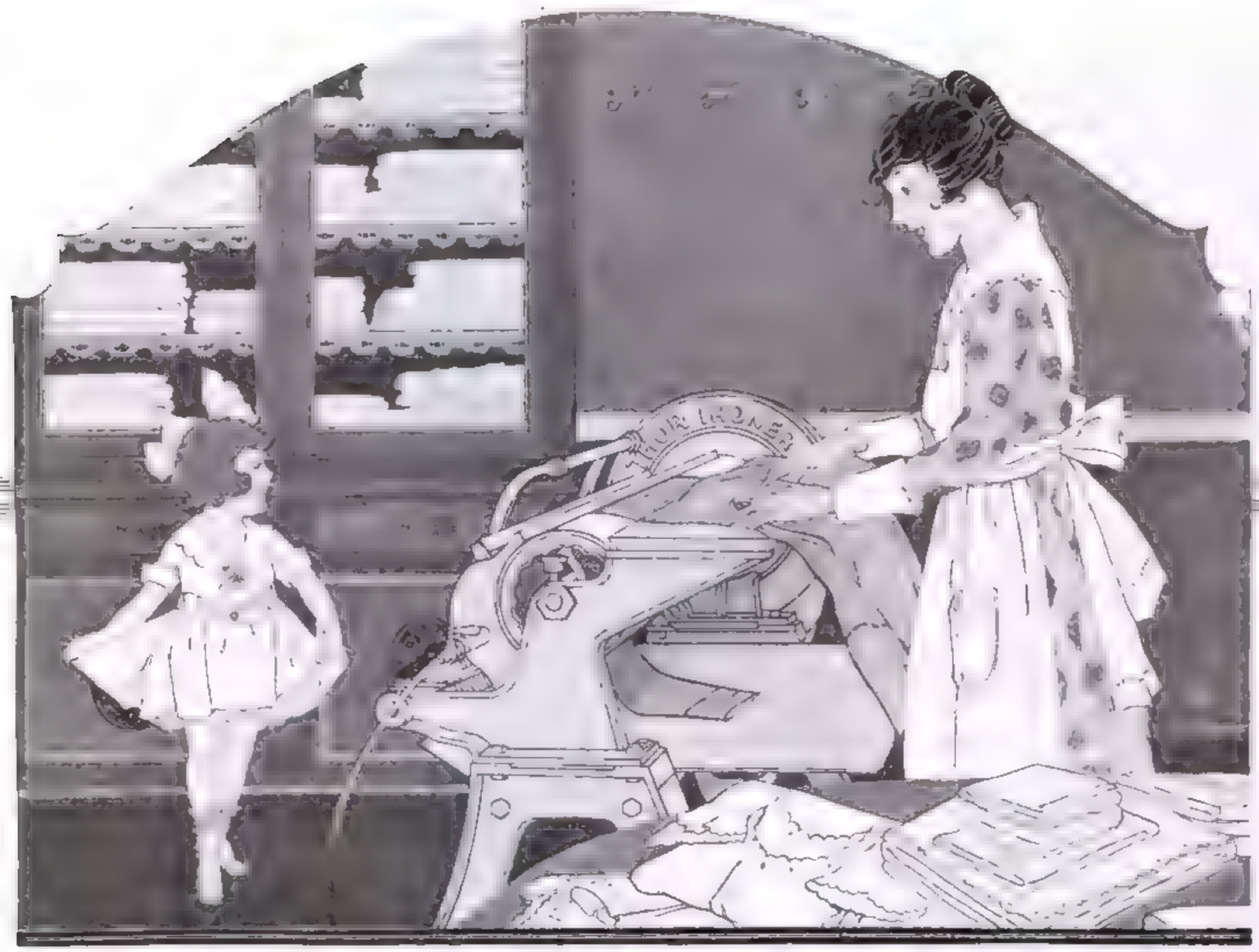
Swift & Company has twenty-three plants in the United States, all of which need experienced managers and superintendents. It has a sales organization with 400 branch houses, which necessarily involve well-qualified district sales managers. There are great numbers of positions carrying salaries which would be considered large in any walk of life, and which also carry responsibilities sufficient to satisfy the most ambitious.

Moreover, like other large corporations this one is constantly growing, and thus, entirely aside from the openings caused by death and retirement, new opportunities are constantly being created. At the writer's request the company asked twenty-three department heads in Chicago, twenty-three district sales managers throughout the country, and thirty plant managers and superintendents for information as to the first job held with the company, and the results are shown in the following tabulation:

How First Employed	Department Heads	District Sales Managers	Plant Managers and Superintendents
Clerk	9	7	6
Student	1	3	2
Stenographer	4	1	.
Department head	3	..	..
Office boy or messenger	2	2	5
Bookkeeper	1	1	1
Laborer	3	3	14
Salesman		5	1
Driver		1	..
Telegraph operator			1
Total	23	23	30

It will be noticed that out of seventy-six high official positions only three of the present holders started in with Swift & Company at their present ranks. But even these three started at the bottom with other companies. Thus every man in the seventy-six began at the bottom. Possibly, even at that, two or three out of the total number may have come from families of wealth, and commenced as clerks or students or even as office boys, because that seemed the best way. The writer, however, has seen the detailed accounts which these men wrote out, and is certain that the

(Continued on Page 92)



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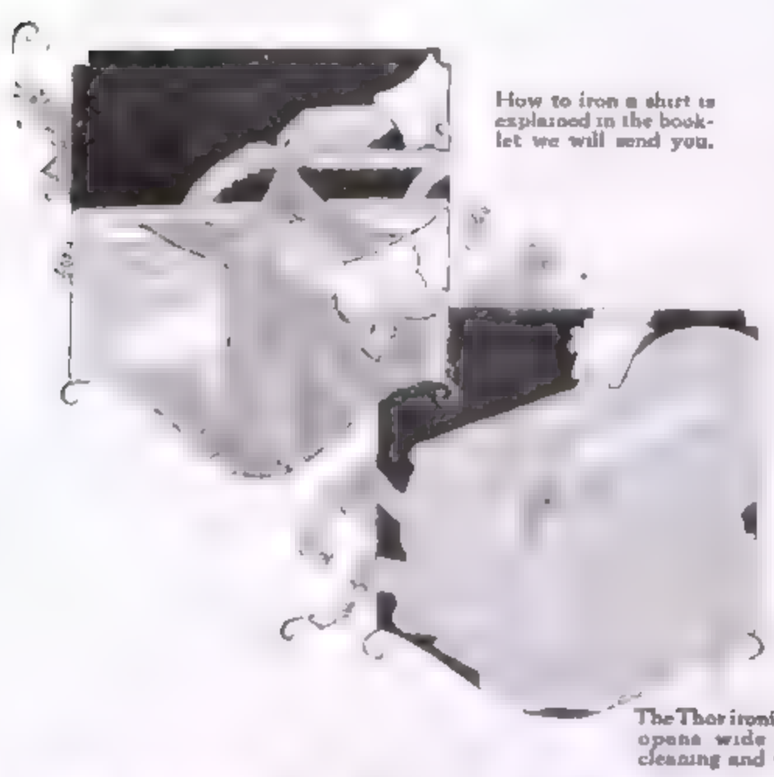

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(Continued from Page 90)

number of those who had any early advantages of inherited wealth or even of education was exceedingly small.

The most striking feature, however, is the fact that out of thirty plant managers and superintendents fourteen began as common day laborers. Even among the department heads and district sales managers six began in this way. Millionaires' sons do not start out upon their careers as day laborers.

One manager who was first a laborer says, "I don't know that I had any special position except as general roustabout, helping with the shipping, polishing scales, and so on." Another superintendent started as a laborer passing hooks to a man who was hanging off hogs. Another superintendent commenced as a messenger boy, carrying packages from one office to another. Still another's first job was driving hogs. Apparently these men had no particular inclination toward white-collar jobs. One man worked from age fourteen to twenty-one as a grocery clerk and delivery boy. In his twenty-second year he became a laborer for a small packing company, from which he went into the big company as a clerk. He gave this up and again became a laborer before he started his upward round.

One superintendent is unable to remember the date when he began, but he knows that he received ten cents an hour for his work. Several went with the company nearly forty years ago. Others began only ten years ago in equally subordinate capacities. One superintendent's first job was as an oiler and helper in a machine shop, and another was engaged in tying strings. One superintendent served three years' apprenticeship in the packing business in Switzerland, and when he came to this country he found that the industry was so different that he had wasted his time. He started all over again as a laborer.

In the largest chain of restaurants in the country, which is said—I do not know with what truth—to be controlled by Rockefeller money, eight out of ten managers have risen from humble positions. Men who start as assistant cook become cook, then relief manager, assistant manager, and when a new place is opened, which is very often, manager. The Rockefellers may own a block of stock in this company for all I know; Wall Street has even dubbed the company "Standard Oil" controlled. But when a new restaurant is opened, or a new district manager is to be appointed, or a new general manager, the position does not go to a Rockefeller.

From Humble Beginnings

One of the largest manufacturing industries in the world has upon its board of directors a large number of men who either founded the constituent companies of which this concern is a combination, or inherited the ownership of these formerly independent plants. These men are not very young, and concern themselves mostly with the financial end. They know comparatively little of present manufacturing methods and processes. But every single executive in the operating end of this great corporation has risen solely because of merit. The general manager of one individual constituent company which has seventeen factories began as a very poor clerk. The manager of an important department started on the docks. The general counsel started as an office boy. One of the operating vice presidents began as a clerk. Another vice president began as a salesman for a small concern. Four of the factory superintendents are less than thirty years of age and were all poor boys. One of the general managers is thirty-eight; and, in fact, many of the superintendents and managers are under forty, not one of them having begun with a pull.

The newspapers recently have been filled with accounts of litigation concerning the disposal of the huge estate of Marshall Field, the merchant who founded the great dry-goods house bearing his name. A youthful grandson is the chief beneficiary. But in 1917 there were said to be twenty-five or thirty men connected with the concern, receiving salaries of from $25,000 to $50,000 a year, who did not inherit fortunes, most of whom, in fact, began their careers as office or messenger boys.

Wall Street is usually depicted as the head and center of big business. Now the head and center of Wall Street itself consists of the great banks that are located there. There is no denying that these banks have a tremendous influence upon the commerce and industry of the country and to a large extent determine their course. This is the very core of capitalism, as it were. But the same principle operates here as elsewhere. An analysis of the origin of the officers of one of the three largest banking institutions in Wall Street shows that most of them came from small towns in the South and West and had begun in very minor capacities, usually as clerks. The vice president of another of the three largest banks went to work as a delivery boy at the age of fourteen. He is now only thirty-nine. He had sense enough, however, to study stenography at night school while he was a delivery boy.

Of course there are banks that are headed by the sons of the founders, and there are other financial institutions whose growth is so limited that a few men hang on forever apparently—to those below them. But in the banks that are growing rapidly new vice presidents, second vice presidents and assistant cashiers come upon the stage with bewildering rapidity and frequency. A few years ago the writer knew the names of practically all the bank officers in New York City of the rank of cashier, vice president and president. But so fast have the promotions come that the names of the majority are now unknown to me. Especially do the promotions come rapidly in the largest banks, those which incidentally really do constitute the money power.

Chances for Young Bankers

Though many of the directors of large metropolitan banks often represent, and avowedly at that, nothing but accumulated wealth in the form of large estates, rich families and the like, there are perhaps as many cases where the directors represent productive efficiency and their own unaided efforts. One of the organizers of a new bank in New York City was curious recently to trace the beginnings of the members of the board of directors. He picked five men at random, all of them heads of important corporations. One began as a lineman for the Chicago city fire department at twelve dollars a week; another as a runner for Armour & Company at five dollars a week; a third as a bank clerk at ten dollars a month; a fourth—now head of one of the country's best-known department stores—at chopping and selling wood; and the fifth in an insurance office at $2.50 a week.

Or take another side of the financial structure, the big life-insurance companies. I have secured detailed biographies of all the officers of one of the largest companies, with outstanding insurance of well over $2,000,000,000. The president of this concern was certainly not born with any unusual advantages, because his father was a cabinetmaker. The young man, however, studied law in the evenings and worked his way through the Harvard Law School.

Naturally, on the staff of an insurance company one would expect to find many college graduates, because the work is of a scientific and technical character. Of three vice presidents, however, two were born on farms and did not have the advantage of private-school educations before going to college, but went to the public schools, one to a country school and the other to a small village school. One of the second vice presidents worked in a sawmill and had only a high-school education. Among the junior officers a number were born on farms, and among those who were born in the city several started as office boys. One of the superintendents of agencies attended only a country school and entered business at the age of twelve. He was born on a farm, as was another superintendent of agencies, who likewise did not have the advantage of a college education.

Moreover, there is a constant procession into the most sacred precincts of high finance on the part of the self-made man. I mean not merely into positions of managerial responsibility, but into that more remote and abstract realm where a few men acting as trustees and directors for vast wealth tell the mere managers and presidents of corporations where they get off. Indeed, to be quite frank about it, the game could not be kept going if it were not for a constant infusion of new blood.

One instance will illustrate this tendency. James S. Alexander, president of the National Bank of Commerce, of New York City, which is either the second or the third largest in the country, recently has been elected to many boards of directors of the largest corporations, positions which indicate that he is at the very top of financial power. But ten or fifteen years ago Mr. Alexander, though well known to his fellow bankers in New York, did not hold any such place. He began his career in a small country dry-goods store without a bit of wealth, position or influence.

This is a typical case of what might be called infiltration. It is boring from without and not from within. Those who have even a glimmering of the continual changes of policy, vicissitudes, mistakes, blunders, failures to plan ahead and other evidences of anything but a perfection of efficiency or certainty of success on the part of big business, do not need to be told how necessary it is for the great corporations, both financial and industrial, to receive an infusion of new blood continually.

"There are fewer bars to promotion in the banks and big corporations in New York City than elsewhere," said a prominent banker. "Here in New York any advantages of wealth or social prestige which may help a man in the beginning are good for only a few weeks. The pace is too swift here in the financial center for pull to count for any length of time. So many corporations are brought here to be reorganized that there is no time to consider a man's connections. Every day a corporation must be saved. This means a new crowd is rushed to the rescue, and no one stops to think whether they all have the proper social and plutocratic connections."

This is an extreme statement of course, and was probably intended to be such to emphasize the point. It is a fact, however, that corporate houses are constantly being cleaned in New York, because it is the financial center of corporate life.

Only recently a company considered to be one of the richest and most prosperous in the country found itself unable to handle its business, having fallen behind in new contracts during the war. Perhaps its officers lacked the vision and imagination to cope with the new problems confronting them. At any rate, a new president was quickly appointed and many new experts with full power to put their ideas into operation were hastily brought from other parts of the country and given important positions. Most of these were men under forty years of age.

Executives From the Ranks

Anyone who takes the trouble to study the progress of corporations over a period of years will bear me out in the statement that inherited wealth rarely keeps an exclusive hold on a big concern for very long. For a few years the majority of a board of directors may consist of men who have inherited wealth or who merely represent large accumulations of it. But it does not take long for such a personnel to bring dry rot upon a concern, unless of course the heirs of fortunes prove to have ability equal to that of the self-made type of man.

The youngest of six brothers who inherited and still dominate one of the largest industrial organizations in the country recently told a group of foremen at the closing meeting of a course in production methods that he supposed he had got his job by means of pull, but that he was soon given to understand he could not hold his job through pull. Mere wealth and influence cannot keep an industry alive unless it has the spark of life in it, and that comes only from managerial ability.

Let us look at the subject in a coldly mathematical manner. The unadorned fact is that the number of young men of inherited wealth who also have managerial ability is insignificant in comparison with the number of directive, administrative, executive and managerial positions to be filled. If the industries of the country had to depend upon the competent sons of the rich to manage them, most concerns would shut up shop to-morrow. Nor is this necessarily a reflection upon the boy who is born with a silver spoon. From the mere point of view of numbers it is obvious that there are not enough rich men's sons to go round, even if they were willing to go through the preliminary drudgery required to qualify for most managerial positions.

Even in concerns that are controlled by one man who has inherited that control and who heads the company because of his stock ownership, practically all the executive positions are filled by men who have come from the ranks. I have in mind a company, with sixty thousand employees, whose president and largest stockholder is the son of the founder of the business. All the other important positions, however, are filled without exception by men from the ranks. These have risen from positions as office boys, clerks and laborers in the plants.

It is true of course that a considerable part of the rewards of industry, of its profits, go to those who contribute capital but no personal ability or effort. The Standard Oil Company of New Jersey is a conspicuous example of a great and successful corporation with a few owners of great blocks of common stock, men and women unidentified with the actual management, but fortunate enough to be the children or grandchildren of founders of the company. But even in this extreme instance a large number of people in the organization availed themselves of the recent opportunity to subscribe to the first issue of preferred stock.

In industry as a whole, however, scores, perhaps hundreds of thousands of active men—the managers, superintendents, technical experts, sales managers, salesmen and the like—are sharing in the profits.

In the business world it is accepted as a matter of course that the ambitious executive desires to acquire an interest in his business when that interest is at all worth having. Indeed there is a certain element of absurdity in decrying the big profits of business when one considers how large and ever increasing a portion of these profits goes to persons who ten or fifteen years ago were shop workers, clerks, stenographers and office boys.

Employee Stock Ownership

The number of large corporations whose stock is neither available in the public markets nor obtainable for the managerial staff by private arrangement with the owners is exceedingly small. When it comes to interesting the rank-and-file worker the question is admittedly more complicated. Many of these workers have only enough money to buy one or two shares, the ownership of which can make but little difference to them. Labor leaders speak of the evils of paternal savings and stock-purchasing plans fostered by the employer and managed by him. The evils presumably consist of tying the worker to the job.

But whatever the possible evils of such ownership may be from the standpoint of organized labor, the tendency for workers of all classes to buy stock in the corporations by which they are employed is distinctly on the increase. Moreover, this new type of corporate ownership seems most marked in the case of the very large corporations. In other words, the profits of the very large corporations, which are the most criticized, are tending more and more to go to labor itself.

As yet there are few large corporations in which the rank and file or even the higher grades of workers own more than a relatively small minority of the stock, rarely more than five to ten per cent. But the worker's participation in this form of ownership is steadily growing and raises the question whether labor could not, by investing its savings, within a comparatively few years actually obtain a large minority or even majority interest in many of the greatest companies.

Already the employees of the United States Steel Corporation own ten per cent of the stock, and even in the strike year of 1919 more than 66,000 employees subscribed. Of the employees of Swift & Company 11,000 own stock outright, and 23,000 are making payments for further allotments. Nearly 20,000 employees of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company have paid in full for stock, and 9000 are paying at the rate of two dollars a share per month. Several of the large rubber companies have encouraged the purchase of stock by employees. Of a recent issue of $40,000,000 of preferred stock of the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company more than 17,000 employees took a total of $7,000,000 par value. Workers for the Firestone Tire and Rubber Company took $500,000 of $10,000,000 of new preferred stock, and the company asserts that this was done entirely on the employees' own initiative and wholly without aid from the company.

The Du Pont Powder Company is a conspicuous example of a great corporation dominated by heirs of its founders, and very distant ones at that. But even here nearly one-half the total number of stockholders are employees. The General Motors Corporation has a savings and stock-purchasing plan, and of 62,297 employees

(Continued on Page 97)

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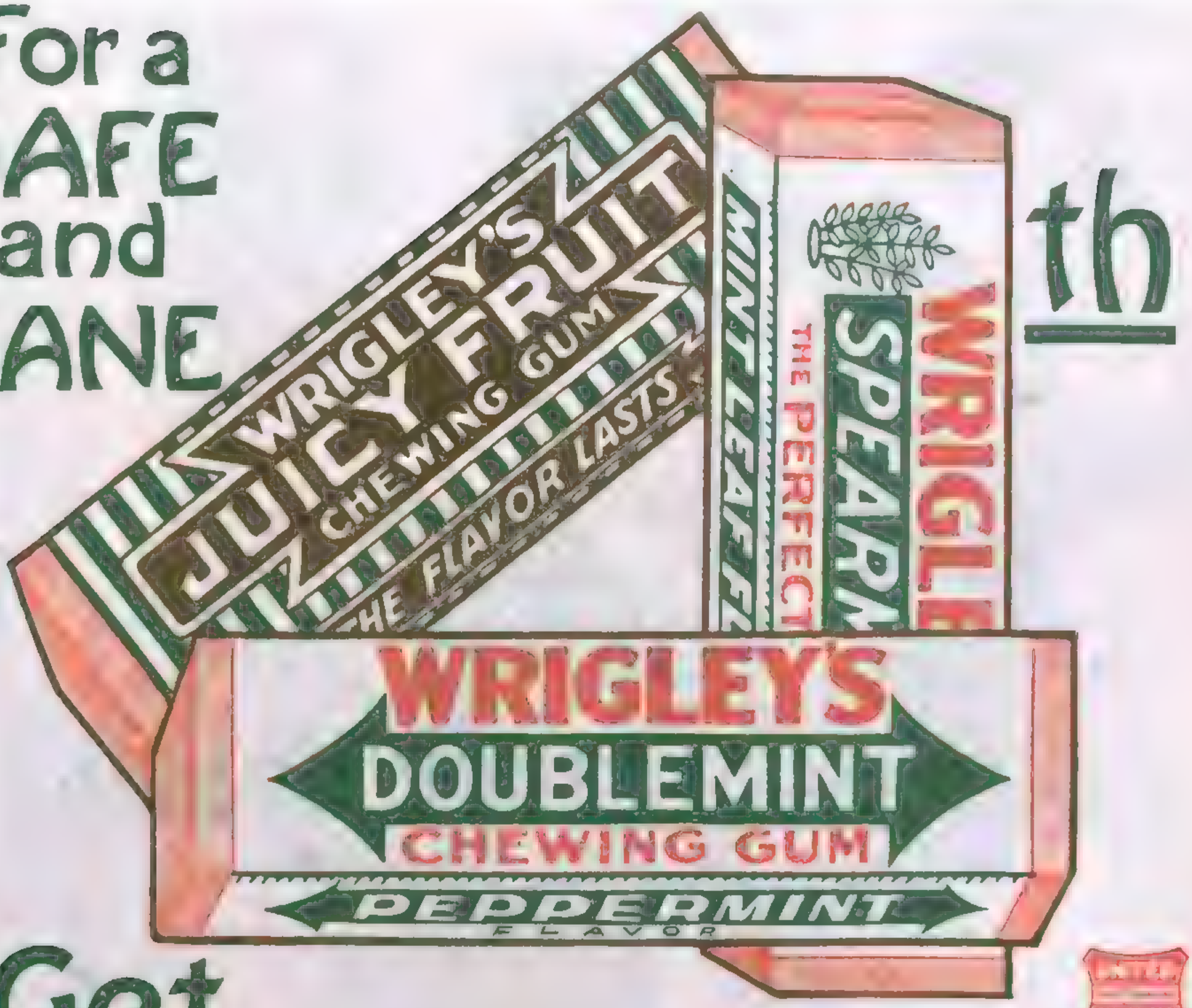

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(Continued from Page 92)

eligible to participate more than one-half had taken advantage of its provisions at the end of last year. Other great corporations in which employees have bought or are in process of buying stock on a large scale are Sears, Roebuck; Eastman Kodak; Procter & Gamble; American Sugar Refining; United States Rubber; and Endicott-Johnson.

In most of the cases cited the company itself either initiates these plans or has considerable control over them. Often the stock is sold to workers at less than its market value and always it is sold on easy terms. But if the workers and their trade-unions do not like these paternalistic features they are at liberty in practically every case to go into the open market and buy control if the business is a presumably profitable enough one to attract them. George E. Roberts, banker and well-known writer on financial subjects, has recently pointed out that if all the railway employees in the country saved on an average of fifty dollars a year each they could buy control of the New York Central System in one year, of Baltimore and Ohio and Erie together in less time, and all the through lines between Chicago and New York within five years, at present market prices for the stock.

Whether such a plan is feasible or not it is clear that many forms of concerted, group action on the part of the workers tend to increase their opportunities, entirely aside from any question of actual individual promotion to managerial positions. Take one example. If the plan to elect representatives of the workers to the boards of directors of corporations should become at all common even the rank-and-file workers would have a representative part at least in directing the affairs of their companies. Of course they can never all become presidents any more than all soldiers can become generals, except perhaps in certain Latin-American countries.

But to state the idea in a somewhat extreme form the man will be split. One part of him will continue to work at a bench and the other part through his representatives will participate in the higher administrative affairs of the business. Just how much importance should be attached to such a development is another question.

From one point of view it is unfortunate that the public is told so much about the presidents of great corporations. We hear so much of Schwab, Ford and other men at the head of their respective enterprises that unconsciously we think of these great concerns only in terms of one personality. For years the public thought of the Bell Telephone System in the personality of Theodore N. Vail. It long knew of oil only in terms of Rockefeller, of the railways at one time in the persons of Hill and Harriman, and so on through a long list of industries. Leaders have their good points, but subordinates have almost as great or sometimes equal ability, and are to a certain extent discouraged by the continual and exclusive publicity which falls to the lot of a few of their chiefs.

Playing Up to Executives

The public has been so fed up with newspaper and magazine accounts of great financiers, multimillionaires, bankers and captains of industry that it has almost forgotten the existence of lieutenants. There was only one General Pershing in the war, and goodness knows he had his full share of publicity. But the 30,000 or so other officers really had something to do with the management of the affair. One reason industry is thought of as being autocratic and concentrated is because people so love to read about big figures, and writers find it so profitable to dish them up. Unfortunately there is no Sunday newspaper or magazine market for the biographies of assistants and superintendents.

Where the president of a large corporation is a strong personality the whole tendency in the organization is to play up to him. It is a well-known fact among newspaper men that no official or employee of the United States Steel Corporation is permitted to say a word for publication—that is, for quotation over his own name or that of the corporation—unless E. H. Gary, chairman of the board of directors, gives his O. K. to the statement or puts it out over his own name. This means of course that the largest corporation on earth can make no statement to the public except through one overworked man. This is just one of many ways in which the whole personality of the gigantic organization must pass through the prism of Judge Gary's mind.

It is not a part of this article to criticize such a policy, but obviously one result is that the public thinks of the United States Steel Corporation as a dominant individual, Judge Gary. There may be, indeed are, hundreds of other men of marked ability and varying personalities in this organization, but the public is not allowed to know about them. The steel corporation is the most conspicuous case of this kind, but the tendency is a common one in the corporate world. The result is a most unfortunate impression in the public mind to the effect that a few individuals, each very rich and supposed to be autocratic, dominate and control the industrial structure. In many cases they are autocratic, but, after all, their power and influence are nothing like so great as the public thinks they are, because they are able to function only through having so many responsible and capable subordinates.

"There are always more responsible positions than appear or than the public hears about," said one of the leading corporation lawyers in New York City. "I know, because these companies come to us to arrange their bond issues, mortgages and the like. There is a steel mill in Ohio, the president of which I had heard of for years. He came to see us many times and he is a fine man. But I had occasion once to go out to the mill, and there in back offices I found a whole lot of chaps who knew just as much about the business as the president. The companies always send a smooth, well-dressed man to interview us, but when we go out to the mills we always find a lot of people in the back offices not nearly so well dressed or so smooth, but just as able when it comes to the business itself."

Education in Industry

But entirely aside from the few highest positions, the large corporations are, to an extent little appreciated by the public, the greatest training schools and colleges for business opportunity that we have. Whatever the faults of large-scale industry may be, certainly many of its most important units have developed training and education to a remarkable extent. It is not necessary to cite figures to prove this point. Anyone familiar with technical subjects knows that for young men to be graduates, let us say, of concerns like the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing and American Telephone and Telegraph means a great deal. Men who had worked with these and similar corporations were in great demand during the war.

Now it is well known that many corporations train more men than they can hope to use. The big corporations can afford it and they have the facilities to do it. The General Electric Company has run through a so-called test course more than 2000 engineering graduates, only fifty-four per cent of whom remain with the company. The Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company also has trained, both among college graduates and shop workers, far more youths than remain with the company. But the significant point is that great numbers of these young men, both college and noncollege, go to smaller companies and use the training they have received in big business to their own great advantage, and often in building up competition to the big concern.

Entirely aside from the employees of large corporations who go into smaller enterprises on their own account, there is a constant flow of employees of big concerns into better-salaried positions with smaller companies. A small company finds itself in need of a man and discovers one in the big corporation at thirty-five to forty dollars a week. It offers him fifty to sixty dollars and takes him away.

Such words and phrases as "trusts," "monopolies," "big business" and "the concentration of wealth" have been so dinned into our ears in the last decade or two that we have fallen into the fallacious idea that the tendency of large corporations is solely to shut off small enterprises. Big business, so we have come to view it, deprives men of the opportunity to start and succeed in little business much as big fish eat up little fish. This idea is very prevalent, not only among persons with social and revolutionary leanings but also among the most conservative.

Now of course we have had trusts and monopolies, and several large corporations have tried successfully to drive competitors out of business. But the idea that little business generally is being killed off is mere theorizing in its worst form. Most persons who believe that little concerns no longer have any chance are led to that opinion not from a study of the facts in the case, but solely by deduction, and a lame one at that. They think because big corporations are in many cases steadily growing that little companies cannot grow. But, unfortunately for this theory, the facts do not work out that way.

The truth is that big corporations often create a market for the little fellow, not in the same line perhaps, but in those allied to it. The little industry in precisely the same field is killed off often by the development of large-scale production, but that very development affords opportunity for small enterprises in near-by lines. It is doubtful perhaps if any other concern than The Ford Motor Company could manufacture the same car at the same price. But large-scale manufacture of the Ford car has created an opportunity for great numbers of specialty manufacturers. Judging from the advertisements I have received from the makers of Ford accessories and from the pages of advertisements of these products in automobile magazines, I should be inclined to the opinion that Mr. Ford has been of the greatest assistance to young and ambitious mechanics wishing to set up in business for themselves as accessory manufacturers.

Large-scale production of course can go only to a certain point; beyond that it is wasteful and inefficient in the extreme. It is successful only on standardized products, but the world is a very long way yet from living on standardized products. When the trust movement started in this country about a quarter century ago it was assumed that big business would triumph over little business in almost every line. But there never was a greater fallacy, and in the failures and reorganizations of many of the trusts of twenty years ago we have had the proof that big business has distinct limitations.

"We are about the only people that can make an electric railway," said a representative of one of the greatest electrical concerns, "but in creating a market for electric railways we make a market for any number of parts that the little fellow can produce better than we. With our huge resources we conduct expensive research, and after we have determined that the product can be made and that a market can be created then we enter upon long and costly advertising campaigns to create it. Then, after the market is made by the expenditure of our money, the little fellow comes along and grows rich making parts and specialties for this new market, and we get cussed out for being so big."

Pink Wheels Come High

When so-called trusts were first formed it did not occur to the organizers that overhead expenses might eat up most of the profits. To-day the managers of large corporations have learned the frightful danger from overhead expenses and are able to operate profitably only if they turn out a standardized product. Small manufacturers with a few employees and practically no accounting or clerical organization have practically no overhead expenses. One authority has estimated that the overhead expenses of the big manufacturer often run four times as great as those of the very small one.

The Ford Motor Company could not possibly afford to make one or two cars with pink wheels. The profits on hundreds of standard cars would be jeopardized by the effort of the giant organization to turn from its regular work to paint the wheels of a few cars pink. But the little machine shop on a back street could make a car with pink wheels as cheaply as one with black.

A representative of one of the largest manufacturing companies, which among other things makes a standard type of engine, told me that for a certain special engine the real cost to his company would be ten times that of a very small machine shop where the proprietor spends part of his time in actual manual work. Of course the big company can often afford to take contracts at less than the cost of production in order to get them away from the small competitor or to destroy him. But this kind of business is not successful in the long run for most big concerns, and there are innumerable instances where the big company does not even attempt to go after many classes of specialty business which the public would naturally suppose it is fitted to handle.

In this country to-day there are no less than 1700 separate manufacturers of automobile accessories. Relatively speaking, these are all new concerns, and the great majority of all these manufacturers have risen from the ranks in very recent years. One of the most prominent of these men was a blacksmith in his earlier days. Another gives his first three occupations as farmer, teacher and letter carrier.

It is true of course that even in as new an industry as the making of automobiles there is a tendency for a few large companies to dominate the field. At present there are several hundred separate companies making passenger cars and trucks, but as far as passenger cars are concerned it is probable that ten companies handle seventy-five per cent of the business. The enormous volume of business turned out by three companies alone—Ford, General Motors and Willys-Overland—is well known to everyone. But the fact remains that several hundred other companies are successfully making cars and that 1700 separate companies are making accessories. All together something like 7000 companies are making parts for automobiles.

Equality of Poverty

No matter what growth may be attained by the three big concerns just referred to, and perhaps by two or three others, it is unlikely that most of the accessories can be made by them. The ramifications are too great. Big business succeeds best where it concentrates on a few standardized products, a fact which cannot be too often repeated. There are several shoe companies whose daily output fairly staggers the imagination, but they cannot make nails and eyelets, through which the shoe strings run, anything like so profitably or so well as a specialty man with fifty employees.

In the same way the great automobile manufacturers are up against it when they try to make spark plugs and speedometers. The two largest electrical companies in the country have reached enormous size, but it is stated on good authority that certain small but well-known specialties are most unprofitable to them.

All this is carrying coals to Newcastle as far as my readers are familiar with any particular industry. Any person well informed as to a specific business knows the intensity of competition in his own line. He cannot find time even to read the advertisements of his competitors in the trade journals. There are so many small manufacturers that even to get them together into a trade association is always a desperately difficult job.

But let us return for a moment to big business itself. We calmly assume that before the advent of large-scale production everyone was happy, because each man worked solely in his own interest and managed his own business or craft. When we speak in a critical way of the present unequal distribution of wealth and of the lack of opportunity for the mass of the people, it is usually with the implied idea that at some earlier period of history both wealth and opportunity were more generally available. But the historical facts indicate that at earlier periods the equality was more often one of poverty and of no opportunity at all. Whether it was better to starve as an independent workman in an earlier day or receive large wages now as an employee of a soulless corporation is not so simple a question as it seems offhand.

Perhaps what is sometimes considered a passing of opportunity is only a change in its form. If large corporations are managed properly they are capable of substituting for the old sense of independence of the individual craftsman all manner of economic securities which the individual worker or business man never had and can never hope to have. We are still a long ways from perfection in this respect. Large corporations still discharge thousands of workers at the first sign of business reaction. But more and more the tendency of the well-established corporation is to keep as many of its workers in steady employment as possible. This is in the interest of both the companies and the employees themselves.

Organized labor's criticism of stock-purchase plans has been referred to. Welfare work is spoken of as hellfare work, and profit sharing, bonuses, old-age pensions, group insurance and the like are often denounced as schemes to prevent the worker

What your Tailor says about buying a Belt

"Men ofttimes pay $100, $125, or $150 for a suit," he will tell you, "and then go out and buckle on the first belt that comes to hand."

"A misfit belt can mar good tailoring—a belt that fits can add to the goodness of good tailoring. A belt is something a man should buy with his eyes open."

Men who hearken to the advice of their tailors wear Braxtons—the belt that's shaped to fit the body neatly and naturally.

You get your choice in the Braxton of seven dressy leathers, all custom-made, with snaps for interchangeable buckles. You get a belt that supports your trousers comfortably and stylishly, without undue binding.

You can't mistake any ordinary belt for the Braxton—but to make assurance doubly sure, look for the "Campbell Products" tag and name "Braxton, the Belt for Men" stamped on every box and belt.

The Perkins-Campbell Company, Cincinnati, O.

BRAXTON

THE BELT FOR MEN

PATENTED

from getting a fair wage or from bargaining effectively with his employer. But, after all, the labor union itself is nothing but a fighting device to obtain for its members economic security and advantages, to protect them from vicissitudes. If the worker can really get these benefits in other ways, where is the function of the union?

Employers have not yet become angels by any manner of means. But anyone who studies the efforts that great corporations are making to protect their workers from economic vicissitudes cannot fail to be impressed by the steady progress being made. There are many large corporations to-day whose various benefit funds depend upon continuity of employment, showing that the companies are anxious to provide steady employment for their workers. Moreover, the very size reached by many of these companies almost automatically provides protection against unemployment for vast numbers of employees. There is an increasing tendency to remove what might be called the speculative chances off the back of the ordinary worker.

Perhaps the greatest point made against modern industry is the loss of a sense of craftsmanship on the part of the worker because of the size of the units. Much is said of absentee ownership and the evils thereof. Now all these evils may be freely admitted, but there is another side which has been too little emphasized. In many of these organizations there is a morale or spirit which pervades practically the entire force. A man does not necessarily have to own a business to take pride in it. Reporters, who are often the most poorly paid and hard worked of men, often prefer to work on a big city newspaper rather than on a small country sheet, even though the chance of owning the big paper is far less. In fact, it is extremely difficult to get bright young reporters to work on small and unknown papers in which they might easily acquire a financial interest, and only too easy to get them to enter the employ of the great city journals.

The reporter enjoys the importance of his big paper, he likes the push of the crowd and the very size and consequence of the undertaking, even if he does not own it. He feels pride in it because it is so big and carries so much influence. Of course other workers do not have the same direct means of self-expression as the newspaper reporter. But they feel the effect of their work and their fellows' work upon the community. They often feel an immense personal pride in the enormous achievements of which they are a part.

Merit at a Premium

Take the telephone operator as an example. The American Telephone and Telegraph Company has more than 200,000 employees, and in its main office there are several bushels of newspaper clippings telling of the heroism of its operators. These girls are animated by the spirit of the game, by the pride of doing well, especially in a dangerous emergency, what they are expected to do, just as much as if they owned this $500,000,000 corporation.

A recently compiled list shows 600 employees' magazines, those which are published by large companies for the benefit of their employees. This may not be a very important fact, but it shows at least that large-scale industry is wrestling with the problem of making the workers feel at home. These papers deal in personal items concerning the workers in much the fashion of a country newspaper, and the items are of course supplied by the workers themselves. Athletic and social events are reported minutely and the papers are for the most part read with great eagerness by those for whom they are intended.

In the preparation of this article I have talked with a great variety of persons, in many walks of life. One of the most common remarks they make, always with an air of earnestness and real personal conviction, is in regard to the insistent demand for men of ability. "There was never a time," says the chief engineer of an organization employing 18,000 people, "when individual merit was sought so earnestly or when proper performance of duties was more quickly rewarded."

The common way of expressing it is to say that there are more high-salaried places than men to fill them; or, in other words, that the demand is greater than the supply.

"Is there a chance for young men to go ahead?" said a banker, repeating my question. "Once a young man gets into this atmosphere of overworked executives he can go ahead if only he is willing to take some of the load off their shoulders."

Now of course there has never been a time in the world's history when extraordinary ability did not win a great reward. Put in more pessimistic terms, there has never been a time when the strong could not benefit, we will not say at the expense of the weak necessarily, but more readily than the weak. In this sense the demand for men to fill important positions at high salaries has always been and will always be greater than the supply. There is nothing new in this fact; and when business men make the statement with nothing in mind except that ability is rare, they are only repeating old stuff, older than the history of mankind itself.

But when you hear to-day that there are more opportunities for men to fill important positions than there are men to fill them, the real point is that industry is extending, expanding, developing at a tremendous pace. Industry is constantly opening up new territory, reaching here and there, tireless in its efforts to supply the ever-growing needs of mankind. A few perhaps of the older lines become less profitable and promising. But the total volume, variety and number of business enterprises keeps growing day by day.

How Good Jobs Multiply

As each new field is opened up a large number of men who had but little hope of forging ahead seize their opportunity, and a new group of millionaires, along with an even greater mass of persons in comfortable circumstances, are added to the already existing group. At any given point of time one may say that the masses of people are doomed to an unchanging lot. It may look that way at the moment, but a year later a new industry will have risen and great portions of the rank and file have broken away.

In a country which is growing, where conditions are changing, where markets are widening and new products are constantly being put upon them, it cannot be fairly said that one must wait to step into dead men's shoes. The point has been made that a mail-order catalogue of to-day includes thousands of articles not in the catalogues and perhaps unheard of thirty years ago.

I asked a subordinate official of a large automobile company what he thought of the subject of opportunity. His answer was brief but pointed: "In the last few days two or three new men have come in here on the top floor. New blood is coming in all the time."

The phrase "top floor" has more than a mere physical significance. In most large corporations the top floor is where the higher executives have their offices. If the top floor is steadily changing one may be sure that those beneath it are shifting just as rapidly. I visited the top floor of another great concern, engaged in an older industry than the manufacture of automobiles, and one which in popular consideration probably seems much older than it really is, so accustomed have we become to the use of the telephone. Yet the telephone is very new indeed in reality. Ten or fifteen years ago there was a president and a couple of vice presidents upon the telephone's top floor.

They were rather lonely there because there was plenty of empty space. Now there are six or seven vice presidents, and another building is in course of erection which will also contain its top floor.

It is rather difficult to refer in detail to specific companies without running the danger of overemphasizing this or that concern. At the same time this is the only way to make my point clear. Consider the Cities Service Company, which operates oil and public-utility properties. In 1906 the company had three executives and ten assistant executives; it has now 300 executives and perhaps 1500 assistants. One of the officials of the company has figured that the same rate of growth will mean 1500 executives and 5000 assistants at the end of another ten years. In explaining these figures to a group of employees the official said that there was a good opportunity for every man in the room, and in view of the growth already reached the opinion expressed seems entirely conservative.

Periodically this country has developed new industries: the railroads, oil, steel, telegraph, telephone, automobiles, moving pictures—to name only a few of the most

(Concluded on Page 100)

"AS GOOD AS IT LOOKS"

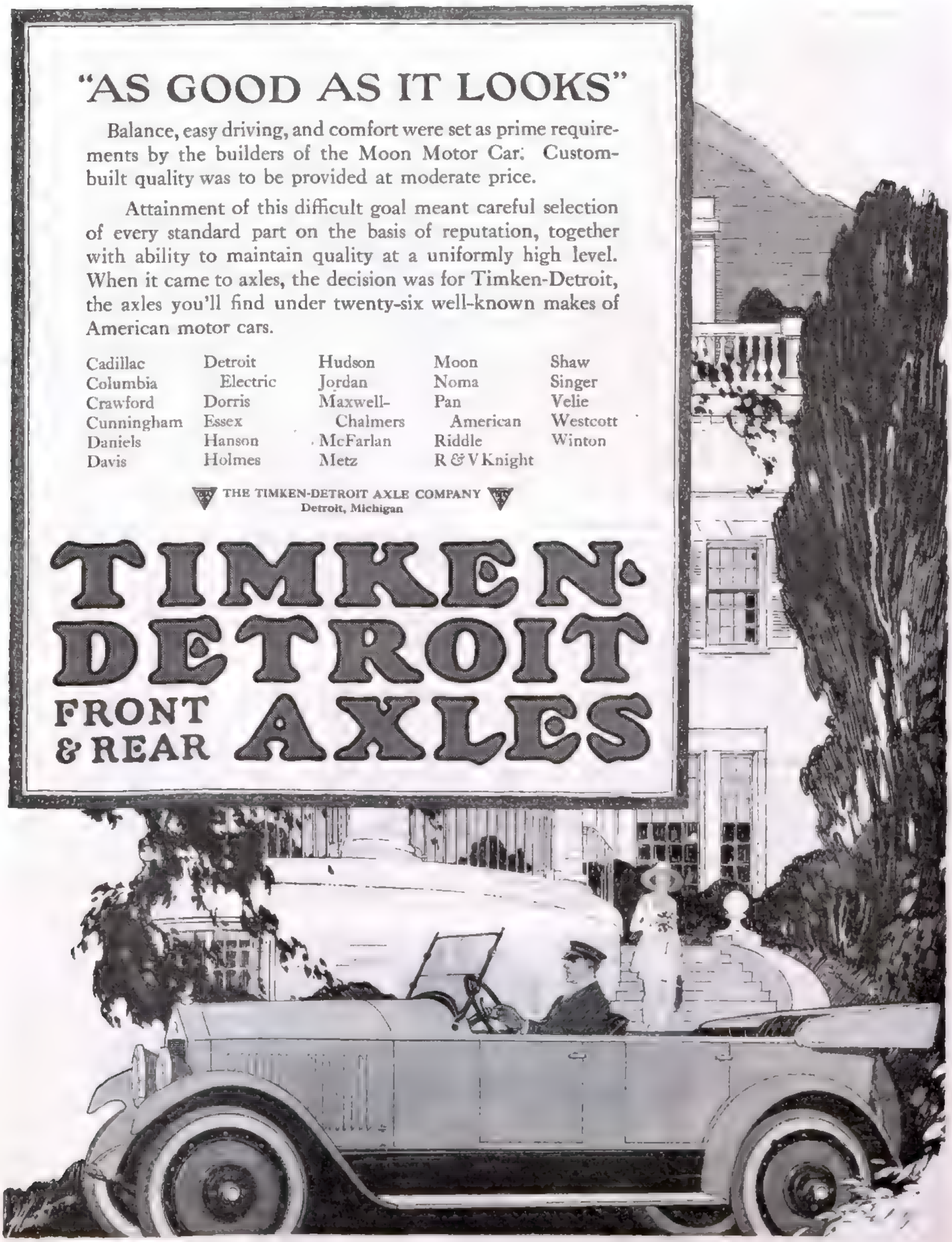
Balance, easy driving, and comfort were set as prime requirements by the builders of the Moon Motor Car. Custom-built quality was to be provided at moderate price.

Attainment of this difficult goal meant careful selection of every standard part on the basis of reputation, together with ability to maintain quality at a uniformly high level. When it came to axles, the decision was for Timken-Detroit, the axles you'll find under twenty-six well-known makes of American motor cars.

Cadillac	Detroit Electric	Hudson	Moon	Shaw
Columbia	Dorris	Jordan	Noma	Singer
Crawford	Essex	Maxwell-Chalmers	Pan American	Velie
Cunningham	Hanson	McFarlan	Riddle	Westcott
Daniels	Holmes	Metz	R & V Knight	Winton
Davis				

THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan

TIMKEN-DETROIT
FRONT & REAR AXLES



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conspicuous. In the same way old industries have expanded until they were unrecognizable. Surely it is not reasonable to suppose that similar developments are at an end. Mr. Schwab often has said that a young man seeing the wealth accumulated by Andrew Carnegie in 1880 might naturally suppose that opportunities were over in the steel business. But now forty times as much steel is being produced as in 1880.

It may be added also that in the meantime Schwab had taken Carnegie's place as the dominant figure, and as even Schwab himself is beginning to grow old other equally promising leaders are coming up.

A few years ago it was fashionable to suppose that the creation of large fortunes had come to an end. Many had been made from the development of railroads, steel, oil and other industries. But the large combinations were being attacked by the Government and it was thought that new legislation would prevent the accumulation of millions in the future. These fortunes had been built up, it was said, because the country was new and there had been no antitrust laws. In many classes of business it was thought that the Government would not permit the creation of millions in the future, and in other lines competition would be too keen.

But even while people were talking in this manner ideas were becoming inventions, inventions were growing into industries, and unhampered by any government regulation or interference a whole new group of millionaires was springing up. There were the automobile, the phonograph, the moving picture and the airplane; any number of new types of merchandising, and all sorts of new power machinery.

Nor have science and invention come to a stop by any means. They move along by giant strides, ever promising and producing new articles. Government regulation may prevent more fortunes in railroads, but who is to keep the men from becoming rich who find a new fuel, who make the airplane a great commercial success, or who invent new engines, storage batteries and motors?

"Success and security were never so abundant nor so easily attained by men with capacity and a sense of proportion as they are in the varied and flexible world of to-day," says H. G. Wells in a recent book. "We live in an affluent age with a nearly incredible continuous fresh increment of power pouring in from mechanical inventions, and compared with our own most other periods have been meager and anxious and hard-up times. Our problems are constantly less the problems of submission and consolation and continually more problems of opportunity."

From Bench to Boardroom

Even in the older industries, expansion, extension and new uses open up totally new horizons. Not only has steel production increased to an incredible extent but many new kinds of steel are constantly coming upon the market and making fortunes for those alert enough to push them along. With the advent of the internal-combustion engine the oil industry, which dates back relatively far in our history, has taken on a new lease of life, almost without parallel in any field.

Complaints of lack of opportunity are not common in Texas, Oklahoma, Louisiana and other states that have recently been blessed with discoveries of petroleum. We talk about the pioneer days having passed, but in this whole vast southwestern area of the country we have duplicated in the last few years the very conditions of youth, adventure, and the marvelous rise of whole multitudes of men which characterized a very much smaller area in the earlier days of the republic.

Standard Oil is still a great name to conjure with in oil. But in addition to the thousands upon thousands of small concerns that have sprung up, a half dozen great enterprises have been developing, one or two of which are but little if any behind the Standard in size and power. The very recent success of men like Sinclair, Doheny, Doherty and Cosden, all up from the bottom ranks to enormous wealth in a very short period of time, shows that the crust is far from hard as yet.

In the same way in the steel industry the growth of rivals to the United States Steel Corporation like the Bethlehem and Midvale, with the rise of men like Schwab, Corey, Grace and Replogle, in this case all from the ranks of manual labor, points the same way. On the railroads, it is true, there has been but little growth. It is significant that the majority of railroad presidents have risen from such positions as fireman, brakeman, clerk, telegraph operator and the like, and these presidential positions pay and always have paid large salaries and carried with them great power.

Unfortunately, however, the railroads have always paid rather meager salaries to those in minor managerial positions, a fact which no doubt has discouraged the rank and file and tended toward the extremely close unionization of the industry. The plain fact is that the railroad service has had much the same deadening effect upon individual opportunity as the government service. Promotion has been too slow, and the rewards, except in the highest positions, of which there are not enough to hold out much inducement, far too small.

But there are other means of transportation. The automobile industry has been referred to before. Relatively speaking, everything in it is new; and the majority of the several thousand manufacturing companies have been built up by men who did not occupy positions of any importance or responsibility when the industry began. On the board of directors of the General Motors Corporation, the largest combination in the field and employing the largest capital, are six or seven men who began literally with their hands. The scheme of organization in the company is in itself a most striking evidence of the short distance from bench to top place in management. The managers of the subsidiary companies which actually make the cars are also the presidents of these companies and are at the same time vice presidents of the big holding company, directors in it and members of the executive committee of its board of directors.

Lucky Garage Men

Entirely aside from the question of passenger-car development, the motor truck has created a great field by itself for enterprise, managerial ability and business opportunity. To quote an authority on the subject, "Trucks are in such great demand that anything which is called a truck and will stay together for a short time goes at the present moment." There is every reason to expect an increasing demand for automobiles, both trucks and passenger cars, from other countries. The export department of one concern alone has grown in a few years from thirty or forty men to 500.

Consider for a moment the humble garage. We take the garage very much for granted and expect to find one every few miles along the main highroads. Indeed there are nearly 32,000 garages in the country. But a garage was an unknown institution a comparatively few years ago. It has developed in response to the demand, and the result has been an important and in many cases lucrative occupation for great numbers of men.

It is not my point that every garage has been successful. Especially in the last few years, since it has been very difficult to get delivery of cars, dealers who have maintained expensive sales offices and whose profits depended almost entirely upon their sales of new cars rather than upon repair work and other incidentals have in some cases had a hard time of it. But take the country over, it is a matter of the commonest observation that great numbers of young men have built up little industries in the form of the local garage to a fairly successful point, with the even greater advantage of being engaged in work that is enjoyable and independent.

It is a matter of common observation that thousands of head mechanics and proprietors of garages are relatively young men. Naturally, promotion is rapid, because the business is steadily growing in volume and it is a very short step from apprentice to chief mechanic or proprietor. Many mechanics leave large factories to enter garages because of the great variety, diversity, freedom and independence they gain. In the big factories the workman often does only one thing, but in a garage he shifts from job to job and takes part in many processes. A mechanic who recently left one of the largest automobile factories to go into a small garage or machine shop gave as his reason that he couldn't lift his elbows in the big factory.

The writer knows of a young man of twenty-one or twenty-two who is now chief mechanic in a garage and who only a few years ago was mowing lawns at a small stipend. This rapidity of promotion is something even the casual visitor to the garage sees all about him. Go to one of these places in the fall and you will notice a number of boys as helpers. Go there the next spring and one of the boys will be among the chief mechanics.

These are certainly the conditions we like to think of as characteristic of our democracy, even if they do not make for perfect workmanship. Moreover, whenever real ability is shown the field is very great. A garage proprietor who learns to do any particular class of work especially well—and goodness knows there is variety enough in his business—soon blossoms into the owner of a machine shop and then into a manufacturer. The automobile industry is so vast, its ramifications are so many, that special ability quickly develops into a little industry all its own. Recently a garage proprietor who showed an especial alertness in operating new power machinery was taken into the employ of the largest manufacturer of such equipment as a salesman, and in his first year sold $1,000,000 worth of such equipment.

Fortunes in the Movies

A number of years ago an acquaintance of mine bewailed the fact that he had not entered the automobile industry and made a fortune when it was new. A few months ago he was talking in the same way regarding the motion-picture business. Here is another, even newer, industry that has made great fortunes for a number of producers and has set up for the most part in successful business thousands upon thousands of exhibitors. The moving-picture theater in the small town is duplicating the garage in affording an opportunity for great numbers of people who otherwise seemed to have no especial future before them.

There are 14,000 theaters in the country to-day, with box-office receipts of $750,000,000. Moreover, there are several sections of the country, especially New England, which, in the opinion of authorities, are backward in the development of theater facilities. The growth of the large and palatial moving-picture theater, especially on the Pacific Coast, in the last two or three years has been one of the most astonishing developments in the whole history of business. In several of the coast cities the mammoth movie theaters are actually pushing banks and department stores out of the prize locations and dominating the life of the people. Theaters are being built to cost as much as $6,000,000 apiece.

Obviously, in a development like this there is opportunity for many men. The thing may be overdone, of course, but in the meanwhile thousands have risen from obscurity to opulence on the strength of it. The two best-known producers to-day practically had their offices in their hats six or seven years ago. Both of them were insignificant merchants ten years ago.

Not even yet has the motion-picture industry become conventionalized. The salaries paid—I am not referring to stars—are still far higher than for similar ability in other fields. One often hears that the professions are overcrowded, and perhaps the older ones are. But new professions and occupations steadily increase in number, and they are not overcrowded. College professors on salaries of $2000 to $5000 a year, who happen to have a gift along certain literary or dramatic lines which fit into the motion-picture scheme, are offered $20,000 to $25,000 if they will work for this new industry. To a certain extent of course the industry is or has been most attractive to the rolling-stone or adventurous type of man and woman. But that only goes to strengthen the point I am trying to make, that there is no hard crust in this country which holds everybody down.

A Warning to the Screen-Struck

Incidentally it may be said that these remarks do not refer in the slightest degree to the acting end of motion pictures. I have been urged by authorities on the subject to warn readers that though the industry has afforded business opportunities to thousands and still does afford them, it is already hopelessly overrun with applicants, both male and female, who wish to become stars. So, reader, if you are dissatisfied with your present job do not gather the idea from this article that you are destined to be a Charlie Chaplin or a Mary Pickford.

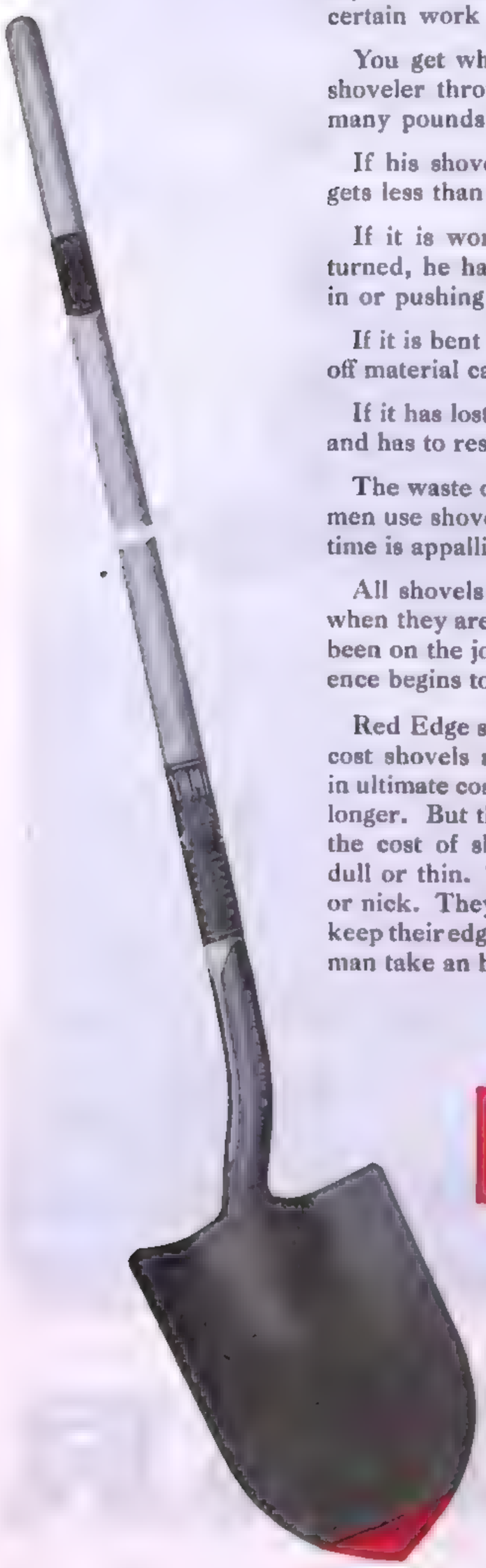
Shipbuilding, shipping and foreign trade and banking are other fields that apparently are only beginning to develop in this country. "America has the capital and raw materials to build railroads in other parts of the world, develop water power, open mines and banks and develop industries and shipping," said one of our captains of industry recently, "but we have a dearth of men to undertake these projects. There is a veritable scramble for comers. There is not the slightest doubt that whatever obstacles there may be in the way of extending our foreign trade, the shortage of men is one of the most important."

Finally, it is clear that the new forms which merchandising and retailing have taken open up many new lines and occupations. The statement was recently made that the department stores of the country need more than 5000 executives at the present moment. The tremendous growth of these stores in the last ten years has created a natural shortage of trained executives, and nowhere perhaps is the percentage of managerial positions to rank-and-file workers higher. Then there are the chain stores, one of them having nearly 5000 units, each of which of course must have a separate manager. These are positions that do not require a great amount of education or early advantages. These positions do not go to men who start with wealth or social prestige, and yet those who hold them are in direct and active line of promotion.

Most of the large chain-store systems are headed and managed by men who had nothing but the idea and their own vigor, ambition and initiative to start with. But why go on any longer? Each new industry we investigate will only afford a repetition of the same story. The men and women who have no vigor, no initiative, no ambition, no educational advantages, have got to be taken care of, but it will be a sorry day for human progress when no one places any faith in Shakspere's warning:

Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

Figure the cost of *shoveling* and forget the cost of *shovels*



You pay your shoveler a daily wage of, say, $5. For that $5 you figure to get certain work done.

You get what you pay for only if that shoveler throws a full shovel load of so many pounds so many times a minute.

If his shovel blade is worn short, he gets less than a full load.

If it is worn unevenly, or dulled, or turned, he has to waste time working it in or pushing with his foot.

If it is bent or cut, he has to stop to rap off material caught on the projections.

If it has lost its "hang", he tires sooner and has to rest oftener.

The waste of labor costs due to making men use shovels that are old before their time is appalling.

All shovels look and perhaps act alike when they are new. It is when they have been on the job for a while that the difference begins to show on the payroll.

Red Edge shovels are the highest first-cost shovels made. They are the lowest in ultimate cost, because they last so much longer. But their real economy comes in the cost of shoveling. They don't wear dull or thin. They don't buckle or bend or nick. They hold their size and shape, keep their edge and "hang". They let your man take an honest shovelful every time.

We know of Red Edge scoops that have shoveled 20,000 tons of coal.

Scientific experts, by putting the right Red Edge shovel into the hands of a miner, have increased his daily output almost three-fold (in the case of copper from 8.5 tons to 22.9 tons).

Great railway systems, mining corporations, contractors, and the United States Army long ago proved how Red Edge shovels and scoops cut down the cost and time of shoveling.

What makes them different? The fact that the blades are rolled from Chrome-Nickel steel, heat-treated, hard as tool steel, tough as spring steel.

Each completed shovel is given three thorough tests before the Red Edge trade-mark can go on it. You can see on each blade the little mark made by the Brinell test, for testing the hardness of the steel.

Whether you buy shovels one at a time, or by the dozen, or by the carload, Red Edge shovels will cut your shovel cost 20%, and cut your shoveling cost even more than that.

How Red Edge shovels became the leaders is an absorbing—yes, romantic story of modern industry. It is told in pamphlet form. Ask our distributor—probably the leading hardware store in your town—for it, or write us.

THE WYOMING SHOVEL WORKS
Wyoming, Pennsylvania

WYOMING

RED EDGE

SHOVELS - SCOOPS - SPADES

WYOMING SHOVELS

Photograph of Frank B. Lambert's car taken on Sheridan Road, north of Chicago

Copyright 1920, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

GOODYEAR

They Lengthen Tire Life

The amount of service delivered by a casing depends in large part upon the ability of the tube within it to hold air unfailingly under every condition of travel.

As a staunch tire slashes through crushed stone, pounds over ruts and jagged rock, plows through chill mud and baking sand, think of the tube's responsibility!

Under these, as under all other hardships of the road, the unseen tube must lend unwearying support to the tire.

Frank B. Lambert of Chicago, who uses Goodyear Tires with Heavy Tourist Tubes, writes thus of his experience:

"I have driven 76,000 miles on Goodyear Tires and Tubes and know them to give excellent mileage. Last month I renewed two Goodyear Cords, each of which had gone 22,000 miles, while those on the rear wheels are not much worn at 12,000 miles."

While this is tribute indeed to the worth of Goodyear casings, isn't it an even stronger endorsement for the tubes which made such mileage possible?

Goodyear Heavy Tourist Tubes are *built up layer-upon-layer*, and their valve-patch is vulcanized in.

Their initial cost is no more than the price you are asked to pay for tubes of less merit. Why risk costly casings when such sure protection is available?

Goodyear Heavy Tourist Tubes are placed in heavy, waterproof bags and like all Goodyear products are built to protect our good name.

More Goodyear Tubes are used than any other kind.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY
Offices Throughout the World

HEAVY TOURIST TUBES

FLESHPOTS OF EGYPT

(Continued from Page 17)

important, they can afford to hoard their crops. They plant as much cotton as they can. Indeed, some of them have planted two crops in succession. They have been known to plow up grain to put in cotton.

There is no use trying to regulate the amount of cotton planting. Twice only during the war was there legislation to limit cotton growing—during the first and fourth years, so as to have the country almost self-supporting in wheat. During the first year the legislation was successful only because the price of cotton was low. In the fourth year the legislation was a farce, though now and then fields planted to cotton were plowed up.

The fellahin are kindly, biddable people as a rule, but when they think of cotton they see gold, and since the government cannot allot a guardian for each fellah cotton will continue to be overplanted.

Mahmudia Canal

Sometimes the fellahin are afraid to spend. One day a friend took me to see a gentleman whom I will call Said Mahomet and who, she said, was one of the richest men in the Delta. I supposed we were going to some cream-colored villa with a formal garden outside, marble steps and a genial Berber in a white robe, red sash and red tarboosh to open the door for us, and then a room orientally furnished with divans, perhaps upholstered with leopard skins, elaborately carved chairs and lamps and screens of many colors. Instead we went to the outskirts of the town to a cluster of houses built of mud bricks, and roofed—so far as I could see—with heaps of fodder. We entered a room that had one door and a window with shutters, but no glass. An old woman in black sat on the floor chopping twenty-five cents' worth of vegetables in an earthen dish. She murmured "Syled," and bowed with the sweeping gestures which mean, "I salute you with my feet, my heart and my brain." Then she scuttled into an inner room.

The Philosophy of Said Mahomet

Presently we were asked to follow her. We found a grimy, dark hole with a dirty, priceless carpet on the floor, and in the corner a dirty, faded bed, which my friend told me had been just as it was for twenty years. I saw fleas hopping along with the mosquitoes in the mosquito netting. I suppose they were the great-great-grandchildren of the fleas that had settled there twenty years ago. Said Mahomet was lying on the bed—an old wrinkled man, wearing the brown skull-cap and white turban of the fellahin. Beside him sat a clean, cocky young man in European clothes, a tarboosh on his head, a cigarette in his mouth and his feet on the bed. "Student" was written all over him. Said Mahomet and my friend greeted each other warmly, and then the cocky youth said, "Good day, ladies."

My friend stared at him, and then she said to the old man: "Said Mahomet, you are a rich and worthy man. Have you not taught your grandson that an educated gentleman rises when a lady enters the room?"

The student sprang to his feet, blushed, and bowed and departed.

Said Mahomet remarked: "I am a poor man—not rich, as you say."

"Come, come, Said Mahomet," protested my friend, "my husband knows the affairs of the bank where you keep your money. They say you are always putting money in and that you never take it out. You must have $1,000,000. Why don't you spend for yourself, Said Mahomet? You should have an automobile and a big house in the Gizirah."

Said Mahomet lowered his voice.

"It is true," he whispered. "I am rich. I do not know how rich. But when are riches ever certain? When I was a young man the pashas I worked for beat me. My sheik robbed me again and again. Before that, when I was but a child, my father was beaten to death because one day he drove the pasha's wife to a house that was not on the list the pasha had given him. It is wise for a poor man not to appear rich. But if I am foolish to fear, my grandson, who is educated, will be reckless. He rules the house now, and a guest reproaches him for his bad manners. He will fear nothing and he will make my money fly like the birds."

Fleshpots in Egypt, but not for everyone. Behind the beauty and wealth of Egypt lies the fleshless figure of poverty. Picturesque color cannot hide its gaunt lines. The inequality is common enough everywhere, but in Egypt the faulty distribution of the wealth is glaring. The rich are far too rich and the poor too poor. For all the Oriental submission here, as all the world over, the poor and the lower middle classes are protesting about the rise in prices, the high cost of living and the profiteering.

They are saying: "They told us it was the war that caused the high prices. The war is over. Why don't the prices go down?"

In Cairo and Alexandria and in the smaller cities there is bitter poverty. In certain parts of Upper Egypt, where the productivity of the land is relatively small and where grain is not grown, people are saying: "What is the use of growing so much cotton for the sake of profiteers when we can't grow wheat for ourselves?"

Poor people are leaving these regions, where there is no wheat for them, and are coming down into the towns, where they know that bread is still to be had and where they hope that somehow they can keep body and soul together. They and the wage earners and small clerks may be ignorant or only partly educated, but they know that the rise in wages has not by any means corresponded to the rise in the cost of living. They know, too, that profiteering has been excessive, shameless and almost without legal restraint.

A Land Without Income Tax

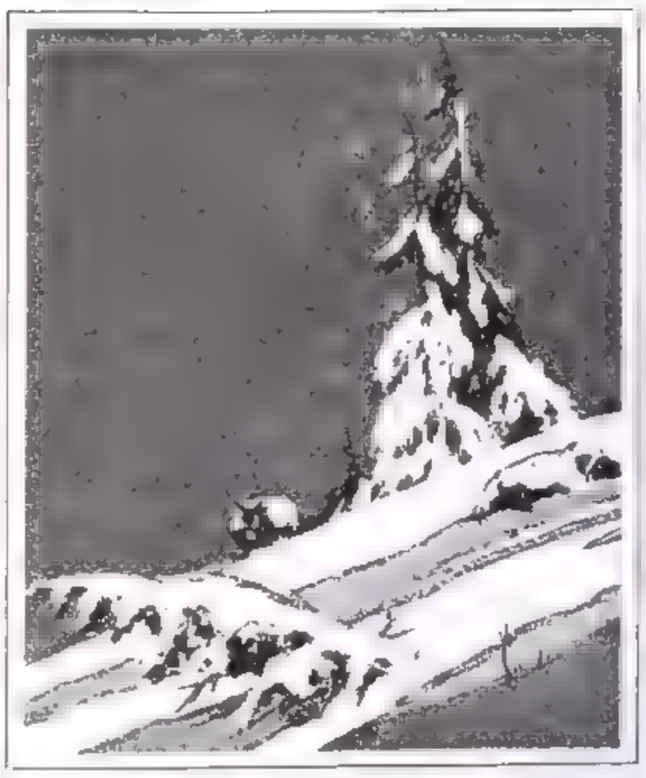
There are men and women in this country who are going about with murder in their hearts against the merchants whom they believe are keeping away food from them, hoarding it in an expectation of higher and yet higher profits. There is no doubt that the ease with which some of the riots that upset Egypt were started was due in part to the unrest caused by the period of high prices.

People who are above the starvation margin—clerks and minor officials—who are not expected to fall below a certain standard, are at their wits' ends to know how to minimize the shabbiness that is creeping over their appearance, and how to get medicine for their sick. Any added expense to them now, however small, is a tragedy.

The very government is poverty-stricken. It struck me that for a country as rich as Egypt, £28,000,000 was a very small budget. The first question I asked about direct taxes brought me information that left me gasping. I discovered that the land tax is exactly the same as it was between 1900 and 1906, though cotton has brought almost as much as eightfold what it did in those years. Next I found out about the revenue tax. It is like the snakes in Ireland.

(Continued on Page 107)

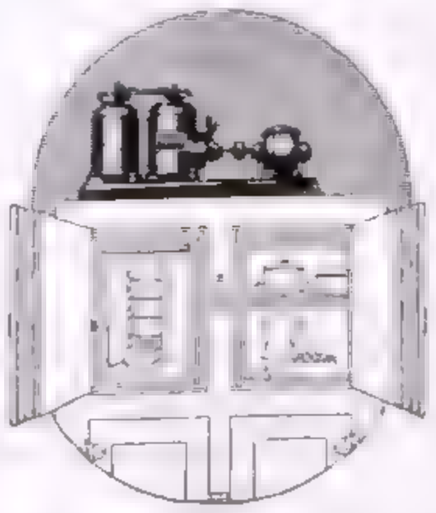
Mohammed Ali Square in Alexandria. Above—The Egyptian Farmer at His Threshing



Isko Pioneered Electric Cold

* * *

Isko may be placed on top of your refrigerator, beside it on the floor, or in the basement, as you prefer



Ice has its limitations.
It does not always protect food.
Germs multiply in its damp;
It brings disorder in its wake;
It is not always safe for table use.
The safe refrigeration is Isko.

* * * * * *

Isko, to the housewife, is a symbol of convenience and cleanliness, for it first brought scientific, electric refrigeration to the home.

To her it means no soured milk or cream or tainted foods; Isko's cold is clean and dry.

No worry lest the iceman fail to call; Isko's electric cold is constant.

No drainpipe to clog, no ice chamber to scald out; Isko has none of these.

Switch on the current, just as you would light the evening lamp, and the refrigerator is flooded with a clean, dry chill.

And the cold is constant, for it is regulated by an automatic control which prevents wide fluctuation.

When the food compartments are cold enough, Isko stops quietly of its own accord. When the temperature starts to rise, Isko turns on its flood of cold.

And so it goes, night and day, in winter as in summer, in spring as in the fall, guarding the family's health, protecting the family's food.

The same scientific, constant cold which Isko provides for the household is also available to commercial establishments, large country houses and clubs.

In commercial use as in the home, Isko prevents food spoilage, guards health and reduces refrigeration cost—and its dry, clean cold costs less than ice.

Our booklet, "Electric Refrigeration," and the address of nearest dealer sent on request

THE ISKO COMPANY, *2525 Clybourn Avenue*, CHICAGO, ILL.

ISKO

Electric Refrigeration

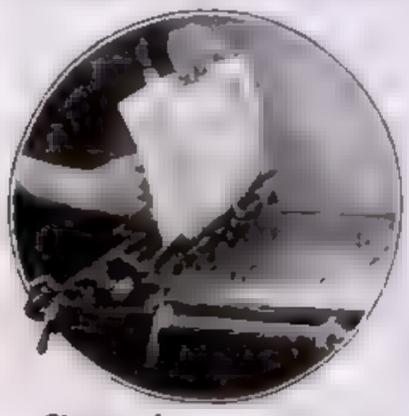
The Ditto Mark

Trade Mark Registered U.S. Patent Office

Do You Really Know What Ditto Is?

Ditto

THE QUICKEST WAY TO DUPLICATE



Showing how an exact impression of the "original" is left on Ditto's copying surface

Ditto is a duplicating or copying machine which speedily reproduces anything that can be typed, written or drawn.

Ditto's field lies between the typewriter, with its three or four carbon copies, and the "long run" machines used to produce thousands of copies.

Ditto's operation is simplicity itself. Your regular hand or typewritten "original" copy is, by means of the carriage, brought smoothly into contact with Ditto's copying surface, where an exact impression is left in a few seconds. Then the "original" is removed and Ditto is ready to reproduce up to a hundred clear, neat, accurate copies.

Ditto has revolutionized office practice by its swift copying of orders, invoices, requisitions, accounting forms, tags and cards, cost and production reports, sales and advertising bulletins, as well as charts, graphs and drawings.

Ditto can be put to countless uses and at every turn it saves—saves time, saves labor, saves clerk hire, prevents mistakes.

Send for the Ditto Man—a trained observer who will tell you how Ditto will save for you. Telephone the Ditto office or write for The Ditto Book.

Duplicator Manufacturing Company, *Chicago*

Offices in All Principal Cities

(Continued from Page 104)

My informant was a plump Levantine who wore the tarboosh, but for business purposes only. He does not read American magazines. He does not read anything, I should say, except business letters and checks, and so I shan't hurt his feelings by saying that the type of Levantine he represents would not make an agreeable impression in an American business house. He is the orientalized European whose greed and agile depredations have helped make the Egyptians distrust Europeans. He and his like have no sense of nationality. They take out whatever citizens' papers will best serve their business ends. They exploit with no sense of obligation to the exploited, and they seem to care for nothing but making money. There are, of course, exceptions to the type.

"Egypt," said the Levantine, "is no place, madame, for a gentleman of the world, madame. The people of Egypt are impossible, madame. I assure you, madame, that it wounds me to have my business here. But what would you have? There is no income tax, madame. I make a great deal of money, madame, which I spend in pleasure in Europe during six months of the year."

No income tax! I thought of the wives of rich pashas I had seen in the most luxurious of motor cars, in French clothes, with priceless necklaces gleaming under their thin veils, their little children of varying complexion attended by French or English governesses. In the length of one string of carriages in any city one can always count enough wealth to feed the hungry of that city.

In the United States, at any rate, people are pretty straight about giving back the right percentage to the Government, be they rich or only comfortably off. Whoever has been obliged to cut down in luxuries to pay an income tax is perhaps justified in feeling a human wrath against people who don't have to pay it. Why should anyone else's withers be unwrung—in Egypt or anywhere else?

Mastering my fear of being buried under "madames," I asked the Levantine why there was no income tax.

"The income tax, madame. How can there be an income tax, madame, when there are the capitulations, madame? No foreigner would care to live in Egypt without the capitulations, madame. They are our protection, madame."

"But—but don't you want to pay just taxes for the sake of the country where you make your money?"

The bluntness of the question had no effect on the sensibilities of the Levantine. Said he simply: "We foreigners, madame, don't like to pay taxes, madame."

Foreign Population

Don't like to pay taxes? So that settled the question! And the capitulations were the shield and buckler. It seemed that whenever I tried to get at the economic conditions of the government of Egypt I encountered the capitulations, in which the United States is concerned along with some fifteen other nations.

The capitulations grew out of an agreement made in 1536 between Francis I and Solyman II, Sultan of Turkey, by which the Sultan agreed to open certain ports in Turkey and Asia Minor to French merchants and promise protection to all Christian subjects within Ottoman borders. Christians, being considered perpetual enemies and no better than dogs, could not have treaties made with them. Instead they were granted privileges, or imperial diplomas containing sworn promises. In other parts of the Ottoman Empire encroachment was guarded against. But the khedives of Egypt allowed European privileges which were not sanctioned by treaty to drift through the years into the position of rights.

Real statistics are hard to get in Egypt, though guesses are plentiful. It is not certain just how many foreigners sheltering under the capitulations there are in Egypt. In 1907 there were about one hundred and fifty thousand. At that time there were three times as many Greeks as British; 1.7 as many Italians as British; while the French population was only one-third less than the British. Between 1897 and 1907 the Greeks and Italians increased sixty-five per cent and forty-three per cent respectively. What the increase has been in the last thirteen years I have no means of knowing.

Regarded as units, the foreigners form a relatively small part of the Egyptian population, but looked at from the financial standpoint they bulk large. They carry on the real business of the country; they do the exporting and the importing. Most of the big firms are controlled by them, and nearly all the banks. They own most of the shops in Alexandria and Cairo. At least one-third of the whole capital of the country is in their hands. It goes without saying that they have to look after their rights. They must have their own courts, for it would not do for a foreigner to be tried by native tribunals.

But if one is thinking of the country of Egypt, these capitulations are damaging to her. She can't progress as she should while she is hampered by them. Not that I would blame all the troubles of Egypt upon the capitulations. I merely say that under no circumstances can a country be properly governed where there is no legislative machinery capable of passing laws binding on all the inhabitants of the land. Egypt has no right of internal sovereignty. No kind of constitution coexisting with the capitulations as they now are could make Egypt really self-governing. It would be impossible so long as the most important laws are passed, not by Egyptians, not by institutions existing in Egypt, but by the governments and legislative institutions of some sixteen foreign powers.

Vexatious Abuses

This is the way some of the abuses of the system work out: An Italian or a Greek or a Russian commits a criminal offense against an Egyptian. He is arrested. If his consul should ask for him the Egyptian police could not have even twenty-four hours in which to inquire into his case, but must surrender him at once. If the consul cares to he can disregard the incriminating evidence and let the man go. Suppose the consul judges the foreigner guilty. The latter may appeal to Naples or Athens or Odessa, as the case may be, and years may pass before he is dealt with properly. The same crime committed by two individuals of different nations may be differently punished.

A foreigner's house is like a medieval castle, so far as safety is concerned. The police might be gazing through the front windows of a house watching Aristides murdering Antonio, and unless Antonio shrieked for help they could not enter. They can only break in if there is flood or fire. Sometimes a criminal goes flying up a street and takes sanctuary in a foreign house. If the foreigner does not care to surrender him all the police can do is to surround the house and hope for results. Very common is this sort of tricking. An undesirable European woman is living in a certain building. The neighbors complain. The police find out that she is, let us say, a Greek subject. They set the law in motion and at last are ready to eject her. Then they find they are blocked because the house has been made over to an Italian subject.

To get the consent of the powers on some matter relating to the welfare of the country generally takes about two years. A few months ago an improved system of drainage was introduced into Cairo, and to cover the cost it was proposed to increase the house tax from one-twelfth of the rent to one-tenth. When all the other powers had been consulted the Portuguese Government, though there are scarcely more than a dozen Portuguese householders in Cairo, held up for six months the agreement arrived at with the other powers. It is not the powers themselves that are to be blamed for abuses, but certain undesirable subjects of the powers who are not willing to sacrifice their own interests for the sake of the country in which they live.

Foreigners don't like to be taxed, said that simple child of Nature, the Levantine. Certain foreigners don't like to be bothered at all, thank you, and so the keeper of a gambling den or a smuggler or a receiver of stolen goods may carry on his affairs unmolested, because treaty engagements forbid any quick and effective action being taken against him. Reform is held in check because various countries have to be consulted before consuls may impose local taxation on foreigners or regulations may be made in regard to the welfare of women in factories.

But the British have been occupying Egypt; government has been guided by

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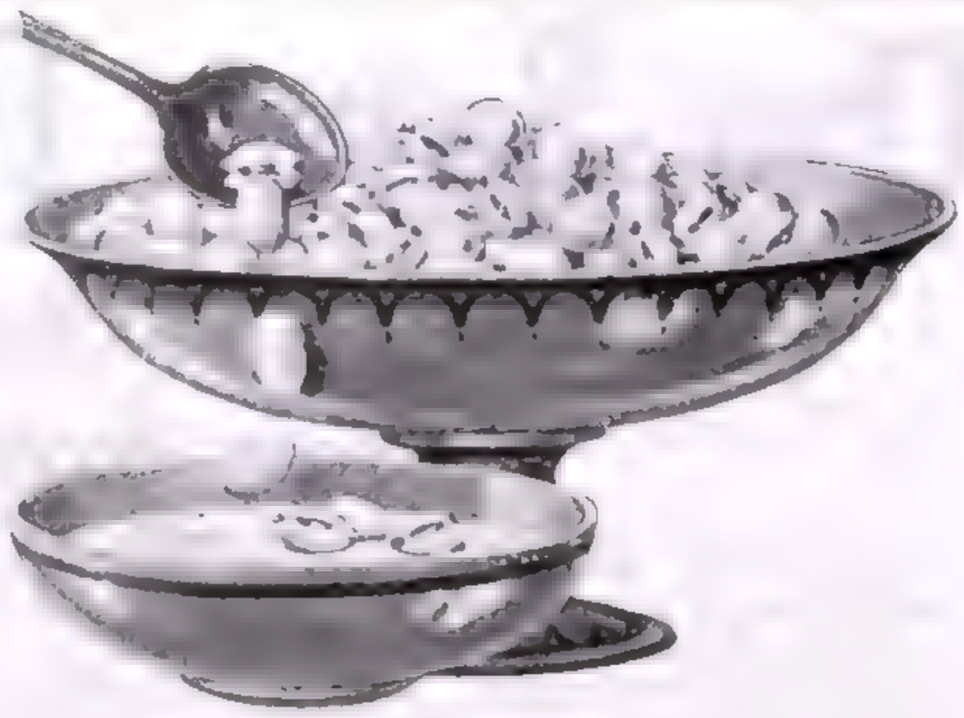


August Nights

Will bring to millions Bubble Grains in Milk

Don't put aside your Puffed Grains when breakfast ends in summer. Children want them all day long, and there's nothing better for them.

The supreme dish for luncheon or for supper is Puffed Wheat in milk. The airy grains—puffed to eight times normal size—taste like food confections. Yet every morsel is whole wheat with every food cell blasted.

Summer mornings

Puffed Grains with cream and sugar form the supreme breakfast dainty.

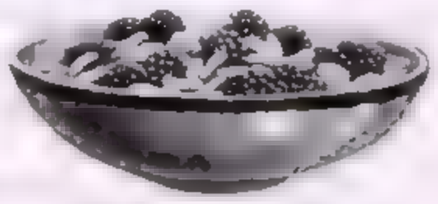
The finest foods ever created

Puffed Wheat, Puffed Rice and Corn Puffs are the finest grain foods in existence.

Never were cereals so enticing. The grains are fairy-like in texture, the flavor is like nuts. They seem like tidbits, made only to entice.

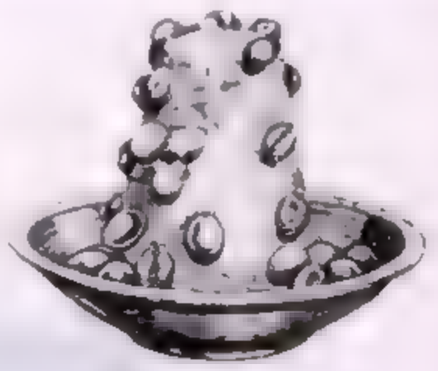
Yet they are major foods, with every food cell steam-exploded, so digestion is easy and complete.

They will take the place of pastries, sweets, etc., if you serve them all day long. And at mealtime they will make whole-grain foods tempting.



With your berries

Puffed Grains form an ideal blend. The filmy, flaky globules add what crust adds to a shortcake.



On ice cream

Puffed Grains taste like airy nut-meats, and they melt into the cream. The dish is made doubly delightful.

Puffed Wheat

Puffed Rice

Corn Puffs

The Three Bubble Grains

Puffed Grains are made by Prof. Anderson's process. A hundred million steam explosions occur in every kernel. They are the best-cooked grain foods in existence. Serve all three kinds, at all hours, in all the ways folks like them.

At playtime

Puffed Grains are crisped and doused with melted butter. Then eaten as you do nut-meats, and every taste is grain food.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

1407

The Same Factories Build

Super-Six Deliveries Have Exceeded 100,000

Hudson could not have continued for five years the world's largest selling fine car, if it were not for its unusual merit.

Everyone knows its record. All speak of its endurance and speed. And has it not proved itself as no other car in all the tests which reveal the most wanted qualities of performance?

Basically the Super-Six of today is unchanged, though infinitely a better car than any of those earlier models which established its speedway, road and trans-continental records. And that Hudson does hold exclusive control of the most essential principle of motor endurance is proved by the fact that no rival has been able to officially match, much less excel, its performance.

Every Test Showed Ways to Improvement

Think of the valuable lessons learned by Hudson engineers as a result of these tests. Of course they helped to sell cars because of the added reputation the Super-Six gained. But their greatest value came in the improvement of the product. The standard of the Hudson was not alone raised. The entire industry was indirectly benefited.

And because Hudson holds exclusive control through patents and by right of invention, no one can go quite so far in its line of motor development.

These factories, among the industry's greatest, are material evidence of what the Super-Six has revealed in motor car endurance.

Hudson is, first of all, an engineering accomplishment. The methods in use in the factory are as marked in their advancement as the car itself. No one can witness a Super-Six in production and fail to be impressed by its quality.

Its Success Due to Engineering Leadership

There is reason for Hudson's supremacy. Its performance, the magnitude of its factory, its sales, are all traceable to its engineering conception.

Hudson maintains its leadership because it has not stood still. Every car has served not only to make new friends, but to teach ways of improvement.

Hudson is a development impossible to achieve short of years of hard, earnest and consistent effort.

A product must reflect the stability and progress of its makers. It personifies the personalities of those responsible for it.

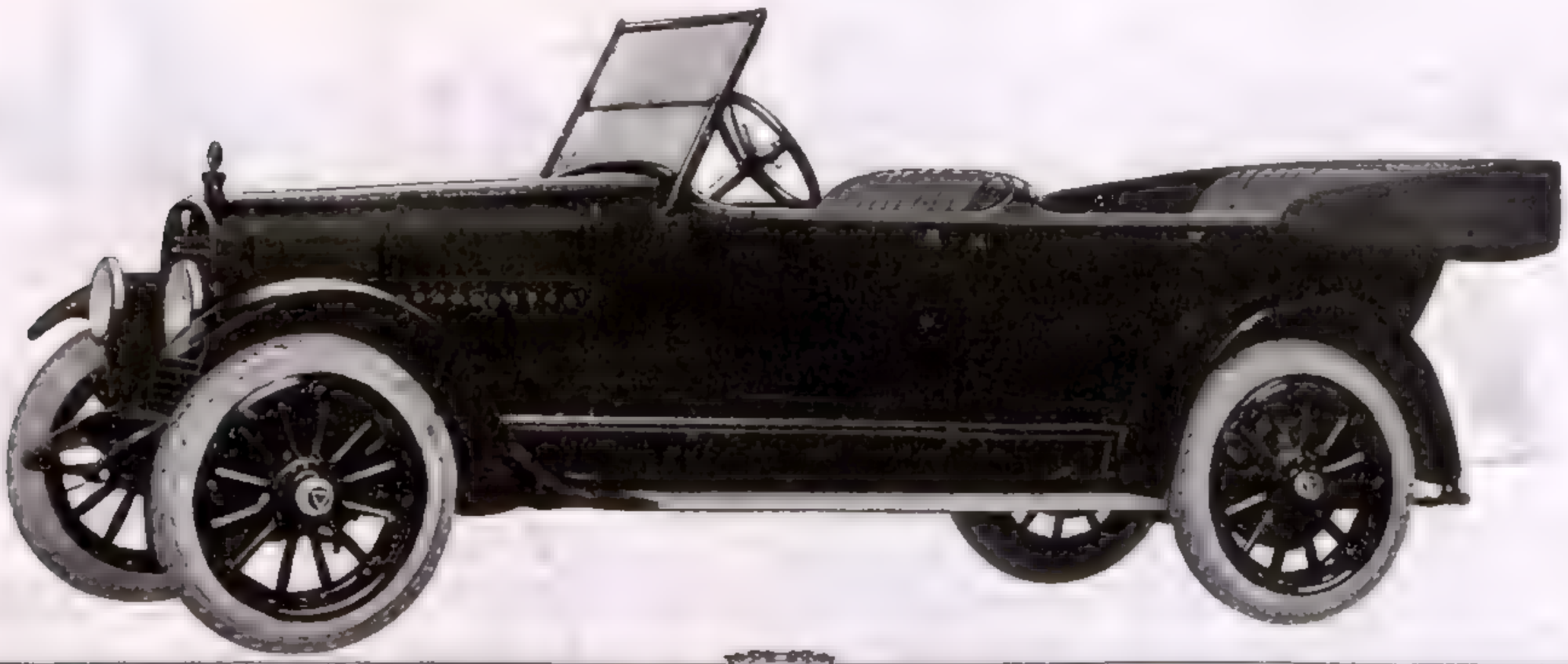
Each new Super-Six model has shown how the ability of men can be enhanced. And it must be a satisfaction to every Hudson owner to know that practically no change has been made in the personnel of the Hudson organization from the days of its conception. Thus the consistency of its growth and of the Super-Six's enhancement.

This is important because it accounts for much of Hudson's prestige.

Such success does not come easily. It must be earned.

And who questions either Hudson's possession of or right to that distinction?

Hudson Motor Car Company, Detroit, Michigan



Both Hudson and Essex

More Than 40,000 Essex Cars Now In Service

The announcement that Hudson and Essex are built in the same factories was not needed to reveal their relationship.

You must have noticed it in the similarity of their general appearance and particularly in their performance.

Many regard the Essex as a smaller, lighter, less costly Hudson in all the performance essentials for which the Super-Six is famous.

Even the tests made to prove endurance reveal a relationship such as does not exist between other cars.

And following Hudson's proofs, it was natural that Essex should seek to establish its qualities in the same way.

So Essex Proofs, Too, Are Official

Men who have never driven the Essex but have seen how its performance equals that of more costly and larger cars, ask if it will stand up and if it can be relied upon for long service.

Essex officially answered that with a stock car in its 50-hour endurance run in which it traveled 3037 miles.

No car ever made such a long trial at top speed.

But there are other proofs even more convincing of Essex endurance.

They are found in the statements of Essex owners. There is no need to mention them here. You can learn just how Essex stands with its owners by asking the first Essex driver you meet.

Essex owners tell of economy that gives a new meaning to the word.

It is not alone in its small gasoline consumption.

Oil is a large item of expense. It is of little importance in the Essex.

Tires also are a source of expense that in the Essex is greatly reduced.

We don't refer to the following as an average case. Indeed it is so unusual we are sure it cannot be equalled. But one California owner has sent a photograph of two tires that have given 29,600 miles' service on an Essex touring car and they appear to be good for a much longer mileage.

Its Quality Came Naturally

Without the experience gained with Hudson the Essex would not have been possible.

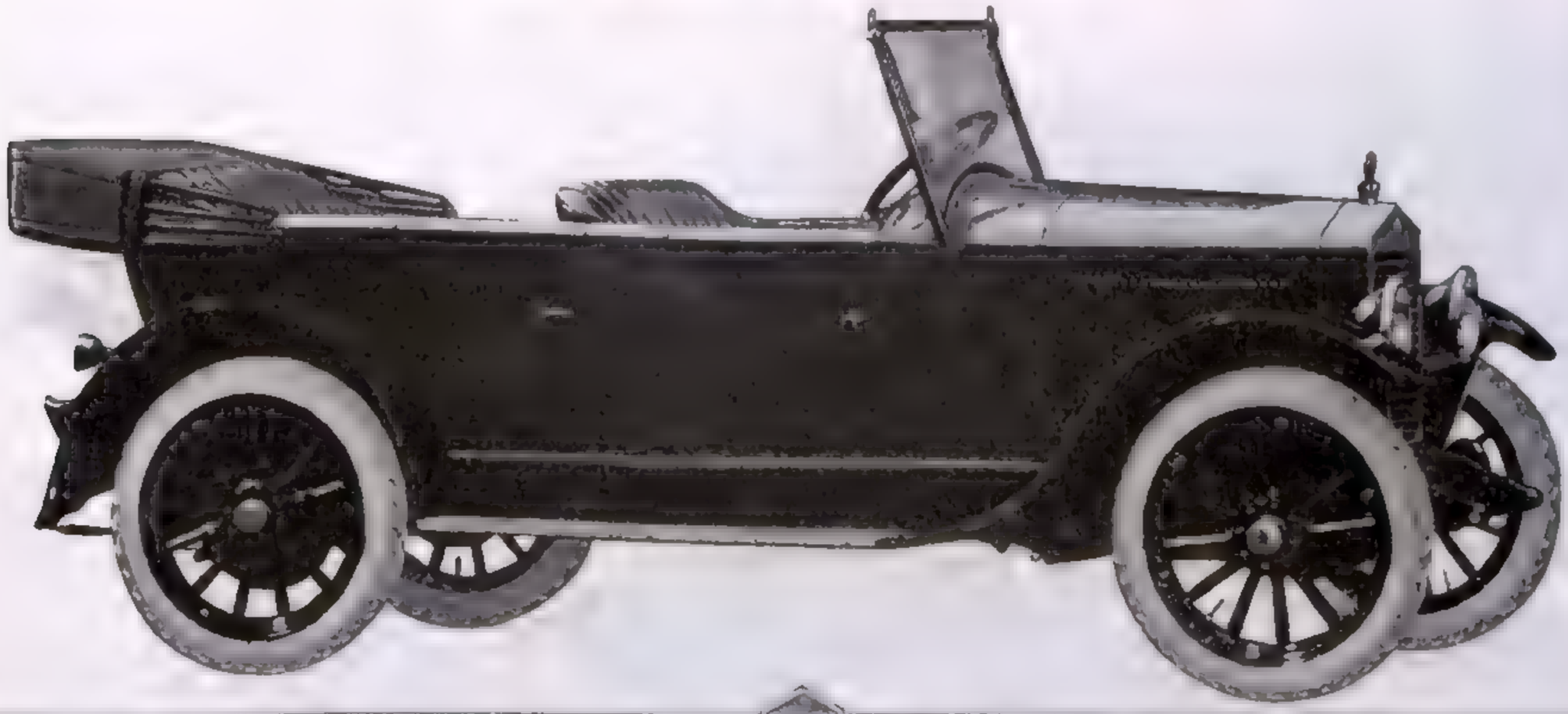
Just as the Super-Six increased motor power 72 per cent, so the engineers responsible for it were able to get 55 horse power out of the Essex that is no larger than the conventional 18 horse power motor.

Both motors are patented. Both are exclusive.

The same men designed both cars. Hudson and Essex are built in the same factories.

The Essex does not meet all the requirements of those who prefer the Super-Six. But so far as quality and fine workmanship go, both are measured by the same standard.

Essex Motors, Detroit, Michigan



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them. Why have they not been imposing equitable taxes? The answer is that they couldn't. The capitulations were here when they arrived, and they hadn't the power to sweep them away. If you recall your history of the late seventies, Khedive Ismail Pasha, the grandson of Mehemet Ali, the Albanian Turk who wrested Egypt away in all but name from the Ottoman Empire—Ismail oppressed his hopeless people with his extravagance and plunged Egypt into bankruptcy, upon which the European creditors intervened. Skipping several volumes of history, we find the British entering Egypt in 1882. According to historians, the French and the Turks had both refused to coöperate with England in supporting the authority of the khedive in Egypt against mutineers—which perhaps it is fair to call the nationalists of that day—and the greater part of Europe regarded the British action without resentment.

The British wanted to make reforms, but they found themselves in the ironic position of being hampered by the privileges which they and the other foreigners enjoyed.

"Give up our capitulations because you want us to?" said the friends and rivals and foes of Great Britain. "Why should we give up our rights in order to help on your work and add to the British prestige? Besides you are not going to stay, you know. What would happen to us after you go? Kindly run the Egyptian Government the best way you can, but let the capitulations alone."

Nobody seems to be the slave of logic in Egypt. The material prosperity of the country depended on the presence of Europeans. They wouldn't stay without privileges which frequently ran into abuses. There was no solution; there was really no general legislative system. The Egyptian Government, subject to the approval of the general assembly of the mixed court, was given some legislative right over foreigners relative to the maintenance of dikes and canals, the establishment of cafés, the right to carry arms and such minor matters.

"We don't like to pay taxes ——"

And so when the British occupation took place the Egyptians paid a house tax and a license or professional tax, but not so the Europeans. In 1885, however, at the instance of the British Government, the powers signed a declaration saying that they recognized the justice of making their subjects in Egypt liable to the same taxes as the Egyptians. They agreed to the house tax, the stamp tax and the license tax. But it was more than a year before the decree was issued. It was six years before the decree which made the Europeans liable to the professional tax became effective. Then a compromise had to be entered into with the French Government. They agreed to reduce the salt tax and abolish the forced unpaid labor of the fellahin on the canals on condition that the professional tax was abolished. So it was taken off both the Egyptians and the Europeans.

In other words, all the peoples of Egypt have been placed on an equality, so far as taxation is concerned. But there is no such thing as proper taxation. For example, there is a certain foreign firm in Cairo which last year made a profit of one million four hundred thousand dollars, and which contributed to the Egyptian Government only import duties, which are paid ultimately by the consumer. There are other firms whose profits are less high, but which are equally noncontributory to the government.

Thousands of the foreigners who make their money here buy their clothes and jewels and furniture and part of their food abroad. They do not contribute to charity in Egypt. They simply regard the country as various foreigners have regarded the United States—as a territory to make money in while their real loyalty remains fastened to the land in which they were born.

So that's the strong reason why the government of Egypt is poverty stricken. The government has to ignore certain large sources of revenue in Egypt because it cannot impose on Egyptian subjects heavy taxes from which foreigners are exempt. Yet the increasing wealth of the country justifies increasing expenditures for education, sanitation and other public purposes, the necessity for which has long been beyond dispute. Fiscal independence in Egypt surely does not exist so long as the capitulations give the right to foreign powers to veto the imposition of any new direct tax on the subjects who live in Egypt.

"We don't like taxes," say the foreigners.

But the rich Egyptians don't like them either. For example, to get back to cotton. Because the price for Egyptian cotton is still so high—four times what it was in 1914—the growing of cereals in Egypt has taken a very secondary place. Grain has actually been plowed up to make way for cotton. One wonders, by the way, if the Egyptians, who plume themselves on their great crop of cotton this last year, ever realize what would have become of them and their cotton prices if the United States had not had a marvelous wheat crop. In a sense that harvest was abnormal. If it had been as poor as our crop of 1916 there would have been such a struggle to buy wheat that the fortunes made in cotton would have winged away for food.

There has been such a shortage of wheat and so much misery among the poor, such real danger of famine, that the government imported something like 80,000 tons of wheat, mostly in the form of flour from Australia. In order to be able to sell this wheat at from twenty-five per cent to thirty per cent below the market price the government imposed a tax on cotton which amounts to about $1.70 a kantar. Now the cotton tax and the land tax combined amount to about five per cent. Yet strident wails were emitted from the landowners. They said—which is not the case—that the tax is illegal. They also said—and justly enough—that the commercial community which had benefited by the war ought to be taxed.

The two games, which we know so well, of passing the buck and letting others hold the bag are current in Egypt. The populace is giving the commercial classes their due share of the blame. Of course the politicians are telling the populace that the British have caused the high prices and the profiteering. The average Egyptian can be easily enough stampeded by an idea, but he has a concrete mind. He sees the process of profiteering going on before his eyes. He knows he has his shop full of food which the government told him to sell at a certain rate.

But the militant will not sell at that rate—pay more or go without. If you cannot pay others can. The hungry man knows, too, that the poor Egyptians will give charity to each other, but that the rich in Egypt show little responsibility for the poor. What philanthropy there is—and it is not sufficient—was organized by British or Americans. For sixty years devoted Americans here have been working among the poor Egyptians, and have been instrumental in leading well-to-do Egyptians to think of their poor.

Some charitable rich Egyptians there are, but generally when they are talked to about the needs of the submerged and are asked to help they shrug their shoulders and say, "Ah, it is too bad. The government must do something!"

Why there is this insensibility one does not know. It may be inherent in the Oriental nature; it may be considered that the poor are fated to be poor. It may be in part because so many of the rich pashas are either Turks or of Turkish descent. Like the rich foreigners, they spend a great deal of their time and money outside the country. A good many rich natives have a very weak sense of nationality; that is, they like Egypt mainly because they make their money out of it, and also, no doubt, because Egypt is a Moslem country. Moslems are always Moslems before they are anything else.

If the people in Egypt who want cheap bread have not shouted against the pashas and the rich landholders they have murmured against the profiteers. One proof of that lies in the fact that during the riots more than two thousand shops were looted—shops belonging to natives, it is said, as well as to foreigners. For five years profiteering has flourished. At the beginning of the war tariff prices were fixed. They were not uniform, however, throughout the country. What was uniform was the attempt to profiteer.

Foodstuffs were withheld by merchants and others in the hopes of a further rise in prices, and transport difficulties also hindered the sale of supplies. The tariff regulations were persistently ignored, and though such offenders as could be caught were proceeded against, the penalties possible under the civil law were not enough to act as a deterrent.

In the spring of 1918 the Supplies Control Board was created for the purpose of procuring supplies for the army and to control supplies for the civil population. An offense could now be tried under martial law; it was hoped that the tariff prices could be maintained. Then followed this

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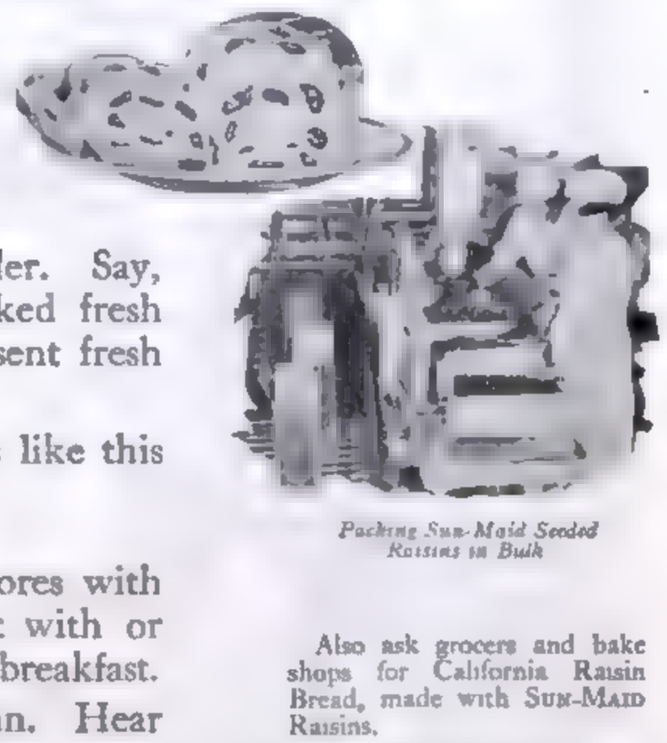
A Rare Raisin Pie



Packing Sun-Maid Seeded Raisins in Bulk

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* * * * *

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Also ask grocers and bake shops for California Raisin Bread, made with SUN-MAID Raisins.

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Made from sweet, tender, juicy California table grapes, noted for their fragile skins.

Taste their plump, tender meat and you'll always want the SUN-MAID Brand.

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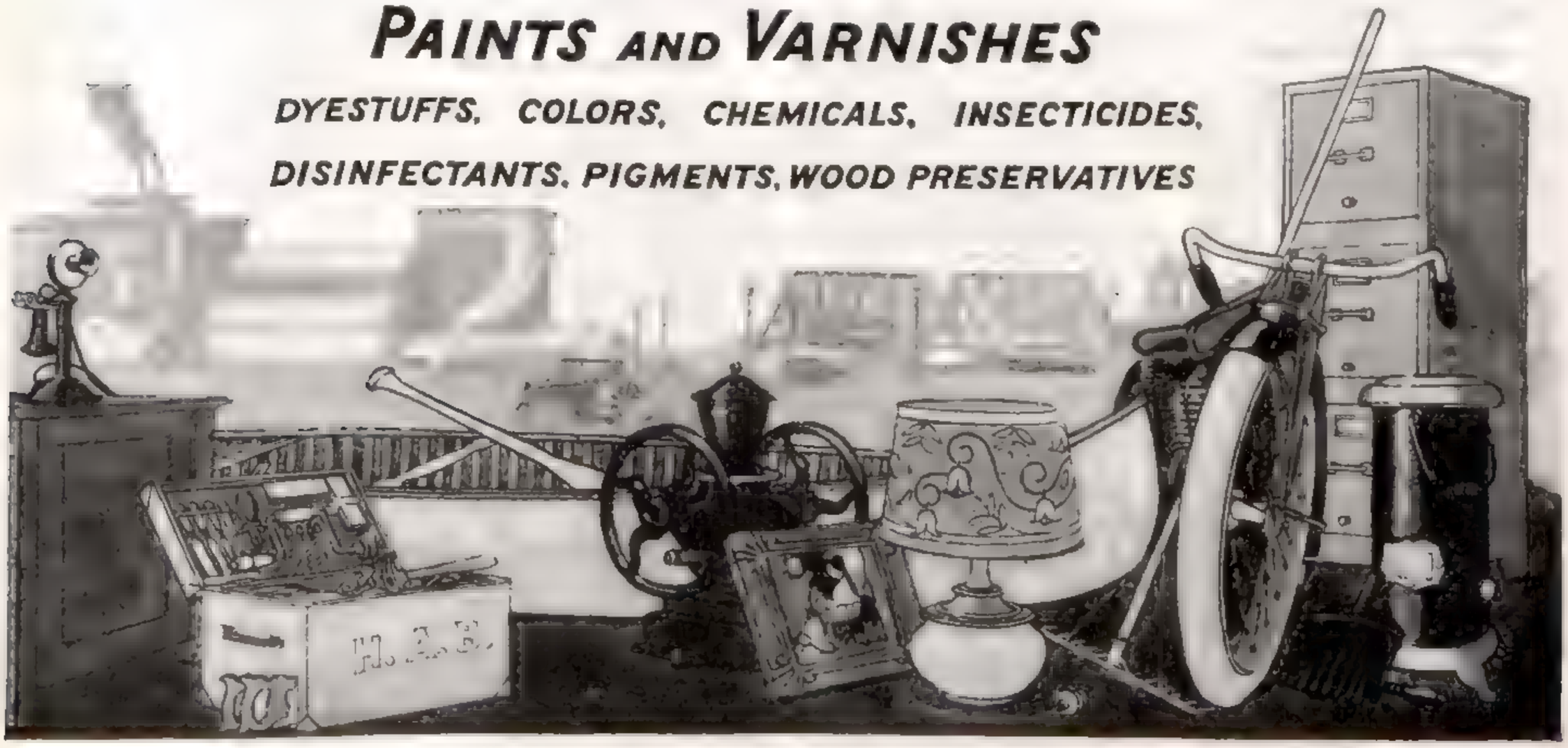

(Concluded from Page 110)

sort of situation: Themistocles Dropoulos, a Greek merchant, goes to the little mud house of Abbás Mahomet, who has five rich acres, and demands to buy wheat. Abbás Mahomet is sitting comfortably under his date palm watching his son tending the water buffalo and his daughter grinding corn.

He shakes his head and says: "Effendi, I have no wheat. The little crop I was able to raise I need for my own use. I am a poor man and I cannot afford to take the price you will offer."

Themistocles observes Abbás Mahomet's new purple robe. He recollects hearing that Abbás Mahomet has just divorced his first wife—by the simple formula of saying "I divorce you" three times before witnesses, with or without cause. He realizes that his Moslem friend is out of debt and need not sell unless he wants to. He offers more and more money until at last he is able to get what he wants, but at a price that will leave him no profit if he sells at tariff rates.

Going back to his shop, Themistocles carefully conceals the fact that he has any wheat. When a poor man comes to him asking for wheat at the tariff price Themistocles says he is out of stock.

Meanwhile Dr. Mustapha Hahh, a fairly honorable man with a large number of cattle to feed, is at his wits' end. He can't find any wheat at the tariff price and says, after due preliminaries: "What do you want above the tariff price for your wheat?"

That was the way it worked. The farmers held back their supplies, hoping that prices would rise. The merchants concealed their stores expecting that the poor would give up trying to buy and that the rich would pay any price to get what they needed.

The Supplies Control Board then got little support from the population. When I asked Dr. Mustapha Hahh whether some poor people who were unable to buy were not ready to report those who violated regulations he replied: "The people of Egypt are always very reluctant to inform on their neighbors. They think it is not a nice thing to tell on people who have confidence in them. Besides, if they did it would mean going backward and forward between their houses and the courts. Also, those they informed upon might take vengeance."

If the Egyptian public had made a firm stand they might have forced the merchants and shopkeepers to sell at the prices fixed by the law. The Supplies Control Board, after a trial of the tariff for several months, decided that it was doing more harm than good, in that it was checking the flow of foodstuffs from the country to the towns. Besides, supplies were not to be collected for the army from the spring crops. It was decided during 1919 to lift the tariff. For a time prices remained stable. Then as the farmers still held back their crops prices rose. People began to clamor for the government to do something.

Profiteering in Foodstuffs

Mahomet Said's ministry urged a new imposition of the tariff, with a scheme for central committees of influential Egyptians with the power of enforcing the tariff. But the central committee proved ineffective. The transport of supplies of wheat and other foods into Cairo and Alexandria ceased, and if it had not been for the government flour many people would have starved. So then, except in the case of sugar, the tariff this last January was once more raised. There are still complaints of soaring prices and of profiteering.

The most flagrant sort of profiteering, however, was not necessarily accomplished by the merchants in the towns. When the Supplies Control Board made the collection for the army the fellahin suffered deeply, and the blame for their suffering was put upon the British. A crop estimate was made of the whole country in order to arrive at an estimate of the amount each community, each village, must supply. So many thousand pounds of wheat, barley and beans were to be collected per thousand inhabitants—excepting where crops were not normal—and were to be paid for at a fixed rate and transported to the points of departure. Owing to the number of Britishers who were enlisting, there were only seven British inspectors of the interior for the whole of Egypt, and they were much overworked. Therefore the job of collecting the supplies was left in the hands of the governors of the provinces and their Egyptian subordinates. There was some fair dealing, but there was much of the old Eastern method of bribe taking and tyranny. Camels, horses and donkeys had to be furnished, as well as foodstuffs. The agile profiteers made the most of their opportunities.

One of the fellahin, Abdul-el-Wahab, told of his experience:

"It was reported in the bazaar that the omdeh and the sheik of our village had said that the English must have from us four hundred and ninety-eight ardebs of wheat and much barley and beans and fiber for the animals, and that each man must give what the omdeh decreed.

"My brother was anxious for my sake 'It is a pity that the sheik is your enemy,' he said, 'for he will tell the omdeh that your crops have been heavy. Hussin Ali went into the sheik's house and came back smiling, but I am afraid that the sheik will not take a gift from you. He will tell the English inspector that you have been trying to cheat the law.'

"It is very true that the sheik hates me so much that he would like revenge rather than money. He came to me smiling, with a paper. On it was written the wheat and fiber that I must give—so much, so very much. I spoke to the sheik and I said: 'It is more than I have that is asked for. On what will my family live? Where shall I find fodder for my donkey?'

"'Alas, my friend,' said the sheik, 'I can do nothing for you. It is the English who demand. I am powerless to help you. It is written.'"

Rents High in Egypt, Too

"Of Hussin Ali, who has almost twice as many feddans of land as I have, almost nothing was demanded. One little donkey took the weight of all I had to sell, but I had to sell at the price fixed, and I had to buy from Hussin Ali at a higher price and sell at a lower price to the English. The money I had made from my cotton crop melted. The omdeh and the sheik both took money from the men who wanted to save their crops. All the people except my brother and I believed that it was the English who had brought this trouble on us. My glass of faith was not broken."

In Cairo and Alexandria government shops have been established to distribute the cut-price flour to the poor. Hoping to secure a better regulation of the cereal market and to quell the loud complaints of the cereal merchants themselves, who said that profiteering in cereals was due to the entry into the trade of outsiders, tempted by high profits, the Supplies Control Board decided to form an association of cereal merchants. It was thought that in this way everyone's interests would be protected. But various merchants began to use the association for their own ends, and the scheme died.

In Damietta, a rice-growing center, the people complained that the merchants were asking too much for rice. The governor of Damietta made plans for the cooperative shops to sell rice. Upon that the rice merchants said that they would be willing to sell rice at a loss if they were given the monopoly in the sale of flour and sugar. Thereupon the flour and sugar merchants protested vociferously. As yet the governor has not made up his mind what to do.

The Egyptians are very slow to cooperate. They had some cooperative societies—what they call syndicates—before the war, but very few of them are working now. The railroad has one for its employees which is turning out very well, but it is not managed by an Egyptian.

There has been a certain kind of profiteering in the matter of house rents. In the city of Cairo, for example, there is a shortage of houses totaling at least 8000. This is partly due to the fact that two years ago there was a very high Nile, and a good many houses fell down or had to be pulled down. The amount of building has been far below normal, partly because prices have been high and partly because house builders could make more money by sitting still and raising the rent upon houses they already had. They are making seven per cent, where ordinarily they would only be making four.

There is no legislation to keep a landlord from ejecting a tenant on the ground that he wants a house for himself, or to prevent rents from skyrocketing. The consequence is that the lower middle-class people are paying as much as forty per cent more for rent than they did before the war, and this in a country where it is the custom for people to spend for lodging something like thirty per cent of their incomes.

Like all the rest of the world, Egypt is having her share of labor troubles. The agricultural laborers haven't much to complain of, except in communities where the supply exceeds the demand. They receive three times what they did before the war. But for a year and a half the industrial workers have been seething. There have been strikes among the employees of the railroads—the Cairo and Alexandria transit companies. There have been gas strikes, lamplighters' strikes and various others. Wages have risen, but here as everywhere they have not risen as rapidly as the cost of living. There are employers who have given all the increase they could, and there are others who give starvation wages.

The remarkable fact is that these strikes have sprung up with the minimum of organization. Owing largely to the mixture of creeds and races taking part in the industries of Egypt, there has been very little solidarity, very little coöperation among either the men or their masters. One reason why some of the strikes have been successfully started is that the leaders have been foreigners. Labor troubles rest lightly on the public mind because of the interest in politics. Yet in view of the world shortage of necessities dire possibilities lie in the situation. A conciliation commission has been appointed to arbitrate, and so far it has been very successful in reconciling the differences between employers and men.

There is occasionally talk of Bolshevism in Egypt. It is not fair to cry "Bolshevism" just because workmen in Egypt are laying down their tools till they are given more money. Some of them have been badly underpaid, and should long ago have had higher wages. It is true, however, that a good many Italian socialists, back from the war and bitter about the way the world is going, have been preaching their doctrines. It may be that their socialism has broken bounds and is taking the form of Bolshevism. There are voices to say that Bolshevism can be found even among the fellahin, that but for the British soldiers thousands of wild Bedouins would go marauding over the rich lands as they did in the old days; only now they would have trains and banks to loot instead of caravans.

A rich land, Egypt, and not just now a contented one. It would be unfair to blame the British for the present unrest. They have made mistakes, which they seem willing to admit and remedy. But they have done more for Egypt than any other nation would or probably could have done. Despite the capitulations, they could have given Egypt far more self-government than they have; despite the difficulties in the way of Egyptian temperament, religion, language and background, a better and completer system of education. But on the economic side and on the humane side their achievement could scarcely have been bettered.

An Old Fellah's Memories

What England has done—and perhaps what she has failed to do—I realized concretely when old Osman Ali gave me his confidence. He was a fellah until he became one of Kitchener's men. When I first met Osman Ali what used to charm me in him was the contrast between his delightful English country-family accent and his sweeping blue peasant's robe. It was a long time before I could get him to talk about Egypt, and then like almost everyone I talked to, English or Egyptian, except Lord Milner, he asked me not to mention his name, and if I quoted him to be sure to manage so that no one should guess who was speaking. So I am giving him an alias.

"I am old," Osman Ali said, "and the old remember what they saw. But what the old saw the young are told, and they do not listen. To my son the days I lived under the courbash is a tale I tell. My grandson does not believe me. 'Down with despotism!' he cries. Yet his back has never felt the whip.

"When I was young I had no shirt, no covering for my head. My father had just one shirt. Each year the pasha would send for the taxes and my father would pay; then the omdeh would come to my father's feddan of land for the taxes to be paid the second time. 'Give him nothing, nothing,' my mother would say. We had little money. If the cottonseed cost very much and the flour was dear, 'Endure,' my mother would say; 'give nothing.'

"The omdeh would come with his men and the courbash. Sometimes the pasha had threatened to beat him, and then he was very angry. He would ask for 200 piasters. My father would say he had nothing. The omdeh's men would throw my father on his face and beat him. Once my father said at, perhaps, the twentieth blow, 'It may be that I have a few piasters.' My mother called out to him: 'Do not be a coward! Do not shame me!' After that my father endured to the hundredth stroke. He only gave the omdeh ten piasters. That time he was in bed for two days. After that he was showing his stripes and proud that he had withstood the omdeh."

As Osman Ali spoke, his old eyes gazing back into the past, my mind drifted to a statement I had read that as far back as the days of the Pharaohs the Egyptians tried to avoid paying taxes, and exhibited with pride the stripes they had endured.

"Every year," continued Osman Ali, "the Nile leaves mud in the canals. Unless this mud is cleaned out the water could not come on the field. The sheik would drive my father and me with the courbash to work in the canals. We were not paid, but we were beaten to make us work. But after the English came we were not beaten, and they gave us money for working on the canals. The taxes were not heavy. We had clothes and food and we could buy my sisters golden bracelets and necklaces and silver anklets and copper to carry to the houses of their husbands. Also, we could give them very fine weddings and not go deeply into debt.'"

Improved Conditions

"One day my father was summoned to bear witness. There had been a murder, and it was thought he had seen the murderer strike. My father was an old man and growing weak. My mother gave him coins from her necklace to give the judge so that he need not be beaten to make him bear witness. But the judge said: 'Keep your gold. There need be no bribing of judges. If you did not see the man murdered you may swear to that and go free.' My father and I were glad the English came."

But when I tried to talk to Osman Ali about government he was not interested. He did not care to vote. It was nothing to him what the laws were, so that they protected him. He could not grasp the idea of free institutions.

"Your son must go to school, Osman Ali?"

"No, the English did not put any schools in our village. My officer told me they did not have money enough for many schools. My son did not learn to read and write. But my grandson, Said Mahomet, goes to a government school, and cries, 'Down with despotism!' I tell him what the pashas will do if they have the power, but he does not believe. He shows me reverence, but he thinks I am an old man who knows nothing. He is afraid some of his youngmen friends will hear me say that without the English Egypt will again come under the courbash."

Osman Ali remembers oppression, cares nothing for a constitution, so that he is not beaten and has enough to eat and wear. Young Said Mahomet takes lack of oppression, takes justice and prosperity, for granted. He wants independence, and he believes that it would be accompanied by the virtues that the English have superimposed on the land. He thinks that graft and injustice would not coexist with a new government, or else he would like to see graft and injustice increased so that he might become rich.

The future of Egypt is on the knees of the gods. But one thing is certain: If British control were removed the country would cease to progress or would even retrogress, and the majority of the people would again know oppression. Whether another power would step in from the outside or whether a state of internal anarchy would prevail is beside the mark. Forty years ago we might have said that no foreign power should have occupied Egypt. But the Europeans are here. Of them all the British give the best treatment to a subject race. If the British—who, of course, have their own stake in Egypt—were to fold up their tents and depart the pashas and the effendi would rejoice and the millions that lie under them would know oppression again. For the pashas and the effendi have no vision, and "Where there is no vision, the people perish."

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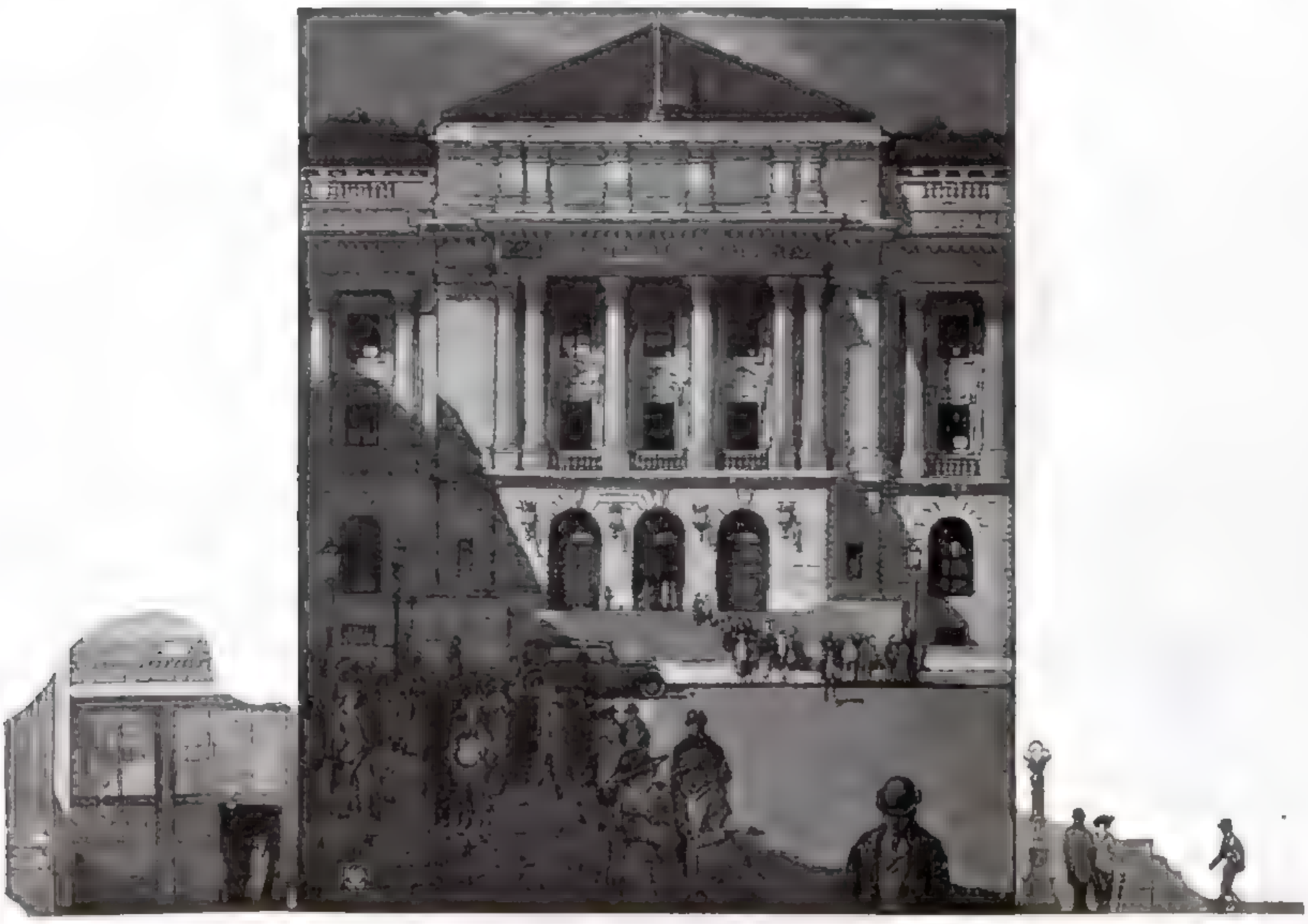

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ELEVATORS

STEEL

(Continued from Page 27)

his entire reaction to life was lowered in a way that eluded definition. He was content to sit through the mornings on the porch, smoking, with an idle gaze on the phlox and bright bluebells, the high hedges. Dan Gage left for the city directly after breakfast, but often Charlotte—and sometimes Sophie—was with him. Charlotte either read—now A Bed of Roses—or drew the fine threads of prospective handkerchiefs; though Sophie did neither. She appeared after the middle of the morning, and it was her good fortune to be as wholly radiant then as in the evening.

The full flood of day showed no flaws on the delicate beauty of her skin and coloring; in her short skirts and gay stockings, her sheer, elaborately tucked waists, she was the perfection of diminutive grace. Howard's wonder, his pleasure, continued at the faultless picture Sophie presented. She had no aspect, no attitude, that didn't instantly reward attention. He was content just to sit and watch her, to listen to the light flow of her conversation, like the sustained notes of a bird. She had, as well, in contrast to his lethargy, an inexhaustible energy and enthusiasm for the affairs of her life. From the moment she came down in the morning until—and it might be morning again—she went to bed, she was either in the full sweep of some active form of amusement or planning others.

He went about with her, to endless dinners and sporting afternoons, willingly enough; but he said very little, and except when she stirred him up, forced him to the completion of social obligations, he was more apt to be sitting in a withdrawn corner than, for example, dancing. He had acquired a disposition to be an onlooker rather than a participant in such gayety. The luxury of ease—as well as his wife's beauty—kept its power to amaze him. Nothing, it seemed to Howard, had disturbed, could disturb the calmness with which the people about him insisted on the full enjoyment of their opportunities of money and position. He saw everywhere ropes of pearls, emeralds, the blazing diamonds Sophie preferred; the rooms were a confusion of pale satin and velvet, silver and gold tissue, webs of lace over powdered arms and seductive shoulders. Though prohibition had been in force many weeks, there was no diminution in the service and flood of drinks. The excitement of the conversation and dancing was held at its high pitch by the gin, the whisky and vermuth and rum, with oranges or limes and the cracked ice and shakers constantly in process of integration.

Sophie's restless attitude was characteristic of everyone, just as her speech was set in the prevailing key of extravagance and determined freedom. As a spectacle it had at times, he thought with a touch of grimness, a resemblance to a community over which hung the impending calamity of a German invasion. Practically everybody he met seemed to be desperately extracting the last essence of enjoyment from an existence that might suddenly be canceled.

He had a large amount of sympathy for this; it was, Howard told himself, quite right. The other, the moral phase of life, had been shown to be drearily misleading. The promises of religion, the condemning of the world as a precarious stepping stone to the future, as a house of sin, had broken down before the relentless facts of the war. In particular, he was grateful for the sheer beauty round him, for the symmetry of fragile slippers and revealed grace, the drifting perfumes of the women, the wide clipped lawns and shaded terraces, and polished old furniture in rooms of unruffled appointment and atmosphere.

Howard often wandered, alone, down to the stream at Bagatelle, by the white bridge just below the fall, where for an hour at a time he would lean on the railing and watch the water sliding over the rocks. A bench was hidden in an arch of privet by the pool, and he sat there content, drowsy, in the last warmth of summer, isolated with the sheen of the water, the stillness of the cedars, the scarlet barberries on their bushes bare of leaves. A frog from a narrow walled spring sat, too, on his cold wet stone; and together they absorbed the serenity of the sunny quiet.

However, Daniel Gage as well talked but infrequently. It was obvious to Howard that he was deeply immersed in the concerns, the difficulties of the steel works. They had had no further conversation about that; the younger avoided the subject in order to escape the expression of an exasperation that must only displease Dan; but the other, he saw, was often on the verge of drawing him into a discussion that could only end unfortunately. Or else he was apt, through the affairs of his daughter, to question the existence of which already she was so active a part.

Howard Showed His Companion a Stair That Led Through a Side Door on a Path by the Garage. "Good-by," She Said

"I can't agree with you at all, Howard. Heaven and you know that I am not a radical, I'm a manufacturer. But these people are sailing on the wrong wind. The truth is that there has been both a tremendous amount of money made and a sense of entire insecurity—we can thank the theorists for that—and the two have resulted in a plunging on the present. What they, all these friends of Sophie's, don't realize is that when the sums they now have are gone there may be no more like them. Easy money, my dear boy, and the huge profits of yesterday, appear to be threatened. The time is coming rapidly when you may have to give something actual for a dollar.

"The Gages have always had a legitimate and an honest business; our money came from steel, a great and beautiful and indispensable material. After all, we're workers, and we are men. You showed that splendidly." They were in the glassed extension beyond the dining room, and his hand affectionately touched Howard's knee. "If I were young ——" Daniel Gage added regretfully, then broke off and fell into a musing silence. But nothing, Howard was certain, ever happened; events promised, war passed, and life was very much as it had been before. There had always been money for pearls, for waste, music for dancing, and idleness; there would never be a millennium. A very stupid business, if there were, Howard thought.

He heard the magnified explosions of the motor in the garage and rose to go out with Sophie. Her cloak had deep bands of sable and hid a new dress which, she had declared petulantly, she would never wear again.

VIII

VERY much to Howard's surprise it was Sophie who first spoke directly of Dan's hope for the future of the Gage Steel and Iron Works. They were in their room after a very late party; the windows were closed upon a cold autumn rain and Sophie was irritable.

"I can't honestly see why people keep on asking you about," she exclaimed. "Heaven knows you show you don't enjoy it. Of course, coming from France you have some privileges, but you do have to speak sometimes; yes, and dance with your hostess."

"Alice Vaile didn't want to be bothered with me," he replied equably; "she was having a whale of a time on the stairs with old Carpenter."

Sophie pointed out that that was immaterial. "You've simply got to," she insisted.

Howard answered that he could see no sense in any obligation that would only annoy other people. At different times through the evening when he had observed Alice she was similarly occupied.

"It is, pretty much, damned nonsense," he told his wife. "I really never noticed before how much of it there was, how much quite sensible people put up with. Why, look, that was a party, wasn't it, made up for pleasure? You admitted, in the motor, that you had a poor time, though I couldn't just see why. Morton Vaile was enraged because the wrong gin was opened and he was out near a gallon of liquid gold; he sat by me for a while and called his guests names. Alice, when I did see her, whispered that the music would drive her into an asylum; a large assortment of men asked each other why they had come, and the rest got drunk as soon as possible."

"It's exactly as I say," she insisted. "You don't enjoy going round, and take no trouble to hide your feelings. It would be very much better, Howard, if you did what Dan wants, and went back to the works. When you were abroad and John Gage French died Dan said at once that you must be vice president."

"Why, that's ridiculous!" Howard cried. "How can I be vice president of a plant I know nothing in the world about? Dan certainly has more sense than that! It's all in the family, of course. It's our affair; but that's no reason for handicapping a good industry. And, on top of that, I'm sure I'd never learn. I don't like it and never did. Perhaps, instead of changing me, the war has only intensified all the things I happened to be. Whatever occurs to me now was always at the back of my head; and the morning I went into the office of the purchasing agent the whole affair was the greatest nuisance imaginable. If this really is Dan's idea it must be discouraged at once."

"But, Howard," she continued stubbornly, "if you hate what I do so much you can't keep on being a part of it. I wonder how you have the patience to sit at Bagatelle all day. You'll want to do something."

It was this that surprised him—Sophie's sudden air of conventional propriety.

"If you are getting tired of me ——" he suggested lightly.

A vivid color stained the perfection of her cheeks, and she indignantly protested that he had deliberately misunderstood her.

"It's for you," Sophie insisted, her hand momentarily on his shoulder, her eyes gazing directly into his.

"By this time," he admitted, "I thought I'd know pretty much how I felt, what I wanted to do; but I don't. The truth is I am still tired; I haven't the energy to face life; but I've got the salt ready to drop on its tail. Exactly what I'll do has not appeared, and I thought a little of doing nothing at all ——"

"That would be horrid!" she asserted vigorously. "I'd be dreadfully ashamed of you."

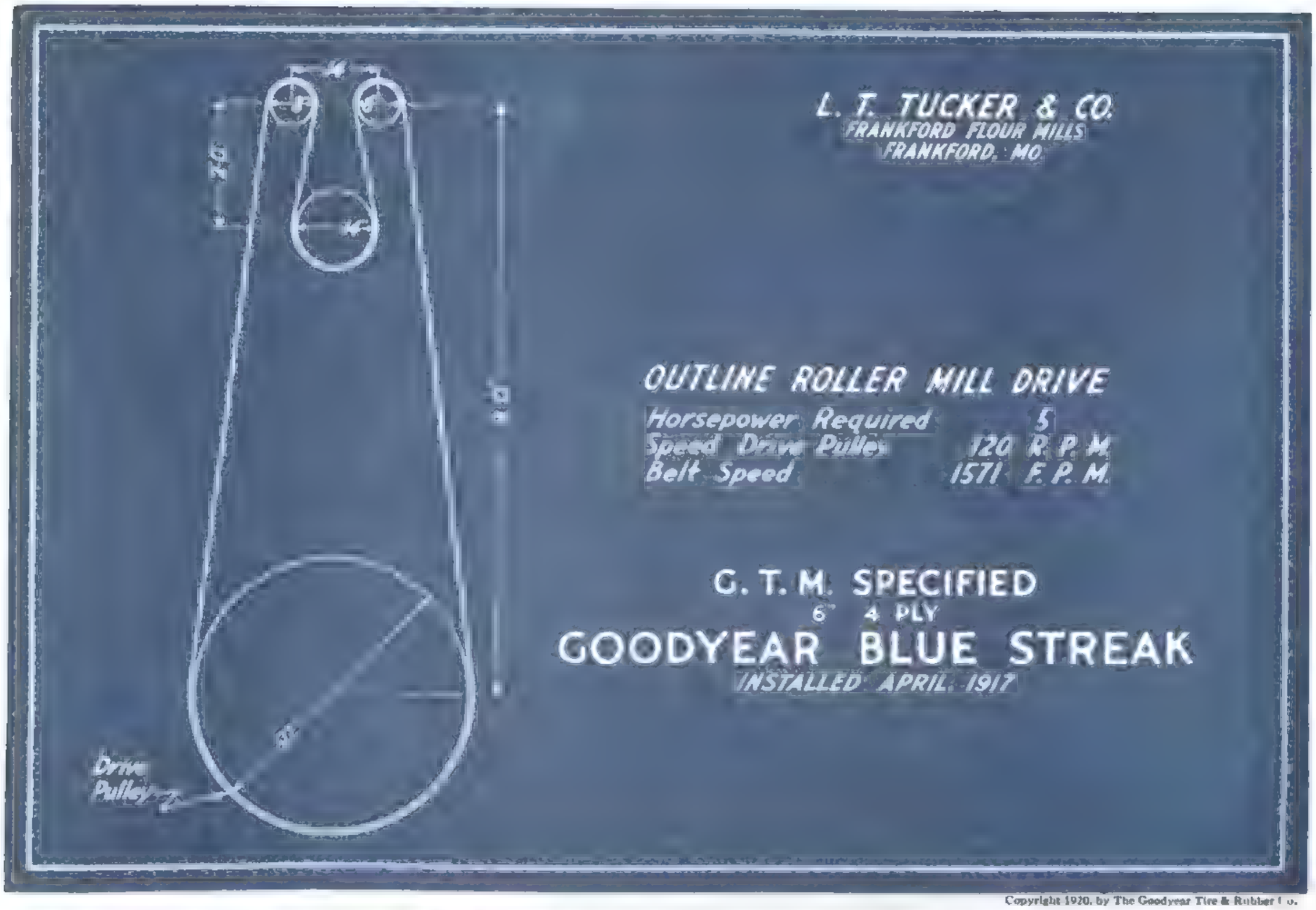
"It was to be largely on your account," he told her dryly, conscious of the sharp return of the feeling of her strangeness to him. Sophie was at his side, and her arm, her delightful arm, slid about his neck, her fragrant cheek pressed against his mouth.

"How silly!" she said. "Why, I want you to be tremendously important. The Gage works is a splendid thing, and I think of you lifting it higher than ever before—one of the great steel men of America. You're not happy at the Hunt Club or dinners; I'm sure it's just an idea that you don't like the work of your family; and altogether ——" Her embrace tightened and her head turned until their lips met. "There!"

Just what the connection was between her caress and the Gage Steel and Iron Works Howard couldn't gather.

"We have plenty of money without that," he tried tentatively.

Sophie drew away, obviously cross. "You are determined to misunderstand me," she asserted; "when it's for your own good—or at least principally. I do get tired of seeing you look so glum all day and most of the night. It isn't natural for you, staying morning and afternoon here. Of course you're tired, and war is hell; I realize that, but I realize more that you'd be better if you were busy; to say nothing about Dan: you must be blind or you'd see how wretched he is." (Continued on Page 119)



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The Roller Mill Drive—and the G. T. M.

Roll drives in flour mills are pretty much all alike in the strain they impose on belting. They subject both sides of the belt to contact with the pulleys, causing a flexing action that takes the life out of the average belt.

Any unusual duty is a challenge to the G. T. M.—Goodyear Technical Man—and he called on L. T. Tucker & Co., of Frankford Mills, Frankford, Mo., to see if they could not figure out together a way to more economical belt performance, over a longer period of use.

He outlined the Goodyear Analysis Plan by which Goodyear Mechanical Goods are specified exactly to the service required, so that they will not only serve the work more effectively, but contribute their proper share to the profitable operation of the entire plant. He dwelt on the established Goodyear practice of building the belt to the work to be done, with long-run economy always the object in view.

Full co-operation was given the G. T. M. in his study of the details of the drive. The miller supplemented the G. T. M.'s measurements of pulleys, center-to-center distances, and so on, with practical data about the actual running conditions. The resulting specifications first were checked carefully, and a 35-foot, 6-inch, 4-ply Goodyear Blue Streak Belt was installed in April, 1917.

For more than three years now that Goodyear Blue Streak Belt has transmitted power on the straining roll drive without a trace of slippage, and with a minimum of stretch. Fastened with rawhide lace, it shows no sign of wear, has run trouble-free amid the ever-present dust, and has cost almost nothing for repairs. Its steadiness has assured the fine-milled quality of the flour.

Its operating economy began with its purchase. Though Goodyear Belts usually cost a little more in the first place, this one cost 23% less than the belt it replaced. This fact, and the record it has set for unfailing performance, have brought into different service in the Frankford Mills other Goodyear Belts, each of them specified to its particular work, and all of them uniform in the construction and quality that protect our good name.

You may have a belting problem, involving either a drive or an entire plant, on which the G. T. M. could figure with profit to you. His services are at your command. Write for them, or for further information about the Goodyear Analysis Plan, to The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio.

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This remarkable consistency of performance which distinguishes the Willys-Knight insures permanency of use through many years with minimum of daily expense and maximum of daily service.

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Willys Knight
SLEEVE VALVE MOTOR
IMPROVES WITH USE

(Continued from Page 118)

"He won't take a rest," Howard explained. "Now he has a chance to sell the plant, and in spite of everything being in an infernal mess he refuses to listen. Because it has been in the family for a long while is no reason why it should hang on our necks. I'll tell you plainer still that I'm not going to be victimized by mere sentimentality. The war was hell, as you so originally said, but it did this—it blasted a lot of truck out of me. I earned an entire right to my convictions; if I want to loaf I'll loaf, and when I want to work I'll work at what I want."

A sense of isolation from life, from sympathy, fastened upon him; he gazed with a darkened countenance and narrowed eyes at his wife. She met his scrutiny with a careless bar of current song.

What an armor her beauty was!

"I'm sorry, Sophie," he admitted; "I'm a good deal of a beast. There are times when I think my affections are dead; I think of Dan as coldly as though he were an inconsiderable stranger. It's hateful, but worse for me than for any of you. God only knows how I looked forward to being with you, home; and it's all finer than my happiest anticipations. You'll have to be patient and I'll come round. I am not quite used to it here, the other is still so fresh. I thought that the war would last forever; or until the world was smothered under the artillery fire; and when that did stop it went right on in our heads. Then, all at once—Bagatelle and you; the flowers and the oak trees and the still moonlight. You, lovelier than anyone could remember."

"The music was atrocious," Sophie said absent-mindedly; "and Morton was silly about his gin. Dudley dances marvelously. Did you notice him with Kate Lammont? Really she's too much. I told Dudley he oughtn't to encourage her." She glanced at him over her shoulder from the dressing table. "Have you noticed Charlotte and Major Moreland? He seems very much struck with her; but, of course, Charlotte is terribly young for anything serious. Yet my grandmother was married at fifteen, and Charlotte has all the assurance of a Follies girl."

"Don't be idiotic!" he replied curtly. "At any possibility like that Bagatelle would lose an officer of the adjutant-general's staff."

Sophie cried at once: "At least there's no reason for your getting sarcastic about that! Dudley couldn't help his eyes. I'm not insinuating anything about Dan's darling, and Major Moreland is quite capable of taking care of his own reputation."

The exasperation had surprisingly returned to her voice and manner. Howard considered Sophie for a moment, and then dismissed her mood as a privilege of the inexplicable feminine. Disregarding the rain he put up a window—the room seemed chokingly full of scented powder.

IX

THE order of life at Bagatelle, which in imagination and longing had seemed so simple to Howard Gage, began to show a design of deeply complicated motives and pressures. It had been his firmest intention to remain aside, for a year at least, from every serious engagement; and though his determination was unchanged he found it almost impossible to keep his mind from questions, doubts, that at once involved him in a tiresome feeling of responsibility.

This business, for example, of Dan's planning his entry in an important capacity into the Gage works. He had told Sophie that he wouldn't consider it, his decision was unchanged—Dan ought to sell; and yet he was troubled by an obscure weight of failure within himself. He thought it was a stirring of the unborn feeling of pride in the family steel; nothing more than that; a thing already dismissed. But he was unable to discover a preoccupation that even remotely promised to satisfy him or take its place. It wasn't in the light of a social or moral obligation that he wanted to do something; only he had begun to have grave doubts about the attractions of a life of complete pleasure. Now he'd had time to examine that existence more or less in detail, from the detachment of both his late experience and the obvious changes in what was spoken of as society, and it failed to enthrall him. No, he had no impulse to work; but what was offered in the place of work seemed insufficient. Howard was more than willing, he was anxious to be caught in a sphere of gayety and pleasure; theoretically he approved of a perpetual carnival of music and wine and beauty; but in the middle of such a show the critical indifference settled over him, the dancing seemed mechanical, without the least sparkle, and what he drank served but to deepen his scoffing humors.

Sophie's annoyance at him, he admitted, was entirely justified; he could see that as a husband he was far from an ideal; but what puzzled him was her insistence that he should go with Dan into the city, the works. Howard had an unsatisfactory discussion of this with the elder—when Daniel Gage would not accept his refusal as final—with the result that they had both grown a little angry. Sophie joined her opinion to Dan's, her arm metaphorically linked into Charlotte's; and Howard found himself vaguely, but none the less actually, in a position of defense. He had acquired in the Army a habit of analytical patience which he now devoted unsuccessfully to the problem of Sophie.

The Gage men, he knew, with the exception of Dan, were not intensely concerned with women. They were even a little impatient at their wives and children, neither lovers nor domestic, and with always a slightly formal manner. They had been absorbed by the Gage Steel and Iron Works; but that was lacking in Howard. In the first keen delight of his return he had felt that Sophie, who was so superlatively lovely, would largely content him, when now—perhaps because he was not wholly satisfied—he was aware of an elusive disturbance at the base of their marriage. It must, however, vanish when he had been reabsorbed by normal life; his present uneasiness was shared by all the men who came back from war to the obligations of work and family.

He was conscious, strangely enough, of a touch of loneliness, and this brought into his relationship with Sophie a tenderness new to him. Yes, he was forced to conclude, in the time he had been away he had changed to such an extent that he was an alien in his old world. Howard felt at times, listening to a light rush of voices, that the words were incomprehensible to him; certainly the interests they expressed were far removed from his heart. But his love for his wife would bring him back into a happiness that sometimes seemed definitely lost.

His pleasure in her beauty grew rather than diminished; familiarity, like the full sunlight of noon, showed no defects in the purity of her physical being. Her facile moods, too, charmed him; they were as appropriate to her as the quick shifting color in her cheeks; he laughed happily at her vexations. Yet in reflective moments he regarded his attitude toward her with a serious curiosity; he never thought of Sophie as a mother. Such a fundamental relationship—as, indeed, she frankly insisted—was totally out of keeping with her flowery grace. In her, seduction, beauty, was its own end; and for this reason, he thought, swinging back to his main query, he was disconcerted by her absorption in the plant.

It was Daniel Gage who pointed out to him that he hadn't been in the works since his return, and that he might discover a renewed interest in the metal itself.

"Come down with me some morning," Dan proceeded. "No necessity for you to go near the offices; but just watch young Campbell blow steel. The fettling shop will be almost noisy enough even for your experience."

He refused then curtly, but later, with the memory of Dan's disappointment, Howard went without notice to the works. He didn't want it made easy, explained at every step; his difficulty lay beyond mere processes or commerce. The entire industry left him cold, it didn't engage his imagination or promise to possess him as a life's occupation must. Howard wasn't going to add himself to the inarticulate toilers, the prisoners, really, of modern machinery. He detested war, but the monumental scale on which he had known it made him contemptuous of minor affairs. Though he was unable to explain his position, to Dan or to himself, he had a strong conviction that it was not merely arbitrary; he wasn't lazy.

He assured himself of this, approaching the Gage works. The street was broad; it was, in fact, called an avenue; but its center was entirely occupied by tracks filled with freight cars from all parts of the country. Some were being shifted with harsh, short blasts of the engine, and a cold wind blew streamers of steam and grimy smoke across Howard's face. On either side were the high blackened walls of yards and plants, dominated by files of iron and brick stacks; and farther on, diminished by the prospect, a dull widening sweep, were irregular rows of sordid dwellings. There was no pavement, and Howard walked over sharp cinders, the grooved entrances of drays and cobblestoned cross streets. It was, he thought, recalling the serenity of Bagatelle, hideous beyond measure; and he was absolutely certain that his future included no such environment as this.

The wind increased in bitterness, and an early drift of snow shifted from a sky made apparently from the smoke of the locality. His dislike became a species of personal enmity for the inanimate walls and objects round him. He cursed the inequalities of the way, and when a track watchman halted him peremptorily, Howard gazed at him in stony resentment. The other, indifferent to this, ignored Howard and waved an engine to proceed. Farther along a two-storied signal tower held the middle of an irregular square, and painted on a wall was the designation: Gage Steel and Iron Works.

The plant lay as well on the opposite side of the street, but before Howard, round a corner, was the main entrance, the offices of the works manager and clerks and minor executives, and he savagely dragged open a storm door, which the wind viciously slammed on his heels. He was in a small entry facing a middle-aged man who rose behind a railing with a sudden interest brightening a preoccupied face.

He put out a hand with the exclamation: "Why, Captain Gage, why ——"

"Not Captain, but Mr. Gage," Howard told him decidedly. "I have left the Army," he added needlessly, in a lame effort to mitigate his lack of warmth.

"We know all about what you've done, and when and how," the other proceeded vigorously; "and if you had let the men hear you were coming ——"

Howard Gage stopped him with a sharp gesture. "I want to walk round by myself," he explained; "and see the place under ordinary circumstances."

The man before him nodded slowly. "Want to kind of check up on us. Well, just as you say; but anybody who's been with the company and has his senses will recognize you as soon as you step into a shop. It's a fact I only saw you once, a matter of twelve years ago; but a Gage is a Gage, and no one else."

He hesitated, obviously considering the wisdom of an inquiry which, after all, he decided to make: "Somebody's been telling us that a Pittsburgh corporation wants to buy Mr. Daniel and you out; and then we got word that you were to take the place of Mr. French. I guess I don't need to add which we hope is true."

Howard laughed. "Not if you have any idea of how I'd tangle the business."

The answer was prompt: "The Gage don't live who couldn't learn steel from pig to plows overnight."

Howard nodded and proceeded through a door, down some steps, to a yard surrounded by shops with an entrance by a watchman's house, and platform scales, and a miscellaneous disorder of lumber and raw materials attended by a few workmen. The entire yard was hideous with apparently haphazard piles of rusted scrap iron and sand and bricks; there were no paths or intelligible courses; and he stood undecided in the frigid wind. All this—the blank walls and scarred earth, the smoke and rust and broken castings, unspeakably dirty under a depressing sky—was exactly what Howard had determined to shut from his life.

He thought of the smooth lawns and green hedges of Bagatelle, his wife in a dinner dress of floating vaporous colors; and at the memory of that heavenly quiet after the guns, at the image of Sophie after a world of churned mud, he half determined to leave the steel mill at once, forever. However, the absurdity of such a decision in the face of his purpose, and the fact that he would have nothing to tell Dan—no actuality with which to enforce his dislike of steel—sent him forward to a door from which he had seen a laborer emerge. It closed uncertainly behind him and Howard stood facing a monumental confusion without perceptible end or purpose. It resembled, as much as anything, a great train shed in which a score of huge locomotives had collided and lay in shattered fragments, here and there bursting into sullen flames.

There was a constant subdued roar of sound, broken into by the harsh clatter of pounded metal, the shrill exasperating note of air under pressure, the jangling signals of overhead cranes swinging grinding burdens, and the thudding, like diseased hearts, of beaten sand. After the stillness into which Howard had been so suddenly plunged the noise rasped and sickened him. It was, compared to the worst he knew, trivial; yet it was noise, and it had this dismayingly in common with that other—it went on and on and on. In reality the war, to his profound surprise, had stopped, but the racket of the steel mills would keep up, night and day, till time's end. Against his every inclination he forced himself to linger and watch a group of men replacing the broken brick wall of a pit.

Beyond, an enormous ladle, with a cover, was filled with blazing flames. It was from there the roaring proceeded, and he asked a negro, in a private's uniform and cap, but with no distinguishing marks, the purpose of the fire. Without removing a cigarette he replied with an offensive humor that they were making iron. Already strained, Howard's anger flared dangerously; he was at the point of a harsh reply when he remembered not only that his rank was laid aside but that these workmen were bound together in the upholding of their extreme dignity, and that, without making trouble for Dan, he was unable to exercise the old arbitrary privilege of summary dismissal.

He moved away, avoiding the traveling cranes, unceremonious laborers and scorching areas of fire. An entrance, open at the farther end of the shop, was exactly planned, Howard thought, to admit the full sweep of wind; and at the left another long high shedlike inclosure was filled with the pitilessly sustained hammering. He felt that he must get away, submerge himself once more in quiet, when a boy with an assured voice, stopping beside him, said that Mr. Daniel Gage was at the works and wished to see him in the manager's office.

Howard followed the messenger back across the yard, up a flight of stairs to a gallery, and entered a space of whitened brick walls and partitions permeated with a close aroma of sawdust, which, he saw, came from an open door to a pattern shop. He found Dan in an informal, even bare, interior; it had no rugs or draperies at the windows, only the most commonplace necessities of a period before luxury had been introduced into such furnishing.

Daniel Gage obviously was delighted by Howard's unannounced presence.

"Well," he began, "I suppose you know that we are old-fashioned in a hundred directions and that the collar was burned off a cupola in the converter shop yesterday. You've probably been across in the iron foundry and discovered that the air furnaces are antiquated and that we have been running iron heats in the open hearth; you're annoyed, too, because we haven't got an electric charger, but hang one from a crane."

"I know nothing about any of that," Howard replied. "It all looks to me as though it had been left by a boche retreat. You might as well realize, Dan, that I'm not for this and it's not for me; we might as well admit it and start fresh. Naturally I don't want to hurt you," he added, at the elder's disappointment; "the simple truth is I'd be a rotten steel man; I think it was left out of me. You may go ahead and tell me that I'm purely selfish, ridiculous, and I'll agree with you. I am selfish and don't care a damn! And I'm going to be as foolish as I please. Say to yourself, if you like, that the war ruined me."

"The war hasn't spoiled you, Howard," his companion returned slowly. "You never liked our business, but I hoped you would come back different in that particular. I thought perhaps you'd be able to see the necessity of steel; that after your experience you would need such a foundation for the future, for yourself; I thought you'd come back dedicated to reality. You know we're all skeptical men, rather pessimistic; and our salvation has been the Gage works. I was marvelously happy, married, but it didn't last. Fanny died so soon; thank God, though, that steel is steel. It held me up, Howard, it holds up the modern world. What do you want?" he cried, suddenly veering. "That gin-swilling life about the Welch Hunt? Are you still too immature to value it rightly? Do you suppose you could keep it up month

(Continued on Page 122)

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INSWS

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(Continued from Page 119)

after month, year after year, like Moreland and the women! I'll assure you that you won't, can't; but, before you know, you'll be rusted, crystallized; you will be scrap. It comes so quickly, this damned middle age, and then, almost overnight, you are finished, done. The furnace is put out."

"I don't know what I want," Howard said sullenly. "What is there to choose from? But it seems to me I have enough for the present. I'm certain, though, that I have no wish for this boiler factory. I don't care what holds the world up, nor even if it falls. From what I see there's no special reason for its continuation. I like Moreland as little as you do, and kissing women between dances means nothing to me; but, when you're done talking, the gin is quite a good thing, almost a blessing. It's plain to me, too, that you think Sophie's a long way from Fanny—I suppose I ought to apologize, but I prefer Sophie. What you can't get into your head is that my life suits me. Before long you'll be saying a prayer over me. Damn it, Dan, I'll leave the whole thing if you don't stop bothering me! First it's Sophie—that will surprise you—then Charlotte and you, the whole virtuous chorus."

"Your life is immaterial compared to my memories," Daniel Gage told him quietly. "I must warn you, even in your excitable state, not to speak of Fanny again. And this much is clear to me—you are not a reasonable being. It seems to me that I was flattering you in connection with the Gage Steel and Iron Works. It takes a man to make castings to-day. No arbitrary donkey could last a week. If I didn't know you I'd let you go to the devil; but it's only the negative who do that with any success.

"After all, at bottom, I was thinking of you and not of our name; of you and Sophie. I know what you feel about her beauty—to-day. But you are hard, Howard; there's a lot of nonconformist blood in the Gages; and at forty, or perhaps sooner with you, it will come to the surface. Now you are looking at her and at life objectively, as though you were at one of those New York musical comedies. The songs and legs and paint and powder are very pretty; but you'll lose the taste for it and come away empty, wretched, needing the steel. I wanted to save it for you."

"And now," said Howard, "the amen."

"If you like," Daniel Gage agreed coldly. He looked at his watch. "It's after twelve and I have a conference uptown at one." Howard rose ungraciously, hearing from without three faint shrill blasts of a whistle. "That means nothing to you," Dan commented; "it's Campbell signaling for the ladle; a blow is finished. If you can contain yourself here for a very little longer I'll take you down with Bader."

He sounded the horn of the automobile standing inside the entrance—a car, Howard thought, as dusty and ill kept as everything else in its vicinity—and a youth in a short trench coat with a deep fleece collar drove them to the middle of town. Howard silently repudiated the explanation of him advanced by the elder. It was fundamentally, grotesquely wrong; certainly his most marked characteristic was a complete freedom from any quality of dogmatic absolutism. The war had liberated him there, he repeated, cleared his mind of old cant, and left him facing the world without prejudice. He was entirely willing to accept what reality he found, but it must be real. If it was a religion it must be valid, potent and undeniable and immediate; if amusement it must amuse; if industry its necessity must be in him and not in mere precepts.

x

THE truth was, Howard told himself later, that the opinion of any individual was immaterial to him. A dinner was in progress, given by Sophie, and there were twelve people and a great deal of noise at the table. He was seated between Mrs. Wain, Moreland's sister, and Charlotte, and of the two he found Charlotte the more engaging. Mrs. Wain was a severely handsome woman, in a handsomely severe gown, who, it was evident, occupied a place of supreme importance in the society which revolved about her. She was aggressively correct, fortunately connected, and had a hand in every discoverable phase of living, an unofficial voice in the Court of Domestic Relations; the president of a Louvain Society devoted to the restoration of the Gothic; she had been an imposing figure in the wartime activities, soldiers' reception and parade committees. Unfortunate girls and English novels, indecent dancing, factory legislation and Cairne terriers were touched upon, illuminated and dismissed. She was very confidential with Howard; but he listened to her with a masked expression that hid an utter absence of interest.

Charlotte, however, even for her, was excessively entertaining, in very tightly fitting black velvet.

"You see this dress?" she half whispered. "Well, you'd never guess what a storm it kicked up—with Sophie. She said that for a girl of my age, an infant really, to wear velvet and black was not only ludicrous but criminal; she said her friends would criticize father and her outrageously; she said a virginal white with a simple ruffle was all I should attempt; she said men would misunderstand me; she said I was too deathly pale to wear it; she said ——"

"For heaven's sake, Charlotte, stop! Breathe!" he interrupted. "It looks like a good sort of a dress to me, and it's becoming. I never think any more of how young or old you may be; you're like the sphinx." His mood darkened. "Do you like all this so very much? Does it satisfy you? Can you look forward to a lifetime of it? I thought something of that, but Sophie seems opposed. What else is there? I've asked Dan, and now I'll ask you."

She replied without a moment's hesitation, "Love."

Howard shook his head negatively. "I don't believe that's the answer. At least it isn't for me; it would be like eating nothing but these glazed cakes. Love's an agreeable pastime—the French print on the stairs expresses it perfectly—but it isn't the works. That's a crap-shooting word, I don't mean the Gage plant. And you surprise me."

Charlotte replied that she surprised herself. "Howard," she added, her lips close upon his ear, "tell me truly, what do you think of Major Moreland?"

He said decisively: "Nothing."

She continued wondering if, after all, men were such infallible judges of each other. Later she stopped him by the print of which he had spoken, a graceful and sophisticated pastoral of the eighteenth century.

"I'm rather mad about him," she said abruptly.

They sat on a step and Howard proceeded in an attitude of serious remonstrance.

"Moreland is too good to be true," he explained. "When a man always reflects the best public opinions, and cheers when the crowd cheers and curses with the others, when he invariably belongs to the party that is most successful and likes only the right people—he's got no sand in him, Charlotte. He isn't real. Mrs. Wain, his sister, is like that; but it's not so bad in a woman. Moreland can be what he pleases; it doesn't touch me, except where you are concerned. Perhaps, though, I'm prejudiced; we used to hate the officers with beautiful uniforms and opinions who rode out from G. H. Q. to the quiet sectors. No one in the infantry, up on the line, was in the frame of mind to give anybody the benefit of a doubt. And I dare say that has become a part of me. But don't pick one out of the parade, Charlotte; you'll miss the best there."

She rose, and he had a sudden sense of her slipping beyond his sympathy, disregarding his advice.

More people had come in; a servant at one end of the dining room was devoting his entire energies to the compounding of cocktails; and a snare drum, dragged from a closet, was being beaten as an accompaniment to the piano for dancing. The night had grown surprisingly warm, windows were opened, and there was a temporary murmur of voices and laughter from the porch. A woman in black chiffon, with a minute bat cut in black court-plaster on her shoulder, was seated with Howard on a small bench in the hall. He didn't know her, though she had recognized him and was asking interminable questions in a rapid, eager voice about the war. She had been the repository of many described pathological horrors, fabricated, mostly, Howard saw, in a spirit of grim or annoyed humor.

"It was so brutalizing!" she asserted.

Fortunately just then a man appeared who swept her up and they danced through the hall and into the drawing-room. Sophie went by with Dudley Moreland in a new uniform. They were both serious, and failing to observe him they went out into the garden on the road. The feeling of isolation crept over him again; the drum exasperated him by its insensate sound. But there was no necessity for loneliness; women everywhere smiled at him, there was a confusion of color and perfume and silken ankles, discreet and indiscreet whispers, opportunities, invitations, drinks without end. Dan had been caught by Mrs. Wain, who was explaining to him the heart of the workman; his gaze begged Howard for relief, but he turned away sharply and went up to his room, closing the door with a restrained violence.

The beds were heaped with satin and fur wraps, and at his entrance a woman turned from Sophie's dressing table, where apparently she had been repairing the damage to her simply waved hair.

"I'm sorry," Howard said, his hand on the door knob; "I forgot this had been turned into a dressing room."

She lighted a cigarette. "Don't go; I'm through. Isn't everything nice? I only wish I could stay longer."

It seemed, he replied, early; but she explained that she was taking someone to the New York train, and it would be hardly worth while returning.

She interested him more than any of the women downstairs; he liked her general air of cool security and the direct manner of her smoking.

"I wish I had discovered you before," he proceeded; "I'm certain you wouldn't ask me about the brutalities in France. All the people here seem to have come while I was away. Perhaps you live across the road."

"No. It's too bad, isn't it? And I know very few people here myself except—except, well, Mrs. Gage."

Sophie, he told her, was his wife. She studied him with a brief, sweeping scrutiny.

Then: "Of course! I should have recognized you at once from her description. But I'm glad I saw you. I'm sorrier than ever now that I have to go."

He liked her instinctively, more and more; not only for her assurance but because of her magnetism, the sense of exhilaration she mysteriously communicated to him. She came daringly close; her eyes, he saw, were gray; her lips, without paint, pale but enticing.

"I must get my wrap," she said.

She stirred those on the beds until she found a voluminous cape of luxurious fur; then swiftly she gathered up a wide sable scarf and muff with another cloak.

"Ella's," she explained.

He opened the door for her, but with a hand on his shoulder she propelled him before her.

"Please see if anyone's about," she continued. "I don't want to start people going home or interrupt Mrs. Gage." The hall was empty, and Howard showed his companion a stair that led through a side door on a path by the garage. "Good-by," she said, holding out a hand. But rapidly she changed her mind, and with her free arm softly across his shoulder she kissed him.

He lingered above aimlessly, amazed and more than a little moved. What a fool he had been not to ask her name; and then he fell into a speculation about the strange property of charm. The particular subject of his thought had it to an uncommon degree; she had more—that power of communicable spirit. It was familiar, but he couldn't remember where he had met it before. Then in a flash it came to him—it was like the keyed-up excitement, the intensity of some of his men before an advance; his best men, he added.

Howard had not gone down when Sophie and Mrs. Wain appeared, and he gathered that the latter was leaving. They disappeared into his room, but almost immediately Sophie, utterly dismayed, hurried out in search of him.

"Howard," she cried, "Catherine Wain can't find her cloak! It's gone. She remembers perfectly where she laid it too; on my bed. It was brand-new and horribly expensive. There must have been a thief. I'm certain of it, and I am frightened to death."

"It couldn't be a servant," he replied, surprised not so much by Sophie's announcement as at the realization of the truth.

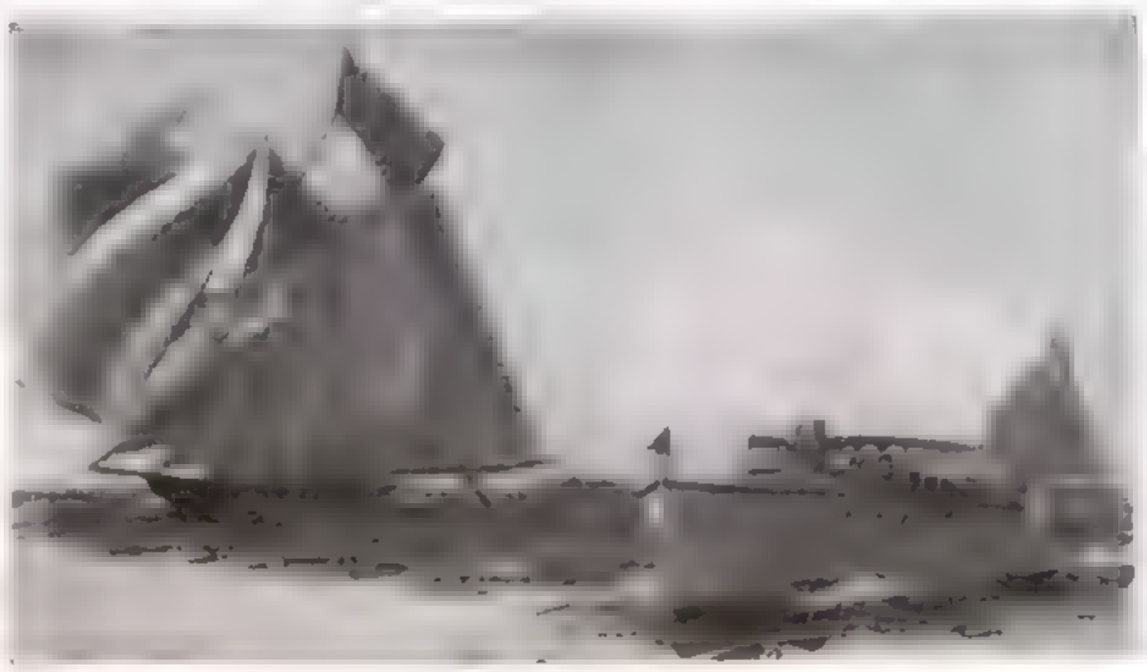
"Certainly not," she agreed, in tears. "Dan has had most of them since the flood; and probably they have fur coats of their own."

He was still considering what had happened in the light of his special knowledge, his feeling, when the absence of the second wrap and the sables was discovered. The robbed women were, by turn, shrill with hysterical anger, suspicion, and muffled in grief. Their husbands, middle-aged, stout and prosperous, consulted in a loud, agitated efficiency. An exhaustive investigation followed, the maids and attending chauffeurs were questioned; but beyond the fact that a car had driven away earlier than any other, nothing was uncovered. Howard kept recklessly, inexcusably silent; he withdrew to the garden for an examination of his strange and thoroughly reprehensible state of mind.

He realized, however, that he had no intention of informing anyone of what he knew. The self-possession of the woman who had kissed him had been like a breath of reality in the trivial atmosphere about Mrs. Harrison Wain and the futile individual who owned the sable scarf and muff. This certainly was wrong; he was assisting in a violation of the law; but suddenly he was oppressed by a vision of the impotence of the world that had been preserved almost intact at such cost in France. Howard had no confidence in the assertion that, as a result of the war, a new and just world would take the place of inequality. Rather coming home with the wounded, the casuals, in the transport Minneapolis, he had hoped, for his pleasure, that everything would be as he had left it. But now the satisfaction of his discovery that this was true had largely vanished: it seemed to him that all the men fighting in Europe—yes, the Germans as well—had staggeringly carried a crushing burden to a place where it could be put more or less safely down only to find that it was worthless. He was indifferent to the accidents which overtook its pretentiousness or assaulted its soft comfort.

He was by the stream; the fall sounded insistently, like a cool undisturbed voice. She didn't live across the road from him; and he was surprised by the insidious and vain wish that he'd see her again. He moved toward the pool, and circling the high clipped privet about the bench by the spring he came noiselessly on a figure in black velvet, embraced by a man whose garb bore the gleams of metal insignia: it was Charlotte and Moreland. Howard Gage withdrew as silently as he had come. From the windows of the house above streamed a flood of light, like champagne, and the feverish resonance of the drum.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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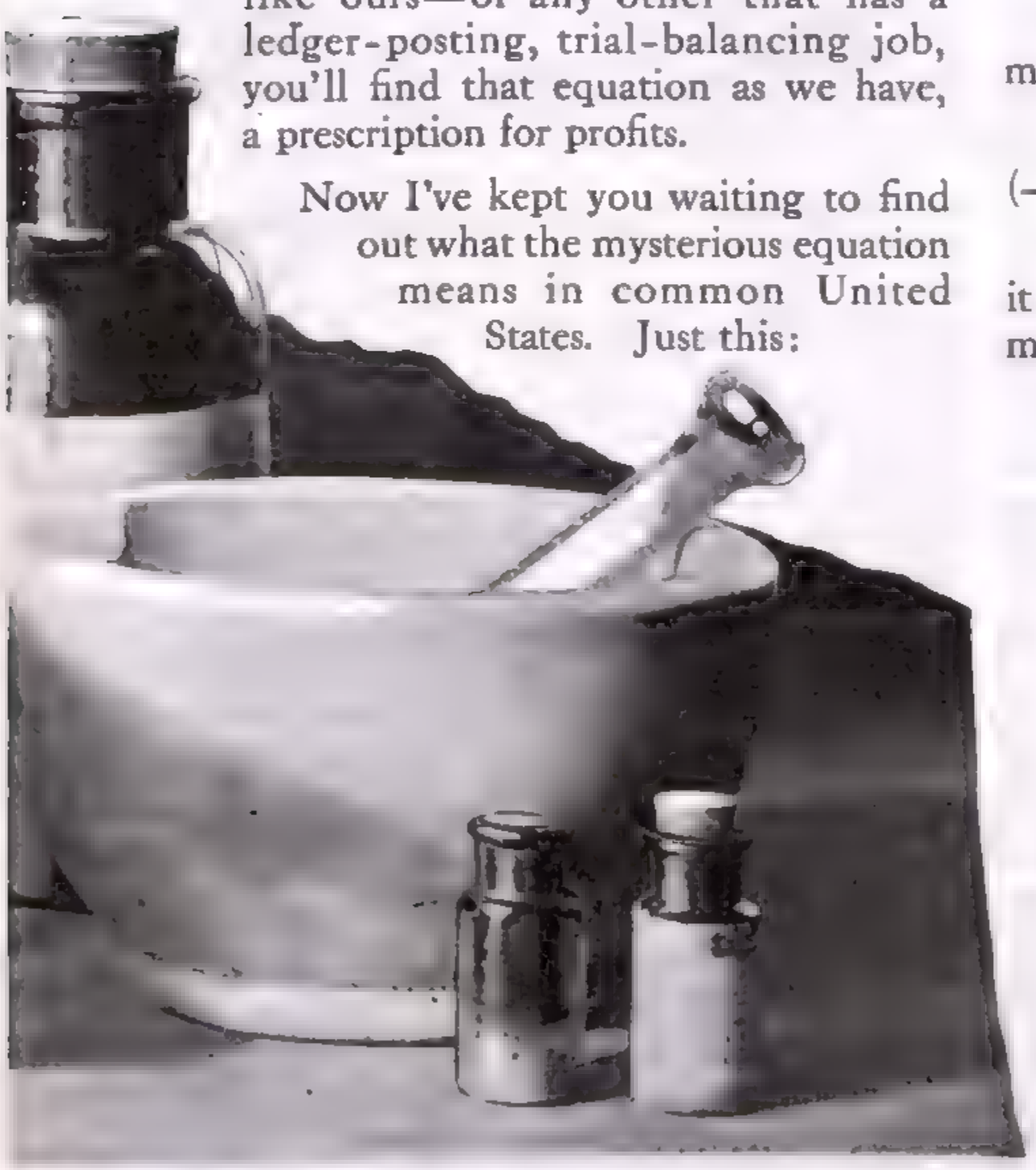

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ALL-WOOL MORRISON

(Continued from Page 7)

She struggled and squalled when the officer set his palms against her to push her away. Morrison dropped the governor's hand, broke off his duty speech and with rueful smile pleaded for tolerance from the Corson party.

"Hush, Mother Slattery!" he remonstrated.

"Ah, that's orders from him as has the grand right to give 'em! Niver a wor-rd from me mouth, Your Anner, till I may say me say at your call!"

A prolonged, still more deprecatory smile was bestowed by the mayor on the élite among his guests.

"I was out of town when I was elected mayor, and they hadn't taken the precaution to measure me for an office room at the city building. I didn't fit anything down there. Some day they're going to build the place over and have room for the mayor to transact business without holding callers on his knee. In the meantime what mayoralty business I don't do out of my hat on the street I attend to here, where I can give a little attention to my own business as well. Now just a moment please!" he pleaded, turning from them.

He went to the old woman, checking the outburst with which she flooded him when he approached.

"I know! I know, Mother Slattery! No need to tell me about it. As a fellow martyr I realize just how Jim has been up against it—again!" He slid something into her hand. "Rellihan will speak to the judge!"

He passed hastily from person to person, the officer at his heels with ear cocked to receive the orders of his master as to the disposition of cases and affairs. Then Rellihan marshaled the retreat of the suppliants from the presence.

"I do hope you understand why I attended to that business first," apologized the mayor.

"Certainly! It's all in the way of politics," averred the senator, out of his own experience. "I have been mayor of Marion!"

"With me it's business instead of politics," returned Morrison gravely. "I don't know anything about politics. Mac Tavish, there, says I don't. Mac Tavish knows me well. But when I took this job ——"

"Ye didna tak it," protested Mac Tavish, determined then as always that the Morrison should be set in the right light. "They scrabbled ye by yer scruff and whamped ye into a ——"

"Yes! Aye! Something of the sort! But I'm in, and I feel under obligations to attend to the business of the city as it comes to hand. And business—I have made business sacred when I have taken on the burden of it."

"I fully understand that, Stewart, and my friend Daunt will be glad to hear you say what I know is true. For he is here in our state on business—business in your line," affirmed the senator. He put his hand on the arm of the elderly man with the assertive mutton-chop whiskers. "Silas Daunt, Mayor Morrison! Mr. Daunt, of the banking firm of Daunt & Cropley."

"Business in my line, you say, sir?" demanded Morrison, pursuing a matter of interest with characteristic directness.

"Development of water power, Mister Mayor. We are taking the question up in a broad and, I hope, intelligent way."

"Good! You touch me on my tenderest spot, Mr. Daunt."

"Senator Corson has explained your intense interest in the water power in this state. And this state in my opinion has more wonderful possibilities of development than any other in the Union."

Morrison did not drawl when he replied. His demeanor corroborated his statement as to his tenderest spot. "It's a sleeping giant!" he cried.

"It's time to wake it up and put it to work," stated Daunt.

"Exactly!" agreed Senator Corson. "I'm glad I'm paying some of the debt I owe the people of this state by bringing two such men as you together. I have wasted no time, Stewart!"

"Round and round the wheels of great affairs begin to whirl!" declaimed Lana. "The grain of sand must immediately eliminate itself from this atmosphere; otherwise it may fall into the bearings and cause annoying mischief. I'll send the car back, father. I mustn't bother a business meeting."

A grimace that hinted at hurt wrinkled the candor of the Morrison's countenance.

"I hoped it wasn't mere business that brought you—all!"

He dwelt on the last word with wistful significance, staring at Lana.

"No, no!" said the senator hastily. "Not business—not business wholly. A neighborly call, Stewart! The governor, Mr. Daunt, Lana—all of us to pay our respects. But"—he glanced round the big room—"now that we're here, and the time will be so crowded after the legislature assembles, why not let Daunt express some of his views on the power situation? Without you and your support nothing can be done. We must develop our noble old state! Where is your private office?"

"I have never needed one," confessed Stewart; it was a pregnant hint as to the Morrison methods. "I never expected to be honored as I am to-day."

The Hon. Calvin Dow was posted near a window in a big chair, comfortably reading one of Stewart's newspapers. Several other citizens of Marion, sheep of such prominence that they could not be shooed away with the mere goats who had been excluded, were waiting an audience with the mayor.

"You understand of course that there is no secrecy—that is to say, no secrecy beyond the usual business precautions involved," protested the senator. The frank query in Stewart's eyes had been a bit disconcerting. "But to have matters of business bandied ahead of time by the mouth of gossip, on half information, is as damaging as all this ridiculous talk that's now rioting through the city regarding politics."

"It's all an atrocious libel on my administration!" exploded Governor North. "It's damnable nonsense!"

Old Dog Tray, when he had occasion to bark, was not noted for polite reticence.

Lana took Coventry Daunt's arm and started off with an elaborate display of mock terror.

"And now politics goes whirling, too! My, how the ground shakes! Mister Mayor, I'll promise you more serene conditions on Corson Hill this evening."

There was an unmistakable air of proprietorship in her manner with the young man who accompanied her.

The governor shook his finger before the mayor's face and in his complete absorption in his own tribulation failed to remark that he was not receiving undivided attention.

"I'm depending on men like you, Morrison. I have dropped in here to-day to tell you that I'm depending on you."

Senator Corson had apparently convinced himself that the mill office of St. Ronan's was too much of an open-faced proposition; it seemed more like an arena than a conference room. Dow and the waiting gentlemen of Marion showed that they were frankly interested in the governor's outbreak. Right then there were new arrivals.

The senator hastily made himself solitaire manager of that particular chess game and ordered moves: "Lana, wait with Coventry in the car. We'll be only a moment. At my house this evening—it will be a fine opportunity for you and Daunt to have your little chat, Stewart, and get together to push the grand project for our good state."

"Yes," agreed Morrison; "I'll be glad to come."

He was giving the young woman and her escort most of his attention, and spoke as if he meant what he said. He blinked when the door closed behind them.

"And what say if you wait till then, governor, to confer with the mayor—if you really find that there is need of a conference?" suggested the director of moves.

"But I want to tell you right now, Morrison, seeing that you're mayor of the city where our state capitol is located, that I expect your full cooperation in case of trouble to-night or to-morrow," His Excellency declared with vigor.

"Oh, there will be no trouble," asserted the senator airily. "Coming in fresh from the outside—from a wider horizon—I can estimate the situation with a better sense of proportion than you can, North, if you'll allow me to say so. We can always depend on the sane reliability of our grand old state!"

The governor was not reassured.

"And you can always depend on a certain number of soreheads to make fools of themselves here—you could depend on it in the old days; it's worse in these times when they're ready to pitch into a row and clapperclaw right and left simply because they're aching for a fight."

The closed door had no more revelations to offer to Morrison; he turned mystified gaze on the senator and the governor as if he desired to solve at least one of the problems that had come to hand all of a sudden.

"I can take care of things up on Capitol Hill, Morrison! I'm the governor of this state and I have been reëlected to succeed myself, and that ought to be proof that the people are behind me. But I want you to see to it that the mob hornets are kept at home in the city here, where they belong."

"When father kept bees I used to save many a hiveful for him by banging on mother's dish pan when they started to swarm. As to the hornets ——"

"I don't care what you bang on," broke in His Excellency. "On their heads, if they show them! But do I have your cooperation in the name of law and order?"

"You may surely depend on me, even if I'm obliged to mobilize Mac Tavish and his paper weights," said the mayor, and for the first time in the memory of Miss Bunker, at least, Mac Tavish flushed; the paymaster had been hoping that the laird o' St. Ronan's had not noted the full extent of the belligerency that had been displayed in making mill rules respected.

But the abstraction that had marked Morrison's demeanor when he had looked over the governor's head at the closed door and the later glint of jest in his eyes departed suddenly. The eyes narrowed.

"You talk of trouble that's impending this night, Governor North!"

"There'll be no trouble," insisted the senator.

"Fools can always stir a row," declared His Excellency with just as much emphasis. "Fools who are led by rascals! Rascals who would wreck an express train for the chance to pick pocketbooks off corpses! There's been that element behind every piece of political hellishness and every strike we've had in this country in the last two years, since the Russian bear stood up and began to dance to that devil's tune! On the eve of the assembling of this legislature, Morrison, you're probably hearing the blacklegs in the other party howl 'State steal!' again."

"No, I haven't heard any such howl—not lately—not since the November election," said Morrison. "Why are they starting it now?"

"I don't know," retorted the governor.

But the mayor's stare was again wide open and compelling, and His Excellency's gaze shifted to Mac Tavish, and then jumped off that uncomfortable object and found refuge on the ceiling.

"The licked rebels know! They're the only ones who do know," asserted the senator.

Col. Crockett Shaw, practical politician, felt qualified to testify as an expert.

"Those other fellows won't play the game according to rules, Morrison! They sit in and draw cards and then beef about the deal and rip up the pasteboards and throw 'em on the floor and try to grab the pot. They won't play the game!"

"That's it exactly!" the governor affirmed.

Senator Corson patted Morrison's arm.

"Now that you're in politics for yourself, Stewart, you can see the point, can't you?"

"I don't think I'm in politics, sir," demurred the mayor, smiling ingenuously "At any rate, there isn't much politics in me!"

"But the game must be played by the rules!" Senator Corson spoke with the finality of an oracle.

"If you don't think that way," persisted Governor North, nettled by Morrison's hesitancy in jumping into the ring with his own party, "what do you think?"

"I wouldn't presume," drawled Stewart, "to offer political opinions to gentlemen of your experience. However, now that you ask me a blunt question I'm going to reply just as bluntly—but as a business man. I believe that running the affairs of the people on the square is business—it ought to be made good business. Governor North, you're at the head of the biggest corporation in our state. That corporation is the state itself. And I don't believe the thing ought to be run as a game—naming the game politics."

"That's the only way the thing can be run—and you've got to stand by your own party when it's running the state. You need a little lesson in politics, Morrison, and I'm going to show you ——"

The mayor of Marion raised a protesting hand.

"I never could get head nor tail out of a political oration, sir. But I do understand facts and figures. Let's get at facts! Is this trouble you speak of as imminent due to the question of letting certain members of the House and Senate take their seats to-morrow?"

"I must go into that matter with you in detail."

"It has been gone into in detail in the newspapers till I'm sick of it, with all due respect to you, Governor North. It has been played back and forth like a game—and I don't understand games. There has been no more talk of trouble since you and your executive council let it be known that all the members were to walk into the State House and take their seats and settle among themselves their rights."

"We never deliberately and decisively let that be known."

"Then it has been guessed by your general attitude, sir. That's the common talk—and the common talk comes to me like it does to all others. That talk has smoothed things. Why not keep things smooth?"

"Breaking election laws to keep sore heads smooth? Is that your idea of politics?"

"You cannot get me into any argument over politics, sir. I'm talking about the business of the state. I have found that I could do business openly in this office. It has served me even though it has no private room. I say nothing against you and your council because you have done the state's business behind closed doors at the State House. However ——"

"The law obliges us to canvass returns in executive session, Morrison."

"I say nothing against the business you have done there," proceeded Morrison inexorably. "I can't say anything. I don't know what has been done. I'm in no position therefore to criticize. If I did know I'd probably have good reason to praise you state managers as good and faithful servants of our people. But the people don't know. You have left 'em to guess. It's their business. It's bad policy to keep folks guessing when their own business is concerned. What's the matter with throwing wide the doors to-morrow and saying 'Come along in, people, and we'll talk this over'?"

"That's admitting the mob to riot, to intimidate, to rule!"

"Impractical—wholly impractical, Stewart," the senator chided.

Calvin Dow came toward the group, stuffing his spectacles back into their case. Given a decoration for his coat lapel the Hon. Calvin Dow, with his white mustache and his imperial, would have served for an excellent model in a study of a marshal of France.

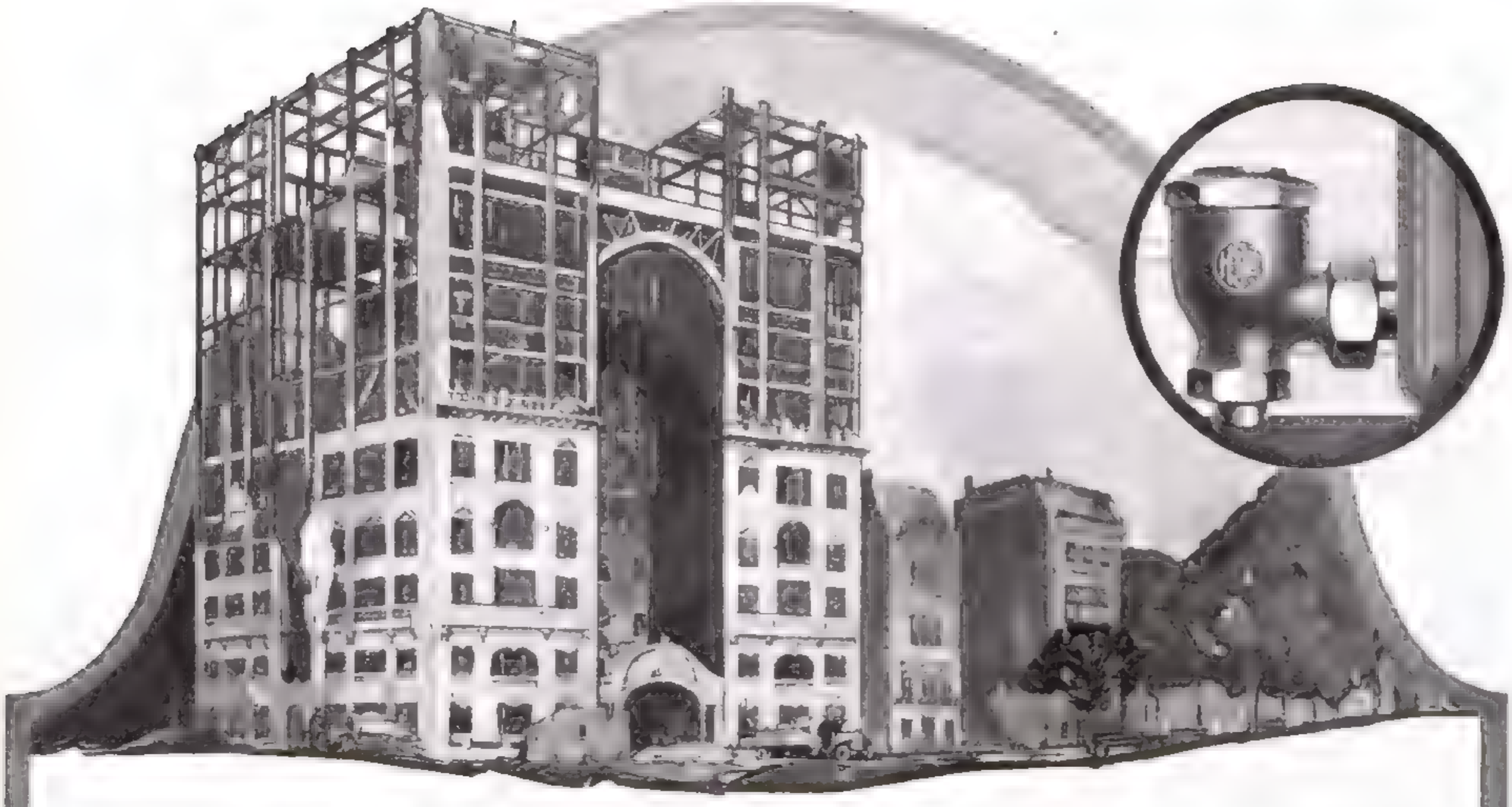
His intrusion, if such it was, was not resented; with his old-school manners and his gentle voice he was the embodiment of apology that demanded acceptance.

"Jodrey, you never said a truer word. As old politicians, you and I, we understand just how impractical such an idea is. But I must be allowed to put the emphasis very decidedly on the word 'old.' There seems to be something new in the air all of a sudden."

"Yes, a fresh crop of moonshiners in politics," was the senator's acrid response. "And the stuff they're putting out is as raw and dangerous as this prohibition-ducking poison."

"The trouble is, Jodrey," pursued the old man gently, but undeterred, "those honest folks who really do own the country show signs of waking up and wanting to pay off the mortgage the politicians hold on it; and those radicals who think they're going to own the country right soon, now, believe they can turn the trick overnight by killing off the politicians and browbeating the proprietors. It looks to me as if the politicians and the real owners better hitch up together on a clean business basis."

(Continued on Page 128)



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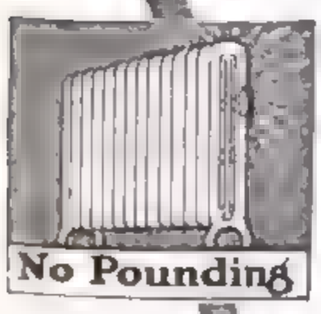

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(Continued from Page 126)

"Excellent! Excellent!" declared Banker Daunt, who had been shifting uneasily from foot to foot, chafing his heavy neck against the beaver collar, perceiving that his own projects were only marking time. "Hitch up on a better business basis! It should be the slogan of the times. Eh, Mister Mayor?"

"Right you are!" crisply agreed Stewart, complimenting Daunt with a cheery smile that promised excellent understanding.

"And harmony among the progressive leaders of city and state! Eh, Mister Mayor? What say, Governor North?" The metropolitan Mr. Daunt was not disposed to allow his commercial proposition to be run away with by a stampeding political team.

"That's what I'm asking for—the cooperation that will fetch harmony," admitted the governor grudgingly. "But I tell you ——"

However, when His Excellency turned to the mayor with the plain intent of getting down to a working understanding Mr. Daunt broke up what threatened to be an embarrassing clinch. As if carried away by enthusiasm in meeting one of his own kind in business affairs Daunt grabbed Morrison's hand and pulled the mayor away with him toward the door, assuring him that he was glad to pitch in, heart and soul, with a man who had the best interests of a grand state to conserve and develop in the line of water power. Then he went on as if quoting from a prospectus.

"When the veins and the arteries of old Mother Earth have been drained of the coal and oil, Mr. Morrison, God's waters will still be flowing along the valleys, roaring down the cliffs, ready to turn the wheels of commerce. On the waters we must put our dependence. They are the Creator's best heritage to his people, in lifting and making light the burden of labor!" was the promoter's pompous declaration.

"You cannot shout that truth too loudly, sir! I have been crying it myself. But I always add with my cry the warning that if the people don't look sharp the folks who hogged the other heritages, grabbed the iron, hooked onto the coal, and have posted themselves at the tap o' the nation's oil can—will have all the white coal too! God will still make water run down hill, but it will run for the profit of the men who peddle what it performs. I'll be glad to have you help me in that warning!"

"Exactly!" agreed Mr. Daunt. "When you and I are thoroughly *en rapport* we can accomplish wonders." His rush of the willing Morrison to the door had accomplished one purpose; he had created a diversion that staved off further political disagreement for the moment. "You must pardon my haste in being off, Mister Mayor. Senator Corson has promised to motor me along the river as far as possible before lunch, so that I may inspect the water-power possibilities. Come, Governor North!" he called.

Daunt again addressed Morrison. "The senator tells me that your mill privilege is the key power on the river."

"Aye, sir! The Morrison who was named Angus built the first dam," stated Stewart with pride. "But we have never hoarded the water nor hampered the others who have come after us. We use what we need -only that—and let the water flow free—and we're glad to see it go down to turn other wheels than our own. Without the many wheels a-turning there would not have been the many homes a-building!"

"Exactly! Development—along the broadest lines! Do you promise me your aid and your cooperation?"

"I do," declared Stewart.

"You're the kind of a man who makes a spoken word of that sort more binding than a written pledge with a notarial seal" Again Daunt shook the Morrison hand. "I consider it settled!"

Daunt's wink when he grabbed Morrison tipped off Senator Corson, and the latter collaborated with alacrity; he hustled the governor toward the door.

"We must show Daunt all we can before lunch, Your Excellency! All the possibilities of the grand old state!"

"I haven't got your promise for myself, Morrison," snapped North over his shoulder. "But I reckon I can depend on you to do as much for your party and for law and order as you'll do for the sake of a confounded milldam. And we'll leave it that way!"

"There'll be no trouble, I repeat," promised Senator Corson, making himself file closer. "North has been sticking too close to politics on Capitol Hill, and he has let it make him nervous. But we'll put festivity ahead of everything else on Corson Hill to-night, and the girls will be on hand to make the boys all sociable. Come early, Stewart!"

The mayor flung up his hand—a boyish gesture of faith in the best.

"Hail to you as a peacemaker! We have been needing you! We're glad you're home again, sir."

For a few moments he turned his back on the business of the city as it awaited him in the persons of the citizens. He went to the front window and gazed at the Corson limousine until it rolled away; Lana had Coventry Daunt with her in the cozy intimacy afforded by the twin seats forward in the tonneau.

"They make a smart-looking couple, bub," commented Calvin Dow, feeling perfectly free to stand at Stewart's elbow to inspect any object that the younger man found of interest. "Is it to be a hitch, as the gossip runs?"

"There seems to be some gossip that's running ahead of my ken in this city just now, Calvin!" The mayor frowned, his eyes fixed on the departing car. His demeanor hinted that his thoughts were wholly absorbed by the persons in that car. "I hope you're spry enough to catch it. Go find out for me, will you, what the blue mischief they're up to?"

"In politics? Or ——"

"In politics! Yes!" returned Morrison tartly. "What other kind of gossip would I be interested in this day?"

He snapped himself round on his heels and started toward the men who were waiting. He singled one and clapped brisk hands smartly with the air of a man who wanted to wake himself from the abstraction of bothersome visions.

"Well, Mister Public Works, how about the last lap of paving on McNamee Avenue? Can we open up to-morrow? I plan on shewing our arriving legislative cousins clean thoroughfares on Capitol Hill, you know!"

"I'm losing fourteen men off the job at noon to-day, Your Honor! Grabbed off without notice," grumbled the superintendent.

"Grabbed off for what?"

"Well, maybe to keep our paving blocks from being thrown through the windows of the State House!"

"Who is taking those men from their work?"

"The adjutant general. They're Home Guard boys."

"Something busted out in Patagonia needing the attention of a League of Nations army?" inquired the mayor, putting an edge of satire on his astonishment.

The superintendent shot a swift stare past the mayor.

"Perhaps Danny Sweetsir, there, can tell you—Capt. Daniel Sweetsir."

The public-works man copied the mayor's sarcasm by dwelling on the title he applied to Sweetsir.

The mayor took a look too.

A young man in overalls and jumper had hurried into the office from the private passage; he was trotting toward a closet in one corner. He had the privileges of the office because he was a mill student, studying the textile trade, and was a son of the Morrison's family physician.

Sweetsir shucked off his jumper, leaped out of his overalls, threw them in at the closet door and was revealed in full uniform of O. D. except for cap and sword. He secured those two essentials of equipment from the closet and strode toward the rail, buckling on his sword.

Miss Bunker was surveying him with telltale and proprietary pride that was struggling with an expression of utter amazement.

"The deil-haet ails 'em a' this day!" exploded Mac Tavish. The banked fires of his smoldering grudges blazed forth in a sudden outburst of words that revealed the hopes he had been hiding. His natural cautiousness in his dealings with the master went by the board. "Noo it's yer time, chief! I'll hae at 'em—the whole fause, feth'rin gang o' the tikes, along wi' ye! Else it's heels o'er gowdie for the woolen business."

Morrison flicked merely a glance of mystification at Mac Tavish. The master's business was with his mill student.

"What's wrong with you, Danny? Hold yourself for a moment on that side of the rail, where you're still a man of the mill! I'm afraid of a soldier, like you'll be when you're out here in the mayor's office," he explained, softening the situation with humor. "What does it mean?"

"The whole company of the St. Ronan's Rifles has been ordered to the armory, sir. The adjutant general just informed me over the mill phone."

"What's amiss?"

Captain Sweetsir saluted stiffly. "I am not allowed to ask questions of a superior officer, sir, or to answer questions put by a civilian. I am now a soldier on duty, sir!"

"Come through the rail."

The officer obeyed and stood before Morrison.

"Now, captain, you're in the office of the mayor of Marion, and the mayor officially asks you why the militia has been ordered out in his city?"

Again Captain Sweetsir saluted.

"Mister Mayor, I refer you to my superior officer, the adjutant general of the state."

Morrison promptly shook the young man cordially by the hand.

"That's the talk, Captain Sweetsir! Attend honestly to whatever job you're on! It's my own motto."

"I try to do it, Mr. Morrison. You have always set me the example!"

Mac Tavish groaned. He saw mill discipline going into the garbage along with everything else that had been sane and sensible and regular at St. Ronan's. And the Morrison himself had come from the mill that day ten minutes ahead of the hour!

"So, on with you, lad, and do your duty!"

Stewart forwarded Sweetsir with a commendatory clap of the palm on the barred shoulder.

Calvin Dow was lingering.

"We mustn't let the youngsters shame us, Calvin," Morrison murmured in the old man's ear. "We all seem to have our jobs cut out for us—and I can't tend to mine in an understanding way till you have attended to yours."

The veteran saluted as smartly as had the soldier, and trudged away on the heels of Sweetsir.

"Ain't there any way of your making that infernal old soldier up at the State House lay his paws off our paving crew?" asked the superintendent.

"Hush, Baldwin!" chided the mayor, unruffled, speaking indulgently. "We seem to have a new war on the board! Have you forgotten, after all that has been happening in this world, that in time of war we must sacrifice public improvements and private enterprises? Go on and do your best with the paving."

"Hell is paved with good intentions, but I can't put 'em down on McNamee Avenue."

"Of course not, Baldwin! That would be using war material that will be urgently needed if I'm any judge of these times."

"How's that, Mister Mayor?"

"Why, the hell architects seem to be planning an extension of the premises," drawled Morrison.

III

IN THE past, each day after lunch, Mac Tavish had been enabled to get back to the sanity of a well-conducted woolen-mill business; in the peace that descended on the office afternoons he put out of his mind the nightmare of the forenoons and tried not to think too much of what the morrows promised.

Stewart Morrison had caused it to be known in Marion that he reserved afternoons for the desk affairs of St. Ronan's Mill.

Mac Tavish always brought his lunch; he cooked it himself in his bachelor apartment and warmed it up over a gas burner at high noon.

While he was brushing the crumbs of an oaten cake off his desk six men filed in. He knew them well. They were from the Marion Chamber of Commerce; they made up the Industrial Development Committee.

"I'm afraid we're a bit too early to see the mayor," suggested Chairman Despeaux.

"Ye are! Nigh twenty-two hours too early to see the mayor!"

"But we phoned the house and were told he had left to come to the office!"

"The mayor—mind ye, the mayor—he cooms frae the mill at ——"

Mac Tavish remembered the crashing blow to his proud pronunciamiento that forenoon, and his natural caution regarding statements caused him to hesitate. "He is supposed to coom frae the mill at ten o'clock, ante meridian! Post meridian, Master Morrison, of St. Ronan's—not the mayor—he cooms to his desk yon—well, when he cooms isna the concern o' those who are speerin' for a mayor."

The gentlemen of the committee exchanged wise grins, suggestively sardonic grins, and sat down.

Mac Tavish bristling in silence over his figures was comforted by the ever-springing hope that this intrusion might serve as the last straw on the overloaded Morrison endurance.

He perked up expectantly when Stewart came striding in. Then he wilted despondently, because Morrison greeted the gentlemen with breezy hospitality, led them beyond the rail and gave them chairs near his desk.

"Command me! I am at your service!"

"We're on our way to Senator Corson's. We have been invited to meet Mr. Daunt at lunch," said Despeaux; a thin veneer of suavity suited his thin lips.

"Fine!"

"I'm glad to hear you say so. We felt that we'd like your opinion of him and his plans before we commit ourselves."

"I like his personality," stated Stewart heartily. "But I have only a general notion of his plans."

"Same here," admitted the chairman, though not in a tone of convincing sincerity. "The senator brought him into my office for a minute or so before they started upriver. Told me to get the boys together and come for lunch. But if it's to put the water power of this state on a bigger and broader basis you and the storage commission are with us, aren't you?" Despeaux demanded rather than queried; his air was a bit offensive.

"I'm a citizen of Marion and a native of this state, body and soul for all the good that can come to us, by our own efforts or through the aid of outsiders," declared Morrison, smacking his palm upon the arm of his chair.

"Well, I guess we don't need any better promise than that, for a starter; at any rate. Of course we knew it—but there's nothing like having a right-out word of mouth." Despeaux rose and pulled out his watch. "We'd better move on toward the eats, boys!"

"Just a moment, however, Despeaux! My father was a Morrison and my mother a Mac Dougal. I can't help what's in me!"

"What is it that's in you?" inquired Despeaux, pausing in the act of putting back his watch.

"Scotch cautiousness."

"You don't suspect that a man like the big Silas Daunt, of Daunt & Cropley ——"

"I don't suspect. I haven't got as far as that. But I want to know exactly what he means by coming into this state. I have a man out getting me some facts about what kind of a devil's mess is being stirred up all of a sudden to-day in politics. Suppose you get under Daunt's hide and find out whether he wants to do us or do for us, on the water-power matter."

An observant bystander would have perceived a queer sort of crispness in Morrison's manner from the outset of the interview; the same perspicacity would have detected something hard under the smooth surface of Despeaux's early politeness. Mr. Despeaux was not so elaborately polite when he retorted that he did not propose to play the spy on a guest while eating a host's victuals.

Mr. Morrison promptly put more of a snap into his crispness.

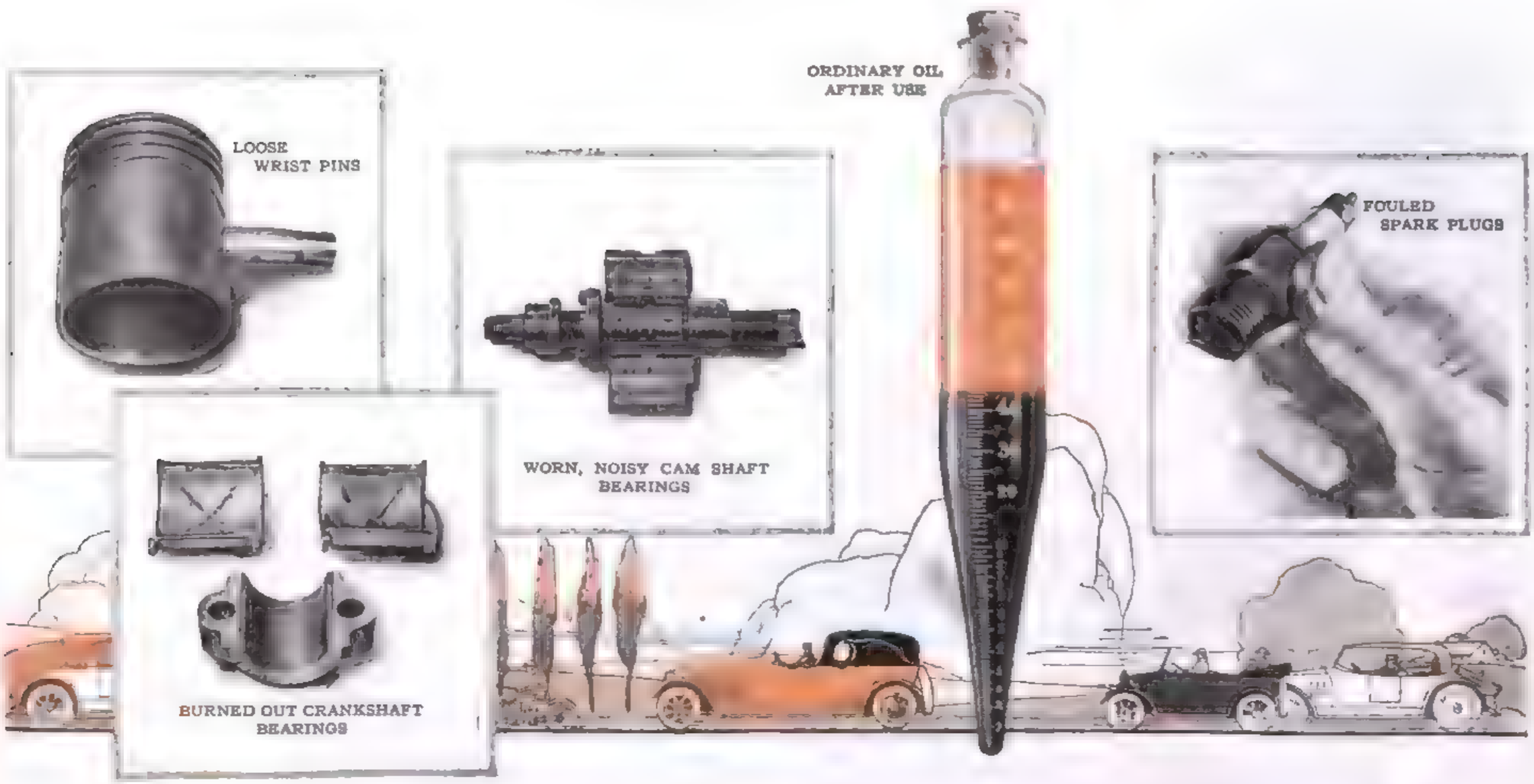
"Having balanced to partners, for politeness' sake, Despeaux, we'll take hold of hands and swing, with both feet on the floor. That was a good job you did in the legislative lobby two years ago for the crowd that called itself The Consolidated Development Company. You're a smart lawyer and we had hard work beating you."

"I'll tell you what you franchise owners did, Morrison! You beat a grand and comprehensive plan that was going to take in the whole state."

"It did take in a lot of folks for a time, but thank God it didn't take in a few of us who were wise to the schema. I know why you have called on me to-day. But you haven't put me on record. Let no man of you think I have made a pledge or have committed myself till I know what's what!"

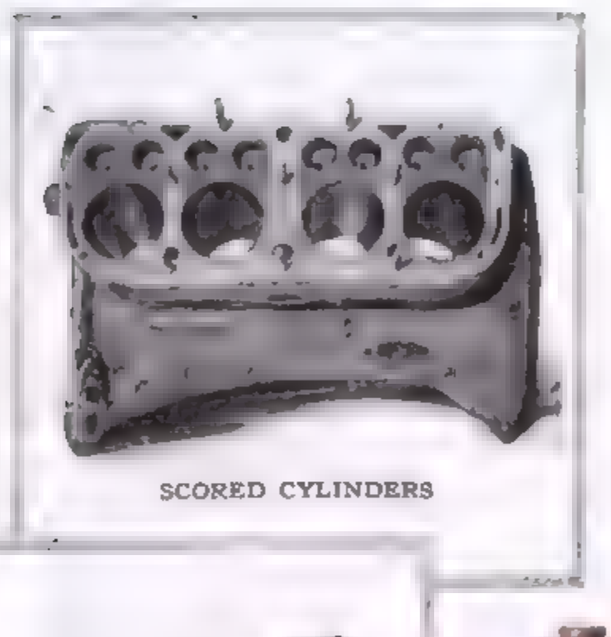
"You're Scotch, all right, Morrison. You're canny! You're for yourself and the main chance. Now let me tell you! You caught us foul two years ago because you

(Continued on Page 131)



Seven common engine troubles

How other motorists prevent them


SCORED CYLINDERS

SCORED PISTONS

PITTED, CARBONIZED VALVES

THESE are the engine troubles which take the motorist to the garage for repairs.

What causes them? How can you prevent these troubles from happening to your car?

Every one of these seven common troubles is caused by inferior oil—every one of them is almost always *preventable*. Thousands of motorists have got rid of them.

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Automobile engineers say that 90% of engine trouble is due to improper lubrication. Under the terrific heat of the engine—200° to 1000° F.—ordinary oil breaks down. A large part of its bulk is changed into black sediment, which has *no lubricating value*.

The bottle of ordinary oil shown above illustrates vividly the sediment formed in inferior oil by use in the engine.

Sediment crowds out the oil, permitting metal-to-metal contact. Even when first put into the engine at operating temperatures, ordinary oil is usually too thin to prevent leakage of the unburned gases past the pistons. In consequence, all the lubricating oil is contaminated by fuel. Friction and wear multiply. The oil is thinned down. It passes into the combustion chambers, carbons and pits the valves, fouls the pluga. Only costly replacements can remedy much of this damage.

Ordinary oil after use — *Veedol after use*

Sediment formed after 500 miles of running

How the sediment problem was solved

To produce an oil that reduces sediment to a minimum, engineers experimented on the road and in the laboratory for years. They evolved the famous Faulkner Process, used exclusively for the production of Veedol, the lubricant that resists heat.

Veedol reduces the amount of sediment formed in the engine by 86%. This is graphically shown by the two bottles in the sediment test at the left. Veedol is specially made to maintain proper lubrication even with low-grade gasoline. In spite of the poor gasoline now in use, Veedol maintains the piston seal, preventing piston leakage and contamination of oil in the crankcase. Common engine troubles are almost eliminated.

Make this simple test—buy Veedol to-day

Drain oil from crankcase and fill with kerosene. Run engine *very slowly* on its own power for thirty seconds. Drain all kerosene. To remove kerosene remaining in the engine refill with *one quart* Veedol. Turn engine over about ten times, then drain mixture of oil and kerosene and refill to the proper level with the correct grade of Veedol.

A run on familiar roads will show you that your car has new pickup and power. It takes hills better and has a lower consumption of both oil and gasoline.

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(Signed) A. LUDLOW CLAYDEN
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THE Red Star—the advanced type, all-the-year-'round oil stove—looks, operates and cooks like a fine gas range. Has no wicks—no asbestos rings. Burns gas—made from kerosene, gasoline or distillate. Thick, juicy steaks are done to a turn in 20 minutes. A five-pound, rolled rib roast comes out of the oven deliciously tender in 80 minutes. Custard pie is done beautifully in 40 minutes. No city gas range can do better. The time is correct in each instance according to best recipes.

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THE DETROIT VAPOR STOVE CO.
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RED ★ STAR

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(Continued from Page 128)

jumped the newspapers into coming out with broadsides about a thing they didn't understand. Their half-baked scare stuff made the state think somebody was trying to steal the whole water power."

"According to that general franchise bill, as it was framed, somebody was!"

"Morrison, in the last two years the people have been educated to understand that broad-gauged consolidation of water power is what we must have."

"You have put out good propaganda. That fellow you have hired is a mighty fine press agent," admitted Morrison, smiling ingenuously.

"And the men who get in the way and try to trig development this year will be ticketed before an understanding public for what they are," declared Despeaux.

"Try me as a part of the public, and see whether I'll understand! Ticketed as what, Brother Despeaux?"

"As profiteering dogs in the manger of manufacturing, sir!"

There was expostulatory murmuring in the group.

"We're rather noncommittal as a body on this matter, Despeaux," protested a committeeman. "We're waiting to be shown. In the meantime we don't like to have a man like Morrison, here, called any hard names."

"Oh, I don't mind being called a watch-dog, boys! That's what I am. So you think I'm wholly selfish, do you, Despeaux?"

"The water-power franchises of this state were grabbed away from the people years ago, like the timberlands were, by first comers, and the state got nothing! The waters belong to the people. The people have a right to realize on their property! Morrison, considering what kind of a free gift you had handed to you, you've got to be careful about the position you take in these enlightened days when the people propose to profit from their own. It's mighty easy to shift public opinion these days!"

"Yes, I have seen tons of sand shifted in no time by a stream from a squirt gun," confessed Morrison placidly.

"And that leaves it a fifty-fifty break between us on the name-calling proposition," rejoined Despeaux. "I'll bid you a kind good day!"

He strode away and his group trailed him. A deprecating committeeman turned back, however.

"I know you are honest, Morrison. But a lot of us are beginning to think that the general policy in the state regarding outside capital has been a bit too conservative. These are new times."

"Very!" said the mayor pleasantly. "They're creaking about as loud as Squire Despeaux's new shoes." There was a snarl of ire from the shoes every time the retreating chairman lifted a foot. "I hope they won't pinch us, Doddridge! Good day!"

He sat down at his desk.

Mac Tavish held his place on his stool in silence for a long time. The stiffness of his neck seemed to embrace all his members, even his tongue. Miss Bunker came in from her lunch, bringing the afternoon mail. Mac Tavish maintained his silence while Morrison picked out what were patently his personal letters before surrendering the others to the girl, to be opened and assorted. Mac Tavish waited till his master had gone through his personal mail. The paymaster maintained a demeanor of what may be termed hopeful apprehension; this baiting, this impugning of honesty must needs turn the trick! No Morrison would stand for it. Mac Tavish found the laird's suppression of all comment promisingly bodeful. The fuse must be sizzling. There would be an explosion!

But Morrison began to play a lively tattoo on his desk with the knob of a paper slitter and whistled "The Campbells are Coming, Hurrah, Hurrah!" with the cheery gusto of a man who had not a care to trouble him.

"Snoolin' and snirtlin' o'er it!" spat the old man.

"Eh?" queried Stewart amiably.

"Do ye lef whigmaleeries flimmer in yer noddle at a time like this?"

"Why, Andy, speaking of a day like this, you'd have the crotchets whiffed from your head if you'd go out for your lunch in the pep of the air instead of penning yourself in the office."

Mac Tavish leaped from his stool and marched toward this noncombatant.

"Whaur's the fire o' yer spunk, Stewart Morrison?"

"Go, on, Andy!" permitted the master, leaning back in his chair.

"Do ye allow such feckless loons to coom and beard ye in yer ain castle?"

"Andy, if I were playing their game, as they call it, I'd say that I'm going to give 'em all a chance to lay their cards, face up, on the table. But putting it in a way you and I understand, I'm touching a match to their goods."

Mac Tavish nodded approvingly. He did understand that metaphor. A burning match will not ignite pure wool; threads of shoddy will catch fire.

"Aye! The fire test o' the fabric! Well and gude! But the toe o' yer boot for 'em! Such was ca'd for when he said ye set yer ainsel' in the way for muckle profeet!"

"Soft! Soft and slow, Andy!" reproved the master. "There may be some truth in what he said. I'll have to stop right here and do some thinking about it! A chap gets to slamming ahead in his own line, you know. All of us ought to stop short once in a while and make a cold, calm estimate—take account of stock, balance the books, discover how much of it is for ourselves personally, and how much for the other fellow! No telling how the figures of debit and credit may surprise us!"

He spun round in his swivel chair.

"Lora, get Mr. Blanchard, of the Conawin Mills, on the phone, that's the girl!

"Yes, Andy, I'm going to get down to the figures in my case! I hope there's a balance in my favor—but we never can tell!"

He set his elbows on his desk and clutched his hands into the hair above his temples. Mac Tavish tiptoed away. Morrison had apparently prostrated himself in the fane of figures; in the case of Mac Tavish figures were holy.

"Mr. Blanchard on the phone, Mr. Morrison," reported Miss Bunker.

Morrison put questions quickly, emphatically, searchingly. He listened. He hung up.

"Memo, Miss Bunker." He was curt. His eyes were hard. One observing his manner and hearing his tone realized that quarry had broken cover and that Mr. Blanchard had not been able to confuse the trail by dragging across it an anise bag; in fact, Morrison had said so over the telephone just before he hung up. "Get me Cooper, of the Waverly; Finitter, of the Lorton Looms; Labarre, of the Bleachery; Sprague, of the Bates." He named four of the great textile operators on the river. "One after the other, as I finish with each."

After he had finished with all, pondering while he waited between calls, he strode to Mac Tavish and brought the old man round on his stool by a clap on the shoulder.

"A devil of a mouser, I am! I've been sitting purring on the top, and they have hollowed it out underneath me."

"Eh? What?"

"The cheese, Andy. The water-power cheese! They have been playing me for the cat in the case! Left me till the last, left me sitting on an empty shell! The mice have made away with the cheese from under me. They have engineered a combine! There's a syndicate a-forming! It's for me to tumble down among 'em when the shell caves. I was right about Despeaux!"

"He's Auld Bartie, wi'out the horns!"

"Oh, no! Not as smart as Satan, Andy! But smart, nevertheless. Very smart. He has shown 'em a good thing. They're ready to run in! And the devil take the hindmost. I'm the hindmost, and I'd better get a gait on."

"But the company ye'll be keeping!"

"You don't suppose that I'll run away from the mice instead of after 'em, do you?"

"A thocht has been wi' me, Master Morrison. May I speak it?"

"Out with it!"

"Ye'll ne'er find a better chance to break from the kin o' Auld Cloven-Clootie and mind yer ain wi' the clarth business! Resign!"

"It's good advice, backed up by a good excuse, Andy!"

"And noo that I may speak freely," rattled on the old man, after a gasp of delight, "I can tell ye how I hae been list'nin' for yer interests till ten o' the clock each forenoon, and the dyvor loons—— Deil tak it, and here cooms back one o' the waurst o' the widdifu's!"

It was the Hon. Calvin Dow, and Morrison hurried to meet him.

"Sum it short, Uncle Calvin!"

"They're going to play straight politics, Stewart."

"God save the state—in times like these!"

"They're going to admit to seats only the senators and representatives who are clearly and indisputably elected by the face of the returns."

"The picked and the chosen!" scoffed Morrison.

"The matter of right to take seats is going to be referred to the full bench instead of being left to the legislature—taken out of politics, they say."

"Going to be put into cold storage, with all due respect to our eminent justices!"

"It means the careful weighing of evidence—and the courts are obliged to move with judicial slowness, Stewart."

"And in the meantime those picked and chosen ones will elect the state officers whom the legislature has the power to name, will have the machinery to distribute all state patronage and to make the legislative committees safe for the big measures. There's no telling when the bench will hand down a decision."

"No telling, Stewart," admitted the sage.

"After it has been done it will be hard to undo it, no matter what the judges may decide as to members."

"But we can't throw the law out of the window, my son! On the outside of the thing the big boys on Capitol Hill are playing the game strictly according to the legal rules. The legal rules, understand! On the outside!"

Dow's emphasis on certain words was significant. He put up his hand and drew Morrison's head down close to his mouth. He began to whisper.

"Talk out loud, Calvin!" commanded Stewart, jerking away. "Keep in the habit of talking out loud with me! I won't even talk politics in a whisper."

"It really shouldn't be talked out, not at this time," expostulated Dow, wedded to the old ways. "I have had to burrow deep for it. It ought to be saved carefully—to do business with later! To win a stroke in politics it's necessary to jump the people with a sensation!"

"Try it on me! I'm one of the people. See if it will work," insisted Morrison, after the manner of his methods with Despeaux.

"They propose to go according to the strict letter of the law."

"Important, but not sensational."

Dow was plainly having hard work to keep his voice above a whisper.

"Returns not properly sworn to or attested in due form by city clerks, returns not signed in open town meeting or otherwise defective on account of strictly technical errors—no matter how plainly the intent of the voters was registered—have been finally and definitely thrown out by North and his executive council, acting as a canvassing board."

"Picayune hairsplitting! Why can't they use business horse sense?"

"I'll tell you what they've used! They've used Tim Snell and Waddy Sturges and a few other safe hounds with muffled paws to run round and lug back to cities and towns defective returns and have 'em quietly and secretly corrected where it was a case of adding a safe man to the legislature. I know that, Stewart! I know how to make some of my close friends brag to me. I know it, but I can't prove it. Clean scrubbed are the faces of those returns. They'll show up to-morrow like the faces of the good boys on the first day at school."

"That's North's idea of that game he was talking about, is it?" Morrison exploded. "I don't believe that Senator Corson knows about those dirty details or is a party to 'em."

"Well," asserted the Hon. Calvin Dow, stroking his nose contemplatively, "Jodrey and I used to cut sharp corners on two wheels of the four of the old wagon, in past times when he was a politician. But now that he's a statesman he doesn't like to be bothered by details."

"Do you see any joke to this, Calvin?" demanded Morrison, not relishing the veteran's chuckle.

"I can't help seeing the humor," confessed Dow blandly. "The other boys would be grinding the same grist if they had control of the machinery. It's only what I myself used to do." Then his face became grave. "But confound it, in these days there seems to be an element that can't take a joke in politics. There's trouble in the air!"

"Probably!" agreed Morrison dryly.

Dow walked to the window and looked out displaying expectancy.

"I reckon I'll let you be informed direct from trouble headquarters, Stewart. Headquarters was at the Soldiers' Memorial in the park when I came past. I gathered that they were picking out a delegation to call on you. Post Commander Lanigan of the American Legion was doing the picking. He's heading the bunch that I see coming across the street."

"Resign!" barked Mac Tavish through his wicket.

But the mayor of Marion did not appear to hear; nor Calvin Dow to understand.

Morrison faced the door of his office. Lanigan led in his companions with the marching stride of an overseas veteran and halted them with a top sergeant's yelp. Click o' heels and snap o' the arm! The salute made Captain Sweetsir's previous effort seem torpid by comparison.

That a further comparison with Home Guard methods and morale was in Commander Lanigan's mind became promptly evident.

"Your Honor the Mayor, we represent John P. Dunn Post, American Legion, and the independent young men of this city in general. May we have a word with you?"

"Certainly, Mister Commander!"

In the stress of his emotions Lanigan immediately sloughed off his official air.

"It's a hell of a note when a bunch of sissy slackers can keep real soldiers ten feet from the door of the city armory at the end of a bayonet."

The mayor strolled over and placed a placatory palm on the shoulder of the spokesman.

"What's all the row, Joe? Let's not get excited!"

"I have been away fighting for liberty and justice and I don't know what's been going on in politics at home. I don't know anything about politics."

"Nor I, Joe, so let's not try to discuss 'em. What else?"

"They've got three machine guns up in our State House. What for? They are going to put in them sissy slackers——"

"Let's not call names, Joe. Those boys would have followed you across if you boys hadn't been so all-fired smart that you cleaned it all up in a hurry! What else?"

"Why have a gang of politicians got to barricade our State House against the people?"

"Let's keep cool, Joe, my boy, and find out."

"They won't let us in to find out. How are we going to find out?"

"Why, I was thinking of doing something in that line—thinking about it just before you came in."

Lanigan looked relieved, also a bit ashamed.

"Excuse me for being pretty hot, Mr. Morrison. But the boys have been saying we couldn't depend on anybody to stand up for the people. By gad, I told 'em we'd come to you. Says I, 'All-Wool Morrison is our kind!'"

"I hope the name fits the goods, Joe! Suppose you boys keep all quiet and calm for the good name of the city and let me find out how the thing stands."

He was assured of support and compliance by a chorus of voices.

Lanigan trailed the chorus in solo.

"Does that settle it? I'll say it does. It's up to you—the whole thing. You've given us the word of a square man! We can depend on you. And we thank you for taking the full responsibility for seeing to it that the people get theirs—and not in the neck either!"

But the mayor looked like a man who had stretched forth his hand to take a kitten and had had an elephant tossed at him.

"It's a pretty big contract, that! See here, Joe."

"You're good for any contract you take on, sir! We should worry after what you promise!" He whirled on his heels. "'Bout face! Forward, march!" He followed them and turned at the door. "All the rest of the big ones seem to be too almighty busy to bother with the common folks to-day, sir! The governor with his politics, the adjutant general with his tin soldiers, and the high and mighty Senator Corson with that party he's giving to-night so as to spout socially the news that his daughter is engaged to marry a millionaire dude. Thank God we've got a man who ain't taken up with anything of that sort and can put all his mind onto a square deal!"

Morrison did not turn immediately to face the three persons, his familiars in the office of St. Ronan's. He clasped his hands behind him and went to the window as if to survey the departure of the delegation.

(Continued on Page 135)

AN invigorating shower, the donning of cool, clean garments, a tasty breakfast and he's off *every morning* with a "fresh start"!—no spectre of a big laundry bill; no fear that frequent washing will rub his linens into holes; no burden imposed upon his wife by reason of the larger wash—*all this an A-B-C Electric Laundress in his home means to the man . . . .*

Fresh Linen Every Morning

WHAT luxury to have the whole family sweet and clean every Summer morning in linen as fresh as a daisy! Bulging hampers of soiled things are swiftly washed and easily wrung on washday by this tireless A-B-C Electric Laundress.

Some electric washers lift, dip, squeeze and rinse the fabrics in a tub of sudsy water. Others rock the fabrics to and fro, tossing them back and forth.

The A-B-C Electric Laundress combines these two good methods, alternates them rapidly, and offers all the advantages of both in one!

Washing the fabrics in the *two* ways extracts all dirt—quickly, gently, carefully, without chemicals, without washboard wear—so quietly that only the churn of the water is audible—so smoothly that one's hand upon the tub cannot detect the frequent change of motion within!

To a man this correctly indicates a sturdy simplicity of mechanism. To a woman it is the accurate forecast of pleasant, easy washdays.

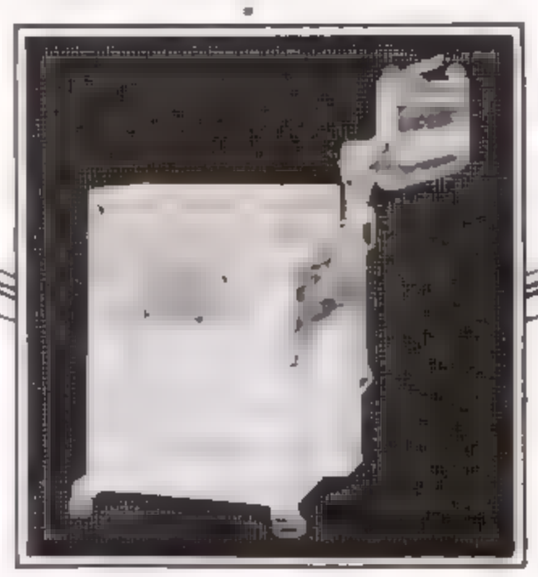
It reflects, as well, the mature skill of the makers, pioneers in this industry—a firm that is old, large and successful, whose guarantee is reliable.

See this electric washer of time-tested merit, long endorsed by legions of users and by Good Housekeeping Institute; watch it alternate those two good ways of washing—without vibration.

The unfailing satisfaction which the A-B-C gives has commended it to the best Electric Appliance Dealers everywhere. The merchant nearest you who handles it will send his demonstrator on the next washday and arrange convenient terms of payment.

ALTORFER BROS. COMPANY
PEORIA, ILLINOIS
Leading manufacturers of power and electric washing machines in America

This pictures the A-B-C Electric Laundress that washes two ways at once. All moving parts are safely housed in a handsome metal case of gray.



There is a 50% oversize motor and a reversible, swinging, electric wringer. Choice of copper or galvanized tub, wood or zinc cylinder.

Write for "The A-B-C of Washday." This booklet relates in plain words how electric washers differ. It will be mailed with the name and location of the nearest dealer

The A-B-C Electric Laundress

LINCOLN ELECTRIC MOTORS

Would You Buy An Automobile Without The Engine?

How many men would buy an automobile without the engine and then try to find an engine to fit it?

Not one in a thousand—and yet the same men who will laugh at such an idea are doing something just as foolish every day right in their own factories.

They buy a piece of machinery from a man who knows nothing about an electric motor. They buy the electric motor to drive that machine from a man who knows nothing about the machine.

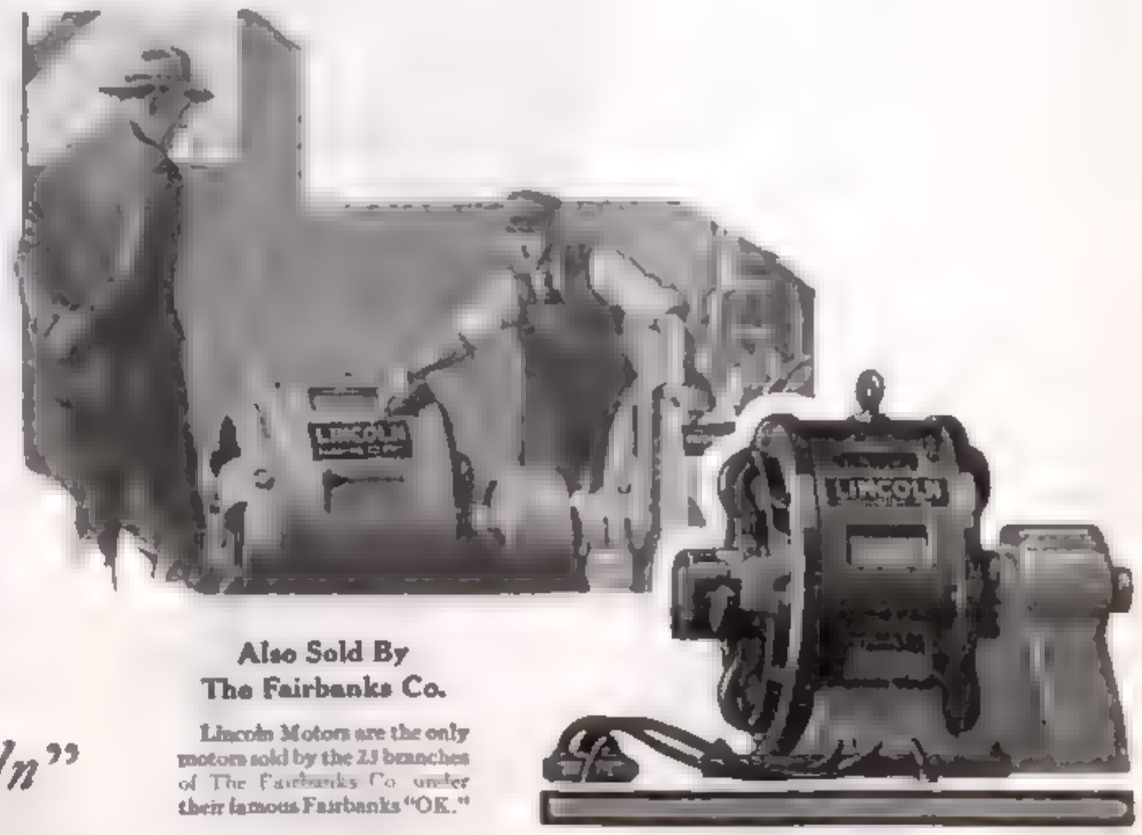
Then their factory men who know nothing about either the machine or the motor try to put the two together and make them work right.

That policy is costing manufacturers millions in wasted power, lost production and needless wear of machinery.

The Lincoln Electric Co.'s organization has been built up on the idea of correcting this misapplication of electric power. Lincoln Motor Engineers are in position to save money for manufacturers because they specialize on the one subject of electric motors.

They test every class of machinery right in the plant where it is made and help the manufacturer to equip it with a motor of the right type and size to do the work most efficiently.

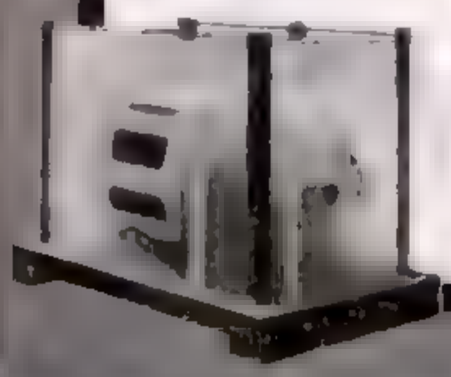
Any plant manager can save both on first cost and operating cost by specifying that all machinery come ready equipped with Lincoln Motors—the motors that are fitted to the machine.



Also Sold By
The Fairbanks Co.

Lincoln Motors are the only motors sold by the 23 branches of The Fairbanks Co. under their famous Fairbanks "OK."

The Lincoln Motor operated under water at exhibitions and conventions for over 3 years without damage to windings.



"Link Up With Lincoln"

Branch Offices
New York City
Buffalo
Syracuse
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Cincinnati
Chicago
Detroit

The Lincoln Electric Company
General Offices and Factory, Cleveland, O.

The Lincoln Electric Co. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto-Montreal

Branch Offices
Columbus
Pittsburgh
Philadelphia
Boston
Charlotte N. C.
Minneapolis
Hartford, Conn

(Continued from Page 131)

"What with one thing and another, they're loading the boy up—they're piling it on," observed Dow to Mac Tavish in sympathetic undertone.

"He'll resign out o' the meeser-r-rable pother," growled Mac Tavish. "The word he just gied the gillies! It was as much as to say, 'I'll be common along wi' ye from noo on.'"

The old man's hankerings were helping his persistent hope, in spite of his respect for the Morrison trait of devotion to duty.

"Resign, Andy? Confound it, he's only nailing his grit to the mast and planning on what end of the row to tackle first. You'll see!"

Stewart walked slowly, meditating deeply, went through the opening in the rail, sat down at his desk and fumbled in a drawer and sought deeply under many papers. He brought out a book, a worn volume.

Calvin Dow, daring to peer more closely than Miss Bunker or Mac Tavish had the courage to venture, noted that the place to which Morrison opened was marked by a slip of paper, a snapshot photograph.

"Miss Bunker!" called the master. "A memo!"

She came with her notebook and sat at the lid of the desk, facing him.

"His resignation, I tell ye," whispered Mac Tavish. "I ken the look o' determination!"

"I want it typed on a narrow strip that I can slip into my pocketbook," stated Stewart. Then to all appearances entirely unconcerned with the listening veterans he dictated:

Meanwhile I was thinking of my first love,
As I had not been thinking of aught for years,
Till over my eyes there began to move
Something that felt like tears.

Mac Tavish bent on Dow a wild look and swapped with the old pensioner of the Morrisons a stare of amazement for one of bewildered concern.

I thought of the dress that she wore last time,
When we stood 'neath the cypress tree together—
In that lost land, in that soft clime,
In the crimson evening weather.

Of that muslin dress—for the eve was hot—
And her warm white neck in its golden chain,
And her full soft hair, just tied in a knot,
And falling loose again.

I thought of our little quarrels and strife,
And the letter that brought me back my ring,
And it all seemed then, in the waste of life,
Such a very little thing.

The girl dabbed up her hand under pretense of fixing a lock of hair; she scrubbed away tears that were trickling. So this was it! The powwow over business and politics had not been stirring even languid interest in her. Now her emotions were rioting. Here seemed to be something worth while in the life of the master!

But I will marry my own first love,
With her primrose face; for old things are best,
And the flower in her bosom I prize it above ——

Mac Tavish gasped. "Next he'll be playing jigglemaree wi' dollies on his desk! His wits hae gane agley!"

In the horror of his discovery he flung his arms and knocked off the desk his full stock of paper-weight ammunition. Then he was convinced beyond doubt that the Morrison was daft. Stewart did not even raise his eyes from the book: he kept on dictating above the clatter of the rolling weights; his intentness on the matter in hand was that of a business man putting a proposition on paper for the purpose of making it definite and cogent and clear.

But Stewart's thoughts were not at all clear, he was confessing to himself; in spite of his assumed indifference he was embarrassed by the focused stares of Dow and Mac Tavish. He wondered what sudden, devil-may-care whimsy was this that was galloping him away from business and politics and every other sane subject! He was conscious that there was in him a freakish and juvenile hankering to astonish his friends.

He heard Dow say, "Oh, don't worry about the boy, Andy! We do strange things in big times! Even Nero fiddled when Rome was burning!"

Stewart finished the dictation and closed the book.

"Losh, I canna understand!" mourned Mac Tavish, not troubling to hush his tones.

The girl hesitated, her gaze on her notes. Then she looked full into Morrison's face, all her woman's honest sympathy in her brimming eyes.

"But I understand, sir!" She rose. She extended her hand, and when he took it she put into her clasp of his fingers what she did not presume to say in words.

"Thank you!" said Morrison.

Then he left his chair and strolled across to the old men, while Miss Bunker rattled her typewriter.

"It begins to look, boys, like we're going to have quite a large evening!" he remarked sociably.

IV

AFTER his dinner with his mother Stewart went to the library den, his own room, the habitat consecrated to the males of the Morrison ménage. He was in formal garb for the reception at Senator Corson's. He removed and hung up his dress coat and pulled on his house jacket; he was prompted to make this precautionary change by a woolen man's innate respect for honest goods as much as he was by his desire for homely comfort when he smoked. He lighted a pipe and marched up and down the room.

He was determined to give the situation a good going over in his mind.

He had settled many a problem in that old room. He was always helped by Grandfather Angus and Father David. When he walked in one direction he was looking at the portrait of Angus on the end wall of the long narrow room; Angus bored him with eyes as hard as steel buttons, and out from the close-set lips seemed to issue many an aphorism to put the grit into a man.

From the opposite wall, when Morrison whirled on his heels, David looked down. David's eyes had little softening scrolls at the corners of them; the artist had painted from life in the case of David, and had caught the glint of humor in the eyes. The picture of Angus had been enlarged from a daguerreotype and seemed to lack some of the truly human qualities of expression. But it was a strong face, the face of a pioneer who had come into a strange land to make his way and to smooth that way for the children who were to have life made easier for them.

"Tak it! Wi' all the strength o' ye, reach oot and tak it for yer ainsel', else ithers will gr-rasp ahead and snigger at ye!" So said Angus from the wall, whenever Stewart pondered on problems.

But David, though the pictured countenance was resolute enough, always put in a shrewd and cautionary amendment, whenever Stewart came down the room, stiffened by the counsel of Angus: "Mind ye, laddie, when ye tak, that the mon wha taks sliddry serpents to tussle wi' em, he haes nae hand to use for his ainsel' whilst the slickit beasties are alive; and a deid snake serves nae guid."

That evening Stewart was distinctly getting no help from either Angus or David. They did not appear to understand his new and peculiar mood. He had been in the habit of fusing their clashing arbitraments by a humor of his own, which he knew was fantastic, yet helpful according to his whimsical custom, welding their judgments twain into one dominant counsel of determination, softened by the spirit of fairness.

But after he had plucked a certain slip of paper from his waistcoat pocket, squinting at it through the pipe smoke as he walked to and fro, mumbling as if he were engaged in the task of memorizing, he ceased to look up to Angus and David for assistance. He was sure they would not know! Here were warp and woof of a fabric beyond their ken.

He would not admit to himself that he understood in full measure this emotion that had come surging up in him, overwhelming and burying all the ordinarily steadfast landmarks by which he regulated his daily thoughts and actions.

"I had built a dam," he muttered, using the metaphor that was natural, "and I've been thinking it was safe and sure. Whether it wasn't strong enough, whether it was undermined—I don't know. It has given way."

There was a tap on the door and he hastily tucked the paper back into his pocket. He knew it was his mother, trained in the way of the Morrisons to respect the sanctuary of the family lairds when they were paying their devotions at the shrine of business.

"I'm saying my gude nicht to ye, bairnie, for ye're telling me ye'll no' be hame till late," she said when he flung open the door.

He copied affectionately her Scotch braidness of dialect when they were alone together.

"No, wee mither, not till late."

He stepped out into the corridor and kissed her. She patted his cheek and walked on.

More of that whimsy into which he had been allowing his troubled emotions to lead him! He realized it fully! His brow wrinkled, he shook his head, but he called to her. He went to meet her when she returned.

"It's like it is at the office, these days! I'm Morrison of St. Ronan's on one side o' the rail; I'm the mayor of Marion on t'other! Here in the corridor ye're wee mither!" He put his arm about her and lifted her into the library. "Coom awa' wi' ye, noo!" he cried. He threw himself into a big chair and pulled her upon his knee. "Ye're Jeanie Mac Dougal—only a woman. I need to talk wi' a woman. I canna talk wi' Mac Tavish or sic as he. He thinks I'm daft. He said so. I canna get counsel frae grands'r or sire yon on the walls. They don't understand, Jeanie Mac Dougal. I'm in love!"

"Aye! Wi' the lass o' the Corsons!"

"But ye shouldna sigh when ye say it, Jeanie Mac Dougal."

"A gashing guidwife sat wi' me to-day in the ben, bairnie, and said the lass brings her ain laddie wi' her frae the great town."

"I tak nae gossip for my guide!" he protested. "In business I tak my facts only frae the lips o' the one I ask. I'll do the same in love."

She did not speak.

"I know, Jeanie Mac Dougal! Ye canna forget ye are wee mither, and it's hard for ye to be only woman richt noo. I ken the kind of wife ye hae in mind for me. The patient wife, the housewife, the meek wife wi' only her een for back-and-ben, for kitchen and parlor. But I love Lana."

"She promised, and she took her promise back! Again she promised, and again she took it back!"

The proud resentment of a mother flamed. "And I'm no content wi' the lass who once may win my laddie's word and doesna treasure it and be thankfu' and proud for all the years to come."

"Oh, I know, mither! But she was young. She must needs wonder what there was in the world outside Marion. I loved her just the same."

"But noo that she is hame they tell me that her heid 'tis held perkit and her speech is high and the polished shell is o'er all."

Stewart looked away from his mother's frank eyes. He was too honest to argue or dispute.

"I love her just the same!"

"She ca'd wi' her father at the mill this day, eh? The guidwife said as much."

"Aye, in the way o' politeness." He remembered that the politeness seemed too elaborate, too florid, altiloquent to the extent of insincerity. "To see her again is to love her the more," he insisted. "I have never been to Washington. Probably I'd be able to understand better the manners one is obliged to put on there if I had been to Washington. I ought to have gone there on my vacation, instead of into the woods. I'm afraid I have been keeping in the woods too much!"

"But did she talk high and flighty to you, bairnie?"

"It meant nowt except it's the way one must talk when great folks stand near to hear. The governor was there," he said lamely.

"That was unco trouble to mak for hersel' in the hearing o' that auld tike whose tongue is as rough as his gruntle!"

"Still, he's the governor in spite of his phiz; and that shows her tact in getting on well with the dignitaries, Jeanie Mac Dougal, and you're a woman and must praise the wit of the sex. She has seen much. She has been obliged to do as the others do. But good wool is ne'er the waur for the finish of it! My faith is in her from what I know of the worth o' her in the old days. And now that she has seen she can understand better. Yes, back here at home she'll be able to understand better. Listen, Jeanie Mac Dougal!" He fumbled in his pocket. "Here's a bit of a poem. I have loved it ever since she recited it at the festival when she was a little girl. You have forgotten—I remember! And here's one verse:

And I think, in the lives of most women and men,
There's a moment when all would go smooth and even,
If only the dead could find out when
To come back and be forgiven.

"But I would change it to read, 'If only we all could find out when,'" he proceeded. "It wasn't all her fault, mother. I was younger, then. I'm old enough now to be humble. She is home again, and I'm going to ask to be forgiven."

Then the telephone bell called. He lifted her gently off his knee and stood up.

"As to the lad who is here with his father—gossip is playing all sorts of capers this day, wee mither. And do not be worried if gossip of another sort comes to you after I'm gone this evening. There may be matters in the city for me to attend to as mayor. If I'm not home you'll know that I'm attending to them."

He went to the telephone, replied to an inquiring voice and listened intently, and then he assented with heartiness.

"It's Blanchard, of the Conawin Mills! He has a bit of business with me and offers to take me along with him to the reception. Tell Jock he'll not have to bother with my car!" he said, coming to her where she waited at the door. She had picked up the slip of paper, which he had dropped in his haste to attend to the telephone.

"I daured to peep at yer bit poem, Stewart, so that my ear might not seem to be put to o'erhearing your business discourse," she apologized, staunch in her adherence to the rules of the Morrisons. "And I'll tell ye that Jeanie Mac Dougal says aye to one sentiment I hae found in it."

"Good! Read it aloud to me, that's my own girlie!" He folded his arms and shut his eyes.

She read in tones that thrilled with conviction:

The world is filled with folly and sin,
And love must cling where it can, I say;
For beauty is easy enough to win,
But one isn't loved every day.

She tucked the paper into the fingers of his hand, which lay lightly along his arm. He opened his eyes and gazed down into her straightforward ones.

"Whoever may be the lass my bairnie loves, she will be honored by that love; aye, and sanctified by that love! And sic a lass will deserve from Jeanie Mac Dougal a smile at our threshold and respect in our hame."

She went away. Her eyes were dim with unshed tears; but she held her chin high and trailed her bit of a train with dignity.

Morrison folded the paper and put it away. He took a turn up and down the long room, confronting the portrait faces in turn. He eyed them as if he were approaching them on a matter where there now could be a better understanding than on the subject suggested by the slip of paper.

"I don't know whether Blanchard ought to be kicked or coddled," he confessed. "He's a fair sample of the rest. They don't kick so often in these days, Grands'r Angus, as you did in yours. On the other hand, Daddy David, there has been too much coddling in this country lately, by the cowardice of men who ought to know better; and the coddling has continued to the hurt of all of us!"

He sat down and looked at the clock; the face of that would at least tell him something definite; Blanchard said that he was talking from the club, round the corner, and would be along in five minutes. And Blanchard arrived on time.

"I suppose I ought to be offended by what you said to me over the phone to-day, Morrison. I was hurt, at any rate."

"So was I!" retorted Stewart promptly. "Hurt and offended, both. So we start from the scratch, neck and neck."

"But why do you assume that attitude on account of what I told you?"

"I was obliged to put questions to you in order to get the news that you propose to hitch up with a dominating water-power syndicate."

"Only following out your proposition that we must get down to development."

"The development is taking care of itself, Brother Blanchard. As chairman of the water-power commission I shall submit my report to the incoming legislature. And in that report I propose to make conservation the corollary of development."

(Continued on Page 138)

Fruitful Research!

How Full-Size Knitting solves your sock-troubles

EXPERIENCED dealers will tell you that of all sock complaints the following three occur most frequently: Socks prematurely "poke through" at the toes. Socks often bind at the heels. And many men suffer from annoying "garter-pull."

Long ago, persistent research disclosed to us the remedy for these sock troubles—Monito Full-Size Knitting.

This exclusive knitting method provides ample toe-room, assuring utmost comfort and longer wear. It relieves all strain at the heels; and the higher top-length provided by Monito Full-Size Knitting eliminates garter discomfort.

In Monito Full-Size Socks you obtain this unique combination of full toe-room and trim ankle fit.

We suggest style 522, a sock of *real* silk — silk-worm silk. Just ask your dealer for Monito Full-Size Socks—the same size you now wear. We feel confident that one trial will convince you of the greater comfort and style of Monito Full-Size Socks.

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Monito

Full-Size Knitting

SOCKS

What assures foot-comfort?

ESSENTIAL to foot-comfort are correct-size socks. The feet of your socks should be long enough so that you can easily grasp the extra material at the toes between your thumb and forefinger as shown in the illustration. Monito *Full-Size* Socks combine full foot-length with trim, stylish ankle-fit.

M. K. Co., Inc.

(Continued from Page 135)

Blanchard blinked inquiringly. "What do you mean?"

"Why, I mean just this: Putting it in business terms, I propose to ask for legislation that will make the public the partners of the men who handle and control the water power."

"I don't know how you're going to do that in any sensible way," grumbled the other. "There have been a good many rumors about that forthcoming report of yours, Morrison. What's the big notion in keeping it so secret?"

"I have been ordered to report to the legislature, Blanchard. I have prepared my case for that general court. Customary deference and common politeness in such matters oblige me to hold my mouth till I do report officially."

"Nothing to be hidden, then?" probed the magnate.

"Not a thing—not when the proper time comes!"

"But we have been left guessing—and I don't like the sound of the rumors. You must expect big interests to get an anchor out to windward. There's no telling what a damfool legislature will do in case a theory is put up and there are no sensible business arguments to contradict it."

"As owners of water power, Blanchard—you and I—let's bring our business arguments into the open this year, in the committee rooms and on the floor of the House and Senate, instead of in the buzzing corners of the lobby or down in the hotel buttonholing boudoirs! Now we'll get right down to cases! You have been leaving me out of your conferences ever since I refused to drop my coin into the usual pool to hire lobbyists. I take the stand that these times are more enlightened and that we can begin to trust the people's business to the people's general court in open sessions."

Blanchard showed the heat of a man whose conscience was not entirely comfortable.

"Just what is this people idea that you're making so much of all of a sudden, Morrison? People as partners, people as judges—people—people ——"

Blanchard hitched over the word wrathfully.

"People be hanged?" inquired Stewart with a provocative grin.

"There's too much of this soviet gabble loose these days. It all leads to the same thing, and you've got to choke it for the good of this Government!"

"Right you are, to a big extent, Blanchard! But just now we are talking of a vital problem in our own state, and it has nothing to do with sovietism."

"But you spoke of making the people our partners!"

"I merely put the matter to you in a nutshell, for we'll need to be moving on pretty quick!"

He glanced at the clock. He threw off his jacket and pulled on his coat.

"Partners how?"

"It will be explained in my official report, as chairman of the power and storage commission. My friend, a little business good sense applied in these times, will stop a lot of bad soviet nonsense!"

"I don't relish the rumors about what that report is likely to recommend."

"Rumors are prevalent, are they?"

"Prevalent, Morrison, and devilish pointed too!"

"I suppose that's why the old horned stags of the lobby are whetting their antlers," surmised Morrison, pointing his remark by a gesture toward a caribou head, a trophy of his vacation chase. "I have heard a rumor too, Blanchard. Are they going to introduce legislation to abolish my commission and turn the whole water-power matter over to the public-utilities commission?"

Blanchard flushed and said he knew nothing about any such move.

"I'm sorry that syndicate isn't taking you into their confidence," sympathized Morrison. "I know just how you feel. The boys who ought to train with me are not taking me into their conferences either!"

"You spoke of coming down to cases!" snapped Blanchard, his uneasy conscience getting behind the mask of ill temper. "I don't ask you to reveal any official report. But can you tell me what this people-partners thing is?"

"I can, Blanchard, because it isn't anything that is specifically a part of the report. It's principle, and principle belongs in everything. I merely apply it to the case of water power in this state." He went close to his caller and beamed down on him in a sociable manner. "I rather questioned my own good taste and the propriety of my effort to get onto the commission and be made its chairman. As an owner of power and of an important franchise I might be considered a prejudiced party. But I hoped I had established a bit of a reputation for square dealing in business and I wanted to feel that my own kind were in touch with me and would have faith that I was working hard for all interests. You and I can both join in damning these demagogues and radicals and visionaries and Bolshevists. We must be practical even when we're progressive, Blanchard."

"Now you're talking sense!"

"I hope so!" But his next statement, made while the millman glared and muttered oaths, fell far short of sanity in Blanchard's estimation. "I'm fully convinced that one of the inalienable rights of the people is ownership of water power. We franchise proprietors ought to content ourselves with being custodians, managers, lessees of that power that comes from the lakes that God alone owns."

"Are you putting that notion in your confounded report?"

"I am."

"Are you sticking in something about confiscating the coal and the oil and the iron and ——"

"Oh, no," broke in Morrison, calm in the face of fury. "Those particular packages all seem to be nicely tied up and laid on the shelf out of the people's reach. And whether they are or not is not my concern now. I'm only a little fellow up here in a small puddle, Brother Blanchard. I'm not undertaking the reorganization of the world. I'll say frankly that I don't know just what kind of legislation in regard to the already developed water power in this state can be passed and be made constitutional. But now when coal is scarcer and high—or monopolized, at any rate, to make it high and scarce in the market—the exploiters are turning to water-power possibilities with hearty hankering, and the people are turning with hope."

"I'm afraid I'm getting hunks out of that report of yours, ahead of official time."

"You're getting the principle underlying it—and you're welcome."

"Morrison, the idea that the people have any overhead right and ownership in franchise granted and privately developed water power is ridiculous and dangerous nonsense."

"It does sound a bit that way, considering the fact that the people of this state have never even taxed water power, as such. The ideas of the fathers, who gave away the power for nothing, seem to have come down to the sons, who haven't even waked up to the fact that it's worth taxing—yes, Blanchard, taxing even to the extent that the people will get enough profits from the taxation to make 'em virtual partners! And as to the millions of horse power yet to be developed, let the profits be called lease money instead of taxation. Then we'll be going on a business basis without having the matter everlastingly muddled and mixed and lobbied in politics!"

Blanchard knew inflexibility when he saw it; and he knew Stewart Morrison when it came to matters of business. He did not attempt argument.

"Well, I'll be good and cahootedly condemned!" he exploded.

"No, you'll be helped and I'll be helped by putting this on a business basis, where the radicals, if they grab off more political power, won't be able to rip it up by crazy methods; the radicals don't know when to stop when they get to reforming."

"Radicals! Good gad, it sounds to me as if we had one of 'em at the head of that commission! Morrison, have you turned Bolshevik?"

"My friend," expostulated Stewart gently, "when you opposed the principle of prohibition the fanatics called you 'Rummy.' The name hurt your feelings."

"They had no right to impugn my motives!"

"Certainly not! It's all wrong to try to turn a trick by sticking a slurring name onto conscientiousness."

"You're turning round and hammering your friends and associates, no matter what name you put on it."

"It has always been considered perfectly proper to lobby for the big interests in this state for pay! Why shouldn't I lobby for the people for nothing?"

"You and I are the people! The business men are the people. The enterprising capitalists who pay wages are the people. The people are ——"

He halted; the telephone bell had broken in on him.

Morrison apologized with a smile and answered the call. He sprawled in his chair, his elbow on the table, and listened for a few moments.

"But don't stutter so, Joe!" he adjured. "Take your time now, boy! Say it again!"

He attended patiently on the speaker.

"They won't take your word on the matter, you say? Why, Joe, that's not courteous in the case of an American Legion commander! Hold on! I can't come down there! I have to attend the reception at Senator Corson's."

He listened again to what was evidently expostulation and entreaty, and while he listened he gazed at the sullen Blanchard with an expression of mock despair.

"Joe, just a word for myself," he broke in. "I'm afraid you have pledged me a little too strongly. You went off half-cocked this afternoon! Oh, no, I don't take it back. I'm not a quitter to that extent. But I really didn't undertake to run the whole state government, you know! Those folks up on Capitol Hill don't need my advice, they think!"

With patience unabated he listened again.

"If it's that way, Joe, I'll have to come down. I'll certainly never put an honest chap in bad or leave him in wrong, when a word can straighten the thing. Hold 'em there! I'll be right along!"

He hung up.

"As I was saying," persisted Blanchard, "the people ——"

Morrison put up his hand and shook his head. "I guess we'd better hang up the joint debate on the people right here, Blanchard! What say if you come along with me and pick up a few facts? The facts may give you a new light on your theories."

He hastened to a closet and secured his topcoat and his silk hat.

"Come where?"

"Down to the Central Labor Union Hall. There's a big crowd waiting there."

Blanchard surveyed his own evening apparel in a mirror.

"I'm headed for a reception—not the kind I'd get from a labor crowd, as the head of the Conawin corporation."

"Nevertheless, I urge you to come with me. I believe that a little contact with the people in this instance will clear your thoughts."

"Another one of your riddles!" snorted the manufacturer. "What's it all about?"

"Blanchard," declared Morrison, setting his jaws grimly while he pondered for a moment, and then coming out explosively, "it's about what we may expect from the people when damned fools try to play politics according to the old rules in these new times. It's about what we may expect of the people when they're denied a showdown by men at the head of public affairs. There's trouble brewing in the city of Marion to-night. What would you do if you happened to glance out of your office window and saw a leak spurting big as a lead pencil from the base of the Conawin dam? You'd know the leak would be as big as a hogshead in a few minutes, wouldn't you?"

"Yes," admitted the other.

"You'd get to that leak and plug it mighty quick, wouldn't you?"

"No need to ask."

"Well, this is a hurry call, and I need your help."

"I don't stand in well with the labor crowd," demurred Blanchard.

"I know all that! You're hiring too many aliens and red radicals in your mill! But you ought to have some influence with your own gang, such as they are! I suspect that they're the leading trouble makers down in that hall. Blanchard, if you're not afraid of your own men come along!"

He clapped the millman on the shoulder and led the way toward the door.

"If there are scalawags starting that state-steal howl again somebody ought to tell 'em that there are three machine guns and plenty of loaded rifles on Capitol Hill to-night and the men behind 'em propose to shoot to kill," stated Blanchard vengefully, shaking his silk hat.

Morrison whirled on him.

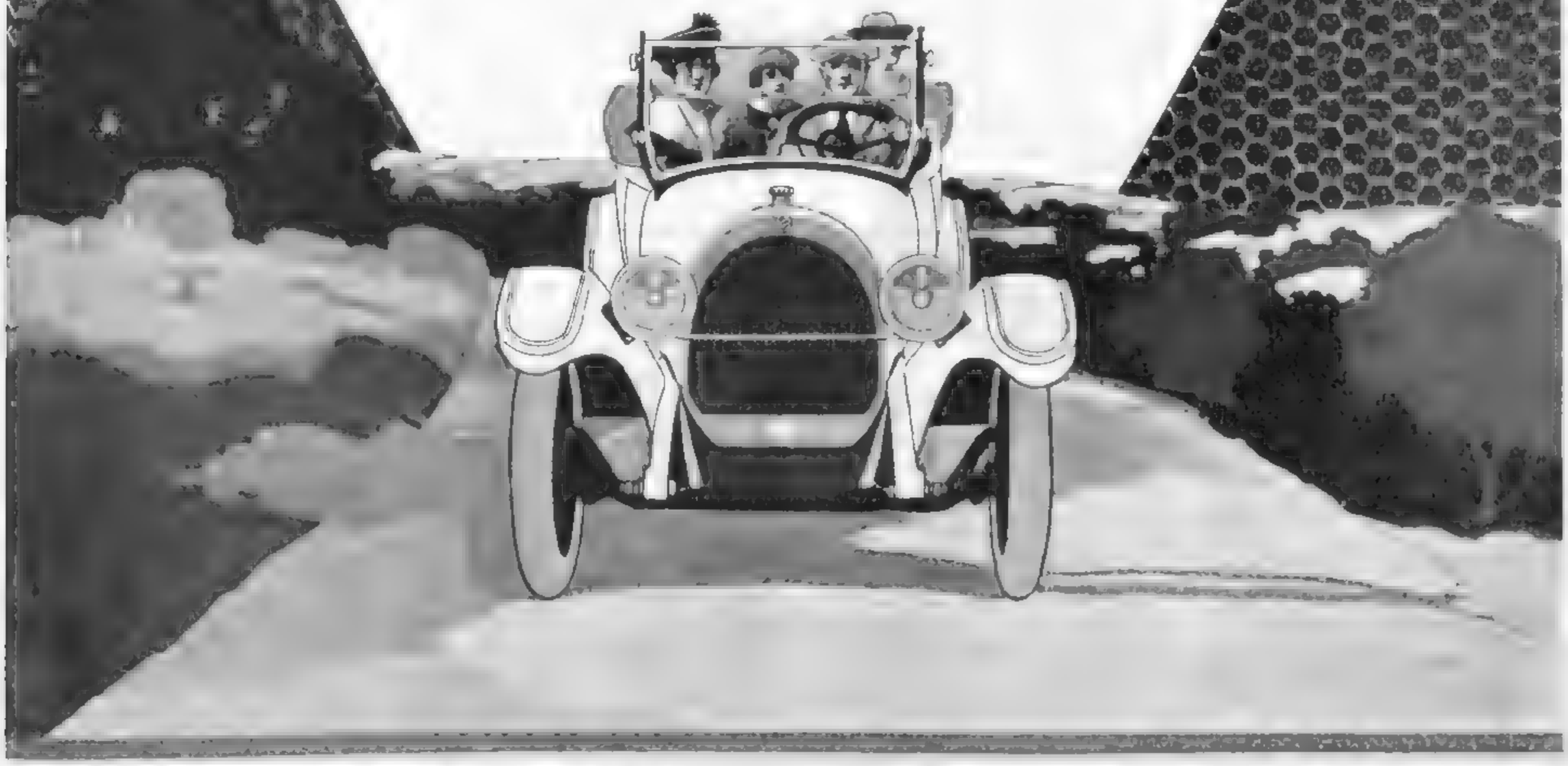
"You're just the man to go down there and tell 'em so! You probably have inside information. All I know is hearsay! I'll advise 'em, and you threaten 'em. Come along, Blanchard! We'll make a good team!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

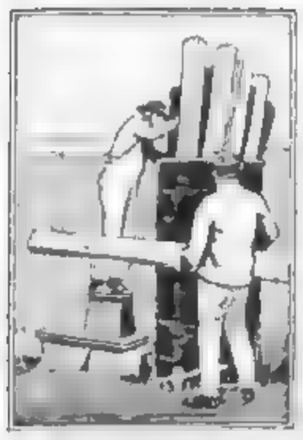
A CAR equipped with a Harrison Radiator is a car that will give dependable and efficient engine cooling service—winter and summer. And the symmetry and beauty of the Hexagon Cellular construction of the Harrison Radiator enhance the appearance of any motor car. The Olds Motor Works is among the many representative automobile manufacturers who, in recognition of these facts, have adopted Harrison as their standard radiator.

HARRISON RADIATOR CORPORATION

General Offices and Factory: Lockport, N. Y.
General Sales Offices: Detroit, Michigan



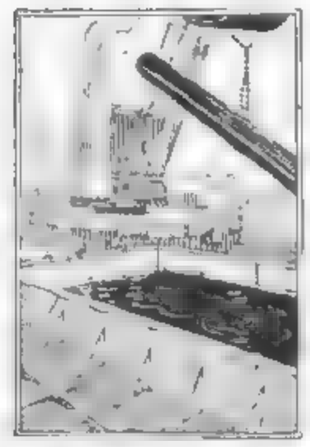
HARRISON *Original Hexagon Cellular* Radiators



Treating Fence Posts.

WOOD PRESERVATION

A timely talk of interest to all users of structural wood



Open Tank Process.

PUBLISHED BY US EVERY FEW WEEKS IN THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

President F. D. Underwood of Erie Railroad Urges Timber Conservation.

President Underwood, of "The Old Reliable" Erie Railroad, makes a patriotic appeal for greater conservation of our timber resources and calls upon the railroad industry to increase their use of wood preservatives. Mr. Underwood says:—

© Brown Bros.

F. D. Underwood.

"The perpetuation of adequate production from our fast dwindling forests is of almost vital importance. No industry is independent of wood in some form. Forest crops should be as common as field crops. Broadly speaking, for every tree destroyed, one should be planted.

"Waste in lumbering operations must be reduced to a minimum and the greatest practicable economy must be exercised in the use of forest products involving the extensive application of timber preservatives. The prosperity of the nation depends upon these things.

"Railroads generally are now large users of timber preservatives, but their uses can and should be greatly increased."

How Long Will Our Lumber Supply Last?

Civil War veterans can well remember when more than half our lumber supply came from New England and a few adjoining states. Today there is practically nothing left to cut.

In those days, lumber was hauled from nearby forests at a cost of $1.50 to $2.00 per thousand feet. Today our Eastern cities pay as high as $20.00 to $24.00 a thousand for freight alone.

Over sixty per cent of our lumber now comes from the Southern and Pacific states. How long before these forests are depleted depends entirely on how we *conserve* and *preserve* this our last available lumber. At the present rate of consumption and destruction, this century will bring the end within easily measurable distance.

Are we prepared to continue our present wasteful ways and to pay an ever-rising price for lumber? Or will we take the sensible course of conserving our forests and getting the longest possible service out of the lumber we use, *by proper preservative treatment?*

Dipping silo lumber in Carbosota Creosote Oil.

What Preservation Will Do

Simple preservative treatment with Carbosota will double the lifetime of many woods and will very greatly increase the durability of structural timbers by rendering them practically immune to the action of fungous growths which cause both wet-rot and dry-rot. The cost is extremely low in proportion to the benefits secured, and the preservative process is easily within the means of every lumber user.

By treatment with Carbosota many of the less durable grades or species are made available, whereas untreated they would be unfit for use.

Creosoted Timber Shafthouses are economical and practically permanent.

Mine Timbers and Buildings

Because some mine structures are regarded merely as "temporary" is no reason why the lumber should not be carbosoted, for it is valuable enough to be re-used on some other job. All heavy timbers for head-frames, all wood used in tipples and breakers and for any purpose underground, will long outlast untreated lumber if given an Open Tank treatment with Carbosota before erection.

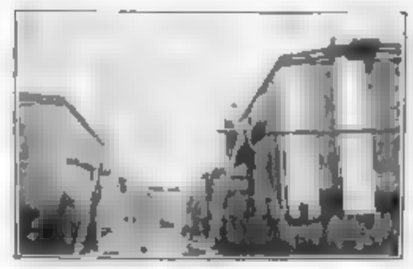
Write for free folder No. 409 about the uses of Carbosota around mines.

Elimination of Decay in Car Construction Would Pay the Railroad Deficit in Less Than Two Years

APPROXIMATELY 500,000,000 man-hours, costing nearly $350,000,000, are annually consumed in repairing freight cars, while over 1,250,000,000 ft. B. M. of lumber seems to be the annual requirement for car construction (U. S. Dept. of Agriculture Bulletin No. 605) which, at a present cost of, conservatively, $85 per thousand feet B. M., equals approximately $110,000,000.

To these figures must be added materials damaged or destroyed during process of replacing decayed timbers and the enormous loss of revenue during idleness of cars held in repair shops.

Thus the total annual cost of repairing freight cars may be conservatively placed in excess of $500,000,000—of which about half could be saved by employment of preservative treatments.



Repairing freight cars. Reports at one car shop show 82% of repairs to wooden equipment due to decay.

Immediate steps to reduce this waste are quite practical, by the use of [illegible] pressure treatments with Carbosota. Surface treatments will more than warrant the cost and trouble and should be introduced at once, pending developments of means for employing the Open Tank process or arranging for supplies of pressure-treated timber.

The use of Carbosota in place of ordinary red oxide box-car paint is another economy, especially for gondola cars. The saving, based on present costs, is over $10 per car—and a simple treatment permits stenciling or lettering over car-Creosoted surfaces.

Increased car-miles greater revenue, decreased [illegible] and conservation of labor and [illegible] these are the results of the proper employment of Carbosota in car construction

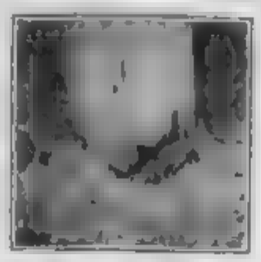
For the Farm

No farmer today can afford to waste lumber, even for his own use. Fence posts used to be worth around ten cents each. Now they cost nearer a dollar to cut and set in the ground and, unless treated, they soon begin to decay.

The most costly of wood silos will last only a few years unless it has preservative treatment to begin with. Not a stave should be put in place until it is thoroughly carbosoted. Barn sills, floors and timbers will also pay handsomely for Carbosota treatment.

For Poles and Cross Arms

Telephone and telegraph companies have raised rates because of increased costs. A most serious item is pole renewal. This affects the companies and every user of their facilities. New poles are easily butt-treated before erection, but old poles may have their lives prolonged several years by application of Carbosota, at small expense. Cross arms and gains should also be treated. Write for Pole Folder 406, describing proper methods of treatment.



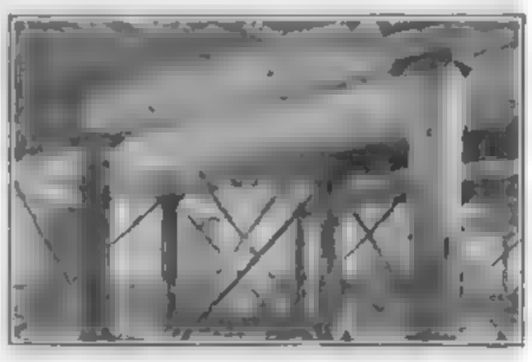
Pole improperly brush-treated, showing decay and activities of termites [white ants] in less than two years.

Pole not properly cleaned before treating. Bark is peeling and exposing inner wood.

Mill Construction

Application of Creosote Oil (Carbosota Creosote Oil) to points of contact is an imperative precautionary measure required by the specifications for "mill construction" approved and recently adopted by the National Board of Fire Underwriters—to wit:

"Ends of girders, beams and columns, when resting on metal plates, or masonry, shall have the bearing surfaces protected by a piece of creosote-saturated felt or paper, or two brush coats of hot creosote."



Standard Mill Construction. Where timber is in contact with walls, foundation and plates, and wood touches wood in first floor framing, two coats of Carbosota Creosote Oil should be applied to the bearing surfaces. (Courtesy of Natl. Lumber Manufrs. Assn.)

Full information as to the use of Carbosota for any specified purpose can be secured from our nearest branch office, also free copy of our bulletin, "Long Life for Wood." The U. S. Dept. of Agriculture and many State Agricultural Colleges and departments have also published valuable information on the subject of wood preservation.

Put up in 1, 5 and 10 gallon cans, also wooden barrels and tank car quantities—10,000 gallons.

What is Carbosota?

Carbosota Creosote Oil is a highly refined and specially processed Coal-Tar Creosote, particularly adapted to Surface treatments (brush treatment or painting, spraying and dipping), and the Open Tank process. It conforms to standard specifications.

Barrett B Carbosota Grade-One Liquid Creosote Oil

The Barrett Company

New York	[illegible]	Philadelphia	Boston	St. Louis
Cleveland	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	New [illegible]
Birmingham	Kansas City	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Syracuse	Seattle	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Salt Lake City	[illegible]	Washington	[illegible]	[illegible]
Youngstown	Milwaukee	[illegible]	[illegible]	Richmond
Latrobe	Bethlehem	Elizabeth	Buffalo	Baltimore

THE BARRETT COMPANY, Limited: Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N. B., Halifax, N. S., Sydney, N. S.

SLIPPERY METAL

(Continued from Page 11)

with here and there the isolated shaft of a tall building rising abruptly to scratch the astonished sky. Boulton, jolting down Main Street in a tin taxicab, felt that his memory was outraged, and when at the corner of Front Street he beheld an untidy traffic officer eating peanuts he snorted aloud.

"Strictly as a matter of fact," said Reginald Boulton to himself, "ten thousand dollars would be a nice, fat piece of money."

In Levinsky's day the local paper might have referred to the house as an elegant mansion in an exclusive residential section. Now it was an ill-kept relic of Victorianism surrounded by a desolate waste of building lots. It would still have been hideous if the grounds about it had been exquisite—and the grounds were deplorable. An ornamental iron fence, blushing with conscious rust, marked off an acre of lawn which reached to Boulton's knees. The driveway was choked with weeds, and the trees which had been planted to shade it were the prey of gypsy moths. A colored servant in broken shoes admitted him to the hallway and let him stand there while she shouted lustily upstairs. Boulton tripped on the torn runner as he ascended. He followed the negro's direction until he came to an open doorway, and paused there, and met the eyes of a woman lying in bed. And as he stood, subdued and awkward, and gazed at the woman's eyes a flood of recollection passed over him and washed away the years between, and in the process washed away the adopted personality known to the world as Mr. Reginald Boulton.

Abraham Levinsky went across the threshold and approached the woman in the bed.

She couldn't have been younger than thirty-eight, but her bravery and patience had helped to cheat the calendar, and to Levinsky she was still a little girl. But the little girl was near the end of things.

"You were so good to come," she said, and gave him her fragile hand.

Levinsky blotted his forehead with a monogrammed silk handkerchief.

"You look an awful lot like your papa," he said. "It gave me a big surprise—honest."

At that there was a hint of color in her cheeks.

"Do you really think so? I've always hoped I did. He was the finest, kindest, sweetest man I ever knew."

"Me, too," said Levinsky, and after that he became tongue-tied. In his embarrassment he stared about him, and his embarrassment was multiplied by the barren cheerlessness of her room. It contained the necessary furniture, and no more. The wall paper was mathematical with zigzag rulings, and at two corners it had begun to curl downward in languid scallops; the window curtains were lace, unmended; the carpet was a particularly poisonous blue. Within the reach of Eleanor's two hands, however, there was an oasis—a restricted area containing books, writing materials and a gay sewing bag, a vivid yellow canary in a cage and an agile kitten with one eye reserved for the canary. On her table there was a wilted rose in a glass of stale water.

"Well," she said with an effort at sprightliness, "did you come to tell me how much you like my play?"

Levinsky noted her transparent hands, her delicate features, her big, eager eyes. The wraith of Bombshell and of her father gazed anxiously back at Levinsky.

"You must have put a whole lot of hard work on it," he said lamely.

She caressed the kitten.

"More than two years, Mr. Boulton. You see, I could only do a little bit at a time. Some days if I felt real strong I could do seven or eight pages, but most days I couldn't do but a page, and there'd be weeks when I couldn't do any at all." She gave him her brave, anxious smile. "And if I was having a bad day and dropped a book on the floor or lost my pen—you see, there isn't always somebody in the house. And the family thought I was silly to want to write a play anyway."

His eyes strayed to the curling wall paper and the wilted rose, and Levinsky understood.

"It's your papa's relatives that live here?"

"Yes, his cousin. They've been awfully good to me—when you think of having to support an invalid relative for twenty-five years. You know, I haven't anything."

"What's his business?"

"Why, Cousin Floyd—he's always been afraid of his heart. He—Cousin Annie has a millinery shop."

"Yes," said Levinsky, nodding. "So your play—it means a lot to you?"

She swept the kitten close to her. Her voice was lower.

"It means everything! If you don't take it I think I'd die."

Levinsky, regarding her, believed that she spoke the truth. He could imagine how resolutely she had flogged her brain, how remorselessly she had driven her tired fingers, until each day she surrendered to a premature exhaustion. She had bequeathed to the manuscript her total reserve of strength and of spirit. Her lofty ambition and her innocent faith left her defenseless against the shock of failure. No one but Reginald Boulton could prevent that shock and all its consequences.

He knew by instinct that regardless of her poverty and humiliation she would recoil indignantly from any proffer of a gift of money. She wanted money, but she had written a play to earn it, and she was listening for Levinsky to speak. Levinsky wavered. His heart was sore within him, and yet he had his reputation to consider—a reputation based upon the fact that always he gave the public what it thought it wanted. The sentiment of a Levinsky was a very definite thing, but the reputation of a Boulton was another thing entirely.

"To speak English, Miss Eleanor, Slippery Metal is awful—different."

"I've been told so, Mr. Boulton, and I know it myself." Her voice held nothing of conceit. Rather it was indicative of a great wonderment that the gods should have selected her to be inspired. "Our minister says ——"

Levinsky bit his lip.

"You know what kind of thing I usually do, Miss Eleanor? Things ——" He bit his lip again; he had almost said "Things with a lot of damn dames in 'em." He swabbed his forehead and stammered: "Things with music."

"I might have guessed that from your eyes. You love music, don't you? And besides there's a piano in it, you know. The third most-important woman has to play it twice."

Levinsky swallowed and nodded.

"Wouldn't it be just as nice for you to have it made up into a book? Or a picture—what you call a movie? I could make a swell picture out of it easy."

"Oh, no!" she said, lifting her head. "It's got to be acted. It was meant to be. That's what I did it for. I can hear every voice—every word. I can see the whole thing from beginning to end. If it isn't acted I don't think I could stand it. I've put so much of myself into it, Mr. Boulton. It's a part of me. I think it's the biggest part of me. I want it acted—oh, more than I could possibly tell you! It's the only thing in the world I really want." Gradually a pale tint, hardly more than the shadow of roses, came to her cheeks; her eyes filled and her voice broke agonizedly. "You didn't come to tell me you're not going to take it?"

Out of Levinsky's pain and sympathy was born a revelation. There was a way out. Even as he gave her courage with a smile, the details were building up their framework in his active mind.

"No," he said quickly, "I came to get your signature to a contract."

In another moment he ran to the head of the stairway and bellowed to the colored servant, for Eleanor had quietly fainted.

When she was herself again—so far as she could ever be her former self, which had lacked this dazzling glory of fulfillment—he insisted that she quote a price for all the rights to Slippery Metal, and while she was faltering and protesting and making numerous false starts he resolved to pay her exactly double what she quoted. At last she timidly suggested three thousand dollars, and Boulton immediately wrote his check for six. The slip of paper fluttered in her fingers, and presently she laid it down and reached for the kitten and endeavored to hide her emotion in its fur.

"Oh, when the family sees that!" she said under her breath.

"You're all satisfied, are you?"

She responded as soon as she could.

"It's a—fortune!"

Remotely, and even lately, he had purposed to do far better for her than this, which she considered a fortune. But since the bargain was actually struck he was content.

Gratitude was gratitude, but though it was Levinsky who had owed the debt, it was Boulton who had been obliged to pay it. He had spontaneously paid her six thousand dollars when she had hesitated to ask for even so much as three, and the copyright wasn't worth thirty cents—and Boulton was descended from all the kings of Israel.

Across the luncheon table Boulton told a part of the story—omitting the Levinsky part—to another prince of Israel, who owned an influential daily newspaper. He stressed, without detail, his obligation to the Griffin family; he described the cripple, neglected by her father's relatives; he outlined his own philanthropy; and he explained in conclusion that he hadn't the slightest twinkle of an intention to produce the play.

"I saw her doctor," he said, "and he says she wouldn't last out the summer. She's all wrong in her insides. But you couldn't give her money, Isaac, because she's too proud to take it, and she's crazy about the play, so I bought it.

"But the piece is rotten, Isaac, it's rotten; and still she wouldn't let you monkey with it so much as a comma. If I should put it on they'd send me up to Matteawan in a padded cell. So she's got to think I put it on, and what she don't know won't hurt her. So in a couple weeks maybe you should run under Theatrical Notes a paragraph where I've bought a new play by Eleanor Griffin, called Slippery Metal, and you should say a few words like autobiography about her, all of it true. I send her a bunch of marked copies. Then some day when the five-star, positive, last, final edition's off the press you should lift out about half a stickful from the real theatrical colyum and shove in a phony announcement of a cast and run off, say, ten copies, and I send 'em out to her.

"Then in maybe another couple months you should do the same thing for a final puff and say it opens to-night. Then next day you should lift out a colyum and a half and shove in a fake notice which would say the piece is a regular knock-out. Then we should finish off the job by advertising where it's closing until fall, because we need the house for the summer show, and we don't want to put Slippery Metal on the road yet, and before the end of the summer she'd be gone. Positive she would, Isaac. But she'd think she got a production, and that's the big idea."

The newspaper owner was a skeptic and a dyspeptic, but he recognized a genuine sentiment and tried to be tactful about it.

"It's an awful loony idea," he remarked gravely, "and I wouldn't touch it for you or anybody else, Reggie, because it ain't what I would call reputable—to fake a news item. But if I did touch it you should have a fake ad on page seven, too, and a Strauss program to send the lady, or it wouldn't look so right."

"Why wouldn't you touch it, Isaac?"

Mr. Rosenbloom gestured broadly.

"Because if she wouldn't croak on the doctor's schedule, look where we're a couple of prize suckers, Reggie. You couldn't keep on bluffing year in and year out. And when she smelled a rat, Reggie, where should we be but in the soup?"

Boulton leaned over the table.

"Isaac, didn't you tell me once about the niece you had that got the lung complaint?"

Mr. Rosenbloom had no doubts in the matter, but he chose to be cautious.

"It's possible. It's possible."

"The one that wanted to be a poet? Yes, Isaac, you did. That was what provided me the same idea. I ask you to think it over like a friend."

Mr. Rosenbloom thought it over like a friend, and also like an uncle.

"I used to run some of her stuff myself," he said tenderly, "and then I used to pay it the Jewish Daily twenty dollars apiece to print the rest, what was so punk I wouldn't even put it on the household page. And when there was enough to fill up a book the book sold into four editions. My, she was pleased! It was bound red, with violet end papers. Could you ever forget that book, Reggie?"

"And my secretary," said Boulton, "bought ten copies in every bookstore from the Bowery up to Bronix Parkway, Isaac. I ask you, didn't I come across for you? Why shouldn't you do it for me?"

"But if you're scared to have the show on Broadway, Reggie, why wouldn't you put it on in her own town? What's the matter with that?"

"Isaac, I give you my word, if her own papa saw that show he'd think he was papa to an absolute imbecility. Out there even they'd hoot it off the boards, Isaac. I wouldn't be so mean even to give a charity performance of it to a deaf-and-dumb asylum, when they couldn't hear anything even. It wouldn't even last out a week's run at Bryant Hall. So I ask you to be big and broad-minded, Isaac, and remember when the boot was pinching on the other foot."

The two men exchanged a long gaze of understanding.

"But there's an awful lot of soft spots in faking items in a newspaper, Reggie. Even if it would be so simple like routing out something off the plate, or mortising it in the first place, that means a lot of folks are always snooping round to see what the fake would be. I tell you man to man, it ain't reasonable. Besides, suppose she would sometime get hold of a regular edition without the revision. Then what?"

"Simple, Isaac, simple. I'd say all the editions don't necessarily run the same stuff, and I leave it to you, ain't it the truth? They don't. No, if she's got the marked copies I send her I guarantee it's sufficient."

"If I wouldn't do it for you, Reggie, I wouldn't do it for anybody; and if this here, now, authoress, she was only a blood relative or something ——"

"Didn't I tell you already," said Boulton with some effort, "her papa gave me my first start? If he wouldn't have helped me I couldn't be where I am to-day."

His friend deliberated.

"Well, that's practically a blood relative, ain't it, Reggie? Under that situation maybe I'd take a long chance."

"When you remember," said Boulton, "she's got to stay in the same town, in the same house, in the same room, because she couldn't do anything else, Isaac, I can't see where it's much of a chance. The cream of the joke is, she wouldn't have any friends, even the cousins, who'd come on for the opening. If she gets the newspapers, where's the flaw in the ointment?"

But at three o'clock the next morning he woke in a cold sweat, and as he lay blinking at the ceiling he was reminded that Eleanor, in her pride of conquest, wouldn't probably be sated with a single metropolitan notice, but would order copies of every daily paper published in New York.

At the expense of a solid hour of sleep he determined to assume the risk. He wanted no more partners in the secret, and besides no other publisher was under obligation to him.

He could arrange with any job printer for half a dozen counterfeit clippings, supposedly reviews from other journals, and these, in company with Isaac's newspaper intact, would certainly be enough to hoodwink Eleanor. Even if she bought her own papers from a local dealer, and failed to discover any mention of Slippery Metal, Boulton could always say that she had got the wrong editions. And as long as she had the bundle of clippings, why should she be suspicious of the fairy tale? He talked it over with Isaac, and Isaac repeated his warning.

"It's too full of awful soft spots, Reggie. If I should be in your place I'd get it doctored, and I'd put it on somewheres and I'd buy the critics a couple drinks and explain where it wasn't a commercial proposition and urge 'em to treat it gentle out of human feelings. Then you'd have an alibi."

Boulton turned on him.

"Would I have the nerve to stage a rotten piece like that, with thirty-five speaking parts to go out and say how I'm losing my mind? Yes, yes, it's for thirty-five fat parts, and no joking, Isaac. Would I make myself a laughingstock in trade? I couldn't change a comma, Isaac, or she'd throw a fit. And that's all that don't need to be changed—commas. As a dramatist, she

(Continued on Page 145)

The Wonderful Story of Powdered Milk

Powdered Milk—you have been using it on your table every day for ten years

YES you have, too—that thin, brown, tender crust on the best baker's bread is due to powdered milk.

Those pancakes that you mix so easily by adding water only, are so good because they are "ready mixed with powdered milk."

The best cream candies, caramels, and milk chocolates and the smoothest, richest ice cream in most cases are made with powdered milk.

Bakers, confectioners, ice-cream makers, hospitals, hotels, institutions, and governments have been using powdered milk during the last ten years because of its quality and convenience.

This story is more wonderful today than a year ago, when we first told it in these pages. Thousands of families testify to it.

Powdered milk is milk without the water

Milk is 7/8 water and 1/8 solids. These solids are in solution, and are what give the milk its flavor, its color, and its food value.

It is these solids that give us butter and cheese.

It is evident that if all the water should be removed from milk, the solids would remain, and if the water were replaced it would be milk again, just as it was in the first place.

The water is removed without boiling the milk

Every housewife knows that "boiling down" is the easiest way to get rid of water. She boils down her soup stock to concentrate it, and adds water when she makes soup. But boiling changes the flavor of milk.

The problem for years was to find a process of removing the water from milk without cooking it—so that when the water was replaced it would be milk of natural flavor.

The Merrell-Soule Company found this process after years of experiment and research.

The result of this process is Klim Powdered Milk.

A blizzard of milk in a warm room

The process by which milk becomes Klim is simple, and knowing the process anyone can understand why Klim is milk.

The original milk is put into a cylinder and forced out through a tiny pinhole by great pressure, so that it comes out in the form of a cloud of mist, just exactly as from a huge atomizer. This milk spray enters a chamber or room through which are blowing strong currents of filtered warm air. The milk mist is whirled about the chamber just as you have seen the wind blow clouds of snow or fog.

The warm wind immediately absorbs the moisture in the milk, and the solid portion falls like snow in drifts of powdered milk. The moisture-laden air passes out through muslin screens, which prevent any of the powdered milk from escaping.

That is all—it was milk when it entered the room of the winds—it was milk during the milk snowstorm—and it is milk when it settles in the powdery white drifts.

Nothing has touched it but air. Nothing has been removed but water. Nothing is

Spell it backwards

Milk becomes Klim when the water is removed

KLIM

BRAND

POWDERED MILK

Klim becomes Milk when the water is replaced

changed. When the water is replaced you have milk as you have always known it—milk of milk flavor—milk you can drink and enjoy.

The name KLIM is MILK spelled backwards, because the fresh milk is restored by reversing the process which made Klim out of milk.

It was given a name simply for identification, but it really should be called MILK, because that is exactly what it is.

Milk can be powdered where it is plentiful and used where there is a shortage.

In the form of Klim, milk can be transported great distances in any climate or season. It can be shipped by freight instead of fast express. It does not require refrigeration until it is restored to fluid form.

If the best and most economical milk supply possible interests you, use a two-cent stamp to return the coupon at the bottom of the page, and learn once and for all time how to have all the fresh milk you want, wherever you are, and whenever you want it.

It is difficult to realize all the benefits to humanity from this wonderful discovery and superior product. It seems almost incredible that fresh milk, which has been growing more and more a problem in every household because of its perishable qualities, is now on a more satisfactory basis than ever.

Not only because of its economy and convenience, but also because of its high and uniform standard of quality, evolution in your milk supply made by Klim is a veritable blessing.

Physicians endorse Klim

Leading physicians see in powdered milk a means of building up the health of the world's children. Many hospitals are using Klim, also many schools. This is proof positive of the confidence dietitians and physicians place in it. And thousands of homes are now using Klim Powdered Milk daily.

Just think of merely putting milk powder into cold water and instantly having rich, creamy, fresh cow's milk—real cow's milk, not a substitute for milk, for Klim is M-I-L-K.

Be sure to get Klim, for it is the only *whole* milk (full cream) sold in powdered form to American housewives.

MERRELL-SOULE COMPANY, Syracuse, N. Y.

CANADIAN MILK PRODUCTS, LTD., Toronto

Klim is not sold in bulk. It comes only in 1-lb., 2½-lb., and 5-lb. sealed cans

How to get KLIM

Send us the coupon and $1.25 for our special trial outfit of 1 lb. of Klim Powdered Whole Milk (full cream) and 1 lb. of Klim Powdered Skimmed Milk—sent postpaid. We will also send you our free Booklet, "The Wonderful Story of Powdered Milk."

Hundreds of distributing agencies are established to supply you quickly and regularly with Klim Powdered Milk. After you have tried Klim and like it, our nearest agency will arrange to supply you regularly.

SPECIAL TRIAL OUTFIT

This can makes 4 quarts of whole milk

This can makes 5 quarts of skimmed milk

MAIL COUPON TODAY

Merrell-Soule Company, Syracuse, N. Y. (1)

Enclosed find One Dollar and twenty-five cents ($1.25)—(checks, money orders or currency accepted), for which send me

1 lb. Package of Klim Powdered Whole Milk (Full Cream) and 1 lb. Package of Klim Powdered Skimmed Milk.

It is understood that this quantity, when restored to fluid form, according to directions, will produce 4 quarts of full cream and 5 quarts of skimmed milk.

Send me Free booklet, "The Wonderful Story of Powdered Milk."

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

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Salt water that Pits
Brass

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Rust that Corrodes
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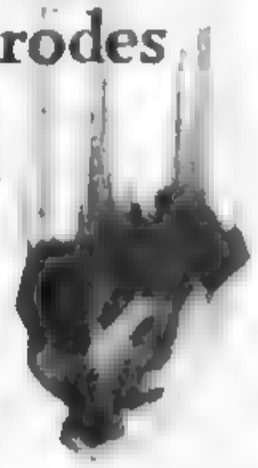

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Heat that Weakens
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THEIR life is too short for the service required of them. Manufacturers must use materials that survive. High heats, acid action, steam wear, salt pitting and rust take no toll from MONEL Metal. Strong as steel, more wear and corrosion resisting than copper or bronze, MONEL combines the best physical properties of other metals without their limitations.

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These corrosive forces have no effect on MONEL Metal. Nor is MONEL weakened by heats that break down the structure of other metals. In the country's power plants, MONEL valve trim, turbine blading, cylinder liners, etc., are standing up against the continuous cutting wear of superheated steam and hot gases. No other available metal or alloy possesses such a wide range of usefulness.

The name MONEL is given to a line of metal products fabricated from a natural nickel alloy—67% nickel, 28% copper, and 5% other metals. These products include MONEL blocks, MONEL rods, MONEL castings, MONEL wire, MONEL strip stock, MONEL sheets, etc. MONEL is a product of The International Nickel Company, producers of Inco Nickel—the standard for alloy steels.

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The International Nickel Company of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY — INCo MONEL METAL — INCo NICKEL

(Continued from Page 141)

writes commas absolutely as good as Clyde Fitch. Listen! I got it confidential from the doctor she's going to pass out by fall. She's bed sick. I'm going to say it's a private performance by invitation only. See? If anybody comes from there to see it, which they wouldn't do it, not even her cousins, Isaac, I'm sorry, but I don't have a seat left in the house. See? Where's any loophole in that? She'll be happy like a clam, and what's fairer than that?"

He decided for the sake of continued secrecy to concoct the review himself. Accordingly he took from an old magazine a graceful eulogy of Sir Henry Irving's company in The Merchant of Venice. He borrowed all the adjectives and a large part of the descriptive matter, and when the review was done he felt alternately like a thief and like a distinguished authority.

"I am safe like a girl in church," he said to his friend Rosenbloom. "The poor kid, she can't more than hardly hold her head up. Who is it's going to tell her it's all hocum? She don't see anybody out there but these here tightwad relatives and a doctor and a cock-eyed minister ninety years old and deaf in both ears and yells at you like you was twice as deaf as he is, and a couple girl friends that don't know any technical drama unless it's the pictures. And the letters she sends me—oi, oi—I mean, my Lord, the letters that girl does send me! She's got me all mixed up with Dave Belasco and Beerbohm Tree and maybe a dash of Oscar Hammerstein. She thinks I'm a cross between a grand opera and this here Chautauqua circuit. If she ever saw one of my Boultonized musical comedies she'd sink in the floor. Believe me, if I didn't know I was absolutely safe I wouldn't do it!"

Two weeks before the advertised date of the opening performance Boulton received another letter. She wrote:

"You probably think I'm terribly foolish, but I'm glad to take the consequences. I've thought it all over, and made up my mind, and I won't change it. I'm very weak, and Doctor Jenks doesn't deceive me, though he thinks he does. So I'm coming to New York to see my play! The things you've told me have made me so wild to see it that I've just got to, and I'm so excited I can hardly breathe. I'm coming in a Pullman drawing-room with a trained nurse and be taken straight to a private hospital. It's all arranged. I've got money enough now to live like a princess, and I don't care if it costs everything you paid me, either. On the night I can go to the theater in an automobile fixed up like an ambulance, with the nurse, and go very early, because I don't want to attract any attention. You must fix a box with curtains so I can see and not be seen. I want to see for myself how the world will like it. I want to hear the people laughing and crying and applauding, and when it's over nothing else can ever happen to me. When I see what I've put into the minds and hearts of all those people, then I'll know that out of years of suffering and loneliness there's come a something to prove that I was meant to live and to help others. But after that I won't have anything left to live for. When the last curtain of the play goes down the curtain of my life can go down, too, and welcome.

"I've never been out of this county in my life, and I haven't been off this place in twenty-five years. New York—and my play! Do you wonder I'm too excited to write straight?"

When Boulton emerged from his trance he tore at his hair and sent off a passionate telegram to Eleanor and another to her physician. Both messages reeked with the utmost concern for her health, but the doctor replied that it would do her more harm than good to stay away, and Eleanor replied that she was astonished and grieved by his attitude. She had thought that of course he would share her excitement and realize what this expedition would mean to her. She would detrain at the Pennsylvania Station at five P. M. on April seventeenth. That would give her plenty of time to rest before the evening of the twentieth.

In cold desperation Boulton searched his mind for the best excuse, and the kindest, which would prevent her from coming to New York. There were any number of excuses, but when he considered them he realized that to Eleanor they would seem trivial and implausible. He had already sent her printed statements of a cast, a theater and a date, but more than that, he had deliberately roused her to a fatal pitch of anticipation. He knew what would be the aftermath of her disappointment. Eventually he conceded to himself that rather than disappoint her now he would sacrifice a month's energy and a year's income and whatever vanity the thing might cost him. It was a grotesque situation, but he had gone too far to withdraw.

"Besides," said Boulton, thinking of his original estimate, "I already saved forty-four thousand dollars on her, anyhow."

He drew a long breath, thrust out the heavy chin which had won him millions, commanded a wholesale altering of serious plans and routine which would clear his own house for the evening of the twentieth and began to recruit a cast. Never before in all his life had he engaged a legitimate actor.

The time was perilously short, and the unique engagement was singularly unattractive. Furthermore, Boulton sensed that unless he trotted out at least a brace of well-known artists, Eleanor, mindful of the letters he had written to her, might well be moved to tears of sorrow and chagrin and say that he hadn't kept his covenants. He therefore secured from his friends the loan of two headliners, already under contract.

But to avert those potential tears of Eleanor cost him a very steep price to his friends and a record bonus to the artists themselves. They were blessed with the ready sympathy of their misunderstood profession, and Boulton had told them that the object was purely charitable, but they weren't on the stage for the fun of it.

"Mr. Boulton," asked the coldest-blooded ingénue in New York, "tell me honestly—what are you doing this thing for?"

Boulton was so very far gone that he blurted out the literal truth.

"So the little sick girl," he said, "won't never know she's done a damned fool play."

And the ingénue was impressed, but later, when she read her part, she had hysterics, and that made it unanimous.

Boulton assembled his company and laid down the law to them and begged them not to talk to a soul about the play and told them why, and they said to each other that Reginald Boulton was a man in a myriad. Within the half hour they were rocking in helpless mirth, and Boulton was in among them, his eyes blazing, his voice thick with fury. He cursed them, he threatened them, he pleaded with them; finally he bribed them, and that alone was efficacious.

For the next fortnight he worked eighteen hours out of the twenty-four.

"And how," inquired his friend Isaac soberly, "do you think you got control over your audience, Reggie?"

"I buy it like merchandise," said Boulton. "It's the only hundred per cent claque in the whole history of the business. I had 'em hand-picked—to make a slim house, like it was a real private performance. There's three hundred-odd, every one in dress suits and low-neck gowns. What should you think it cost me, Isaac? Three thousand dollars for the claque only. They got three leaders and twenty spotters, and they don't get their pay till next morning. And the whole production, Isaac, with overtime on everything and four new sets I bought off K. & E. from an opera that flopped last month, it would cost me thirty thousand dollars net or I'm a crook! And I'm a nervous wreck besides."

"I bet you!" agreed Mr. Rosenbloom with compassion.

Not even his unkindest rival had ever accused Boulton of temperament, but at the last rehearsals he literally shed tears. And then one sunny afternoon he sent a great armful of American Beauties to the hospital and went down to meet Eleanor at the station. The climax of the nightmare was at hand. Her appearance shocked him, but he greeted her cheerfully, sat beside her on the slow pilgrimage uptown and talked fluently about the play.

"It'll be a knock-out," he said with superb confidence, "positive, a knock-out. Only three hundred invitations the best play critics in New York, Miss Eleanor. Wasn't that pretty nice?"

She was too spent with travel to respond, but on the following afternoon when he went up to confer with her she had gathered strength and her eyes were deep and radiant. Nevertheless, it was plain to him that she was living on the last remnant of her reserve.

"I wish I could meet some of the actors and actresses beforehand," she said. "I really ought to in a way. I can tell them so much about the real message of the play."

Boulton shivered, but he managed to collect eleven of the cast, including the borrowed favorites, and took them up to see her. His fears were wasted; he had achieved a master stroke. Three different women cried at the beautiful things which Eleanor in her fragile innocence said to them.

Boulton, on the verge of collapse, accompanied Eleanor and her nurse and two hospital orderlies to the theater. He had done the thing handsomely. As Eleanor was carried in she saw the name of her play and her own name in brilliant lighting over the entrance; she saw the photographs in the lobby; she saw, even at twenty minutes to eight, a queue beginning to form at the box office. She couldn't know that these were all amazed New Yorkers who had stopped to ask about this sudden and unheralded new Boulton play; and she never knew how much of the next two weeks he had to devote to explanations. When she was comfortable behind the heavy portières and the orderlies had retreated she held tight to Boulton's hand.

"Don't go away," she whispered. "I want you here."

Boulton's collar was wilted and his hands were clammy. The orchestra filled slowly, and Eleanor thrilled to the buzz of conversation. Her nervous tension rose and rose, and her grip on his fingers steadily tightened until his self-control was ready to snap. His watch said eight-fifteen. He glanced at the homely, middle-aged nurse and wondered whether she would remain loyal. Yesterday in the corridor of the hospital he had detained her.

"Go to the theater much?"

"Not lately. I used to."

"Here's a nice present for you. To-morrow night—you earn it."

The nurse had stared at a hundred-dollar bill.

"Is it—is it ——"

"That's what would make you think it's a great play. Strictly between ourselves, it's on the bum; but you wouldn't say so, would you?"

Eleanor's lips moved and Boulton bent nearer.

"Please hurry!" she was whispering. "Oh, please, please hurry!"

Slowly, inevitably, the curtain rose.

The stage was before him, but Boulton saw it through a dense fog of unreality. His sense of hearing was atrophied. He was practically disembodied; there was only one part of him which seemed to be alive and material, and that was his left hand. He looked at it dumbly. He looked at Eleanor, who was now chalk white, now burning with feverish intensity. Every muscle was taut, her eyes glowed and her lips were slightly parted. Her expression blinded him.

He found himself saying over and over to himself, "By golly, it was worth it! By golly, it was worth it!"

On the stage they were wrestling with the impossible, and Boulton, sickened by the familiar balderdash, swore a vivid oath to reward those men and women who were struggling heroically with their lines. Then abruptly a new fear pierced his heart. The author had never entered a theater until to-night. There was a chance that the novelty of her surroundings, together with the glorious pride of authorship, would drug her critical faculties. There was a chance. But against that chance there was the pitiable crudeness of her play, the unnatural dialogue, the deformed structure, the groaning, creaking, ponderous mechanics. It seemed incredible that even Eleanor would fail of disillusionment and horror. Well, there was nothing more that he could do. He had redeemed his promise and never changed a comma. Dry-throated, he could only wait and hope.

On the stage there was a long exchange of futile speeches, and then without the slightest logical reason for a curtain the curtain fell—according to the script. The house burst into hired applause. Boulton leaned toward Eleanor.

"They like it," he said. "Don't they?"

This was the supreme instant. She lifted her head and Boulton flinched.

"Please don't talk," she said, hushed. "I'm sure you understand, don't you? It's too—too precious to be quite true."

He realized then the purity of her emotions. Traditions of the stage meant nothing to her; she had no basis of comparison. She was ignorant of acting and of actors. The words which were spoken were words which had come from her own pen; they were made dazzling by the place in which they were spoken—just as a person who had never heard the sound of a musical instrument might be entranced by the echo of a penny whistle.

Boulton, relaxing, told himself that he was safe. She knew nothing of the stage; she knew nothing even of the normal life of normal people. Nor was she stupid or unintelligent, any more than the person who had never heard music could be called stupid or unintelligent. Her existence had been bounded for twenty-five years by four gloomy walls and the maddening zigzag wall paper and the poisonous blue carpet. She was not to blame.

At the final curtain a husky voice from the orchestra cried for the author. Obediently the house took up the cry, and Eleanor, peeking round the draperies, was transfigured. On impulse Boulton swept aside the heavy hangings. He knew then, as he knew forever after, that the next ten seconds carried her soul among the stars. He didn't know, however, that he murmured something very appropriate and very religious in Hebrew. He didn't even know that he knew any Hebrew, and as for religion, he found it in his bank account.

On the way to the hospital she said dreamily, "I hope it makes you a very rich man, Mr. Boulton."

Boulton patted her hand.

"Was there anything you should want different, or are you satisfied with it?"

She sighed beatifically.

"There's only one thing. Cousin Floyd and Cousin Annie. We quarreled. That's why they didn't come to see it. They said they said you only bought it out of friendship, and that haunted me. I tried to push it away, but it haunted me until to-night. I wouldn't have told you for the world. Oh, I hope there'll be something nice about it in the papers so I can send it out to them."

At this moment Boulton was stunned to realize that he had neglected the counterfeit clippings. In his mad rush of preparation he had overlooked them. Now that Eleanor was in New York the defect was serious, even though Rosenbloom's paper came along in time.

That night Boulton didn't go to bed at all. It was dawn before he scribbled the last line of copy, and when he threw down his pen he told himself that he was willing to buy an entire printing plant if necessary to get the job completed before Eleanor was able to sit up and read.

At ten, when he took to the hospital a bundle of Rosenbloom's papers containing the grandiloquent notice, he found that Eleanor had bent to the strain of excitement. She couldn't be permitted to read anything just yet, nor could she be permitted to see visitors. Boulton left the papers and telephoned for a bulletin at noon and went up again at six o'clock, profligate with roses. The clippings wouldn't be ready for several hours.

"No," said the nurse, "you can't see her yet, but she's improving—she's improving. No, she isn't able to read yet, and she hasn't asked for the papers. To-morrow morning, maybe ——"

"Not before then? Positively?"

"Positively not before to-morrow morning."

Boulton concealed his relief.

To-morrow morning when the nurse came down to the reception room her face told all the news that Boulton needed, but he put the question breathlessly and with dry lips.

"Just half an hour ago. She—she just went out like a candle, Mr. Boulton. Just like that."

Boulton gazed at the thick envelope in his hand. Tired men had worked all night to earn double pay and to make good counterfeits with torn, uneven edges, as though Boulton in his impatience couldn't wait for the scissors. He managed to control his voice.

"Had she—had she seen the papers?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"Half past eleven last night."

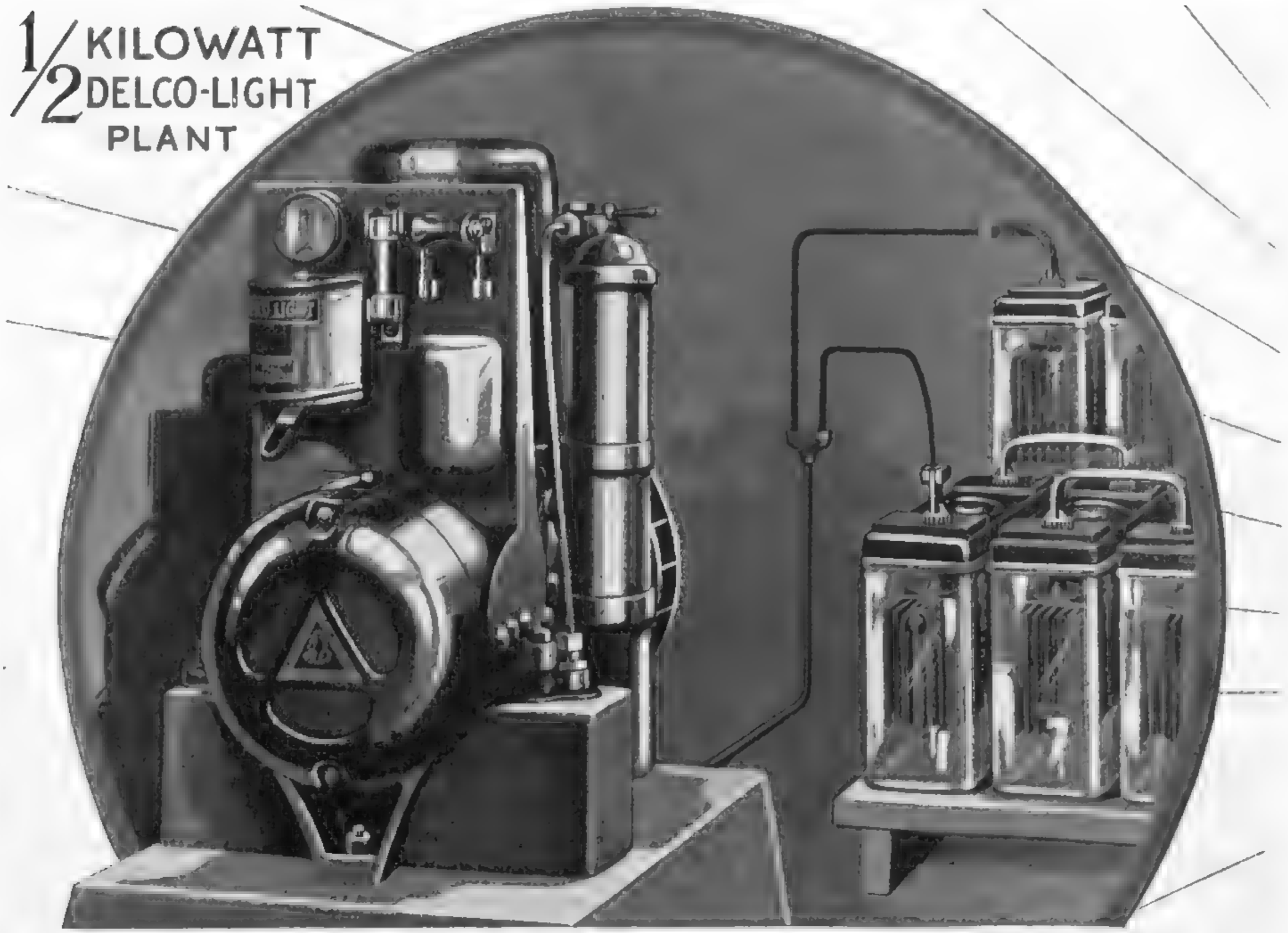
"Half past eleven!" he roared. "You told me—you said positive — —"

His jaw was like a rock. "Did she ask for any more papers?"

The nurse, terrified and uncomprehending, backed away.

"N-no. N-no, she didn't. She couldn't have had any more anyway. It upset her so."

(Concluded on Page 148)



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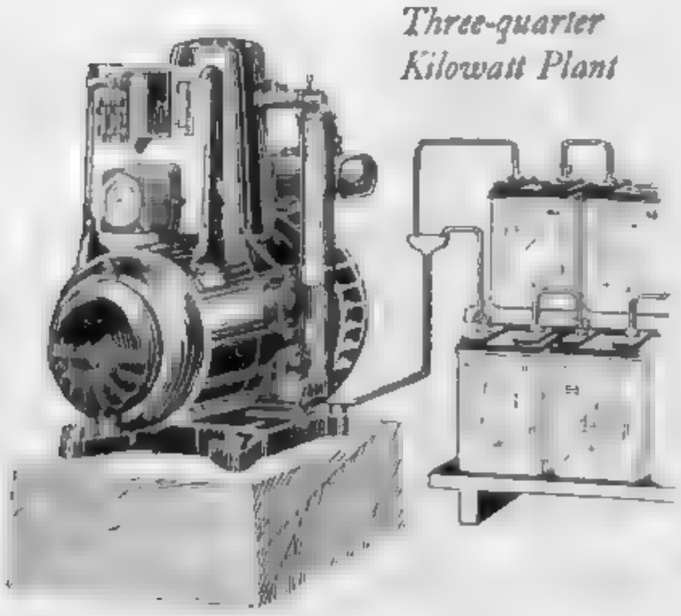

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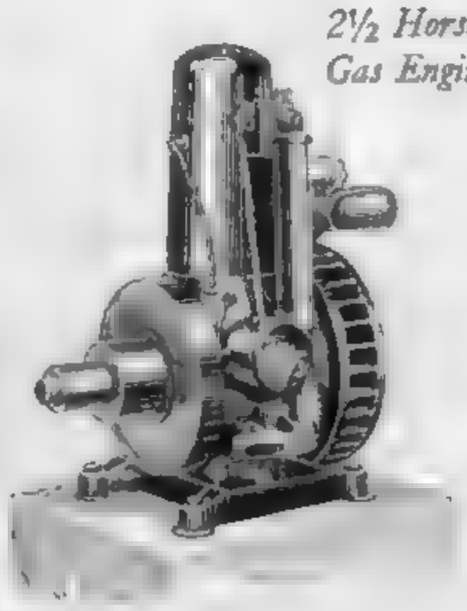

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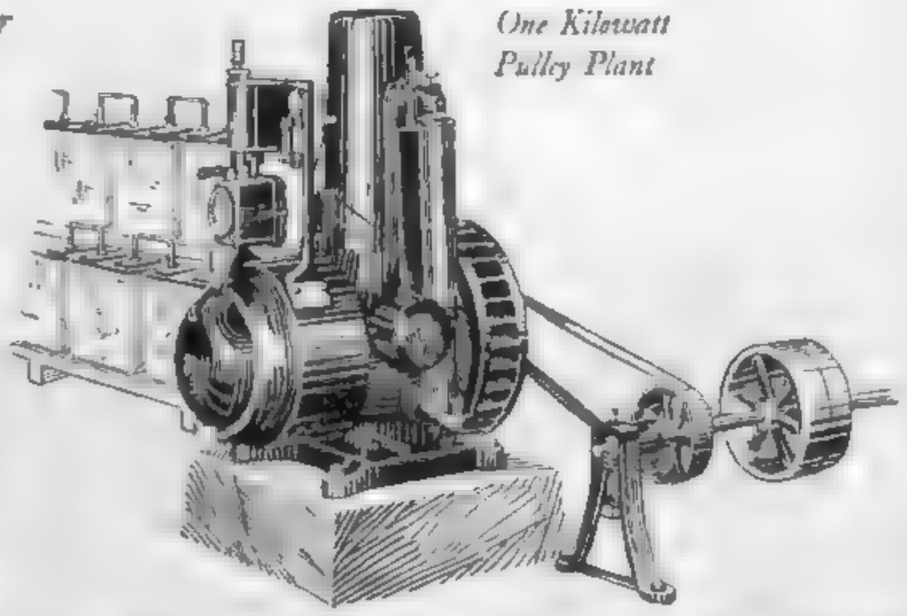

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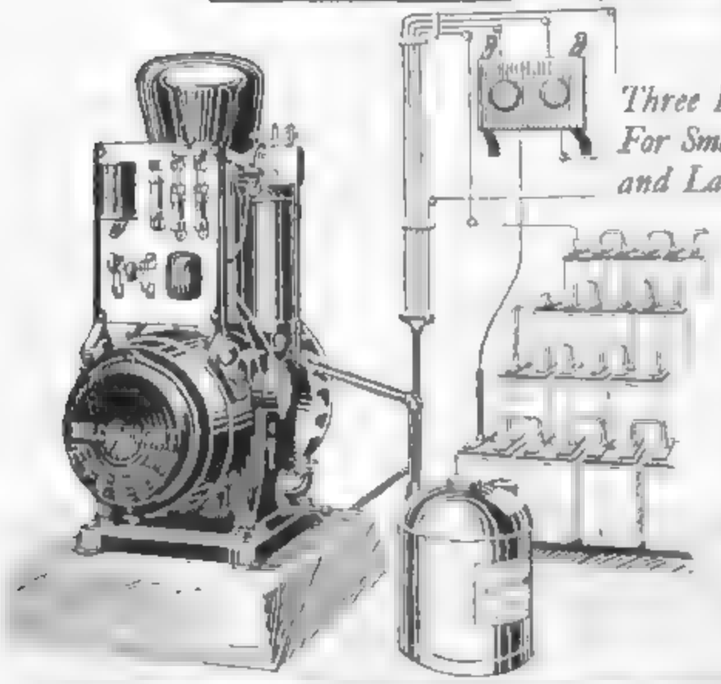

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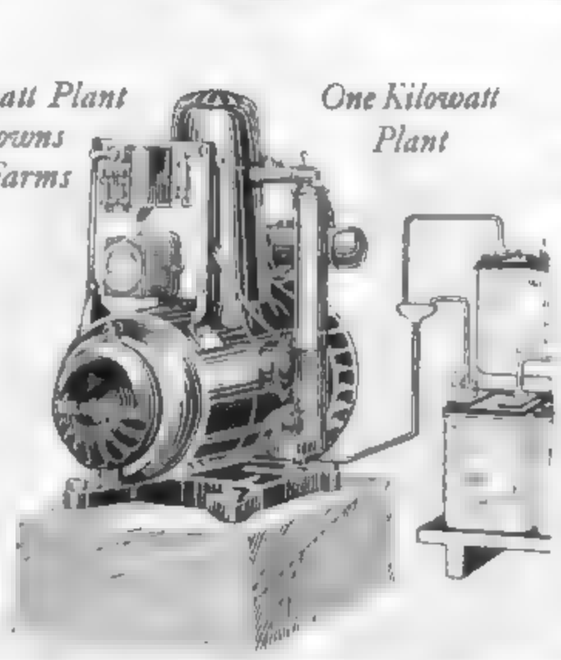

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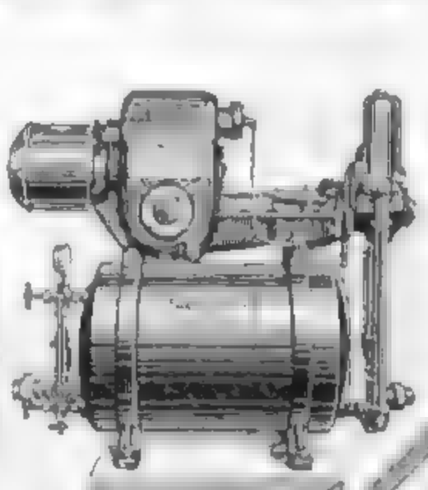

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Toledo	The Carey Co.
Trenton	The Philip Carey Co.
Vancouver	Taylor Engineering Co., Ltd.
Washington	Acme Roofing Co.
Wheeling	The Philip Carey Co.

(Concluded from Page 145)

"Excuse me, please," said Boulton apologetically. "I forgot myself. How do you mean, it should upset her so? Did she understand what was in the paper?"

"Yes—oh, yes."

"She did really?"

"Yes—yes."

"Did she like it much?"

There was a brief silence, and the nurse's chin began to tremble.

"Oh, Mr. Boulton!"

"Well?"

The nurse was crying, unashamed.

"I think you're the most wonderful man in the whole world."

"For why?"

Boulton tossed the envelope into a convenient scrap basket.

"If you could just have seen her face! If you just could have!"

"I wished I could," said Boulton softly. "I wished I could."

She brushed away her tears and came a little nearer to him.

"I loved her like she was my own, and you're the best man the Lord ever made. I used to go to the theater a lot when I lived in Cleveland. And I know a good show from a bad one too. But she didn't know the difference, Mr. Boulton. She thought it was just grand. Only"—here she put something into his palm—"don't you see how I can't take it? It's yours. God bless you! Good-by!"

She fled, and Boulton was left staring at what she had put into his palm. It was a hundred-dollar bill.

Some months after this Reginald Boulton, rummaging idly through his desk, unearthed a crumpled manuscript which had cost him upward of forty thousand dollars. He thumbed it sadly and reverently, and then of a sudden his jaw dropped and he exclaimed aloud, for he was struck with the certainty that here was the germ of a brilliant comedy triumph. At first he sat spellbound, but as the plot came crawling back to his recollection and he saw that he could capitalize the very weaknesses which had once appalled him he grew more and more agitated.

Slippery Metal needed only the touch of an expert hand to make it into a travesty which should become classic—also delightfully *risqué*.

A well-known hack and an ambitious young composer took the script and turned it into what they called a musical melodrama. Boulton spent a fortune on scenic effects and interpolated specialties and very porous costumes, and when the first-night audience went wild with joy he knew that he had reached high-water mark and that his huge investment would return to him over and over again.

In his mind there was no taint of disrespect to Eleanor's memory. His general account with the Griffin family was balanced and the books were closed. He had made her dearest, most impossible dream come true, but he had bought all rights to the dream and paid for them through the nose; and he was both a showman and a prince of Israel.

He must have known, if he had ever thought of it, that Eleanor was turning in her grave, but he never thought of it. It simply never occurred to him that Eleanor was in any way involved. You might as well contend that Shakspere's memory was insulted when the almost equally immortal Weber and Fields produced Hamomelet and the Broadway Burlesquers did Othello, the Ostermoor. Boulton, scanning the records of the box office, didn't think of Eleanor at all, except perhaps in confirmation of the rumor that bread cast upon the waters has a homing instinct. Slippery Metal was playing to twenty-five thousand dollars a week.

Now there lived in the great city a certain clergyman who was willing to pose as a reformer, if only he succeeded now and then in getting himself mentioned on the front page. He had gathered some of his satellites into a league which was to arbitrate the morals of everybody else, and the league, after attending Slippery Metal once or twice, went to the City Hall in righteous indignation.

"But are you sure," inquired the mayor, "that these things happen at every performance?"

"I am," said the clergyman stoutly. "I wanted to be perfectly sure, so I went four separate times."

The mayor sent a representative to the theater, and when the representative had sat through two successive evening performances and one matinée he soberly reported that the thing was pretty broad and ought to be censored—and he privately advised the mayor to hurry up and see it before the censor got there.

But the clergyman had already interested two other societies, a Methodist magistrate and the Women's Association for the Amelioration of Public Entertainments.

There ensued a mighty wave of popular interest, a sale of seats four months in advance, a judicial hearing in a stuffy courtroom and a peremptory order to suspend the greatest hit of the decade.

"The devil of it," mourned Boulton's secretary, "is that it's permanent. I thought it wouldn't be any worse than a temporary injunction, but we've got to close down in New York, anyway, and stay closed. And—oh, I meant to tell you! Barcalo"—that was the composer—"Barcalo's fixing to sue us. He says we trimmed him on his contract."

Boulton was moody.

"Sure we did! We had a right to, didn't we? Didn't he crook half the score from Victor Herbert?" He got up and went over to the window and gazed gloomily down to the street. "Well, if he should come in here again you kick him out and say he should sue us and enjoy himself."

"Yes, sir. And about the show? Would you want to try it on Chicago?"

Boulton had dropped his head.

"No, never mind Chicago. I didn't ever have to get told before how my business is so rotten and I should close up or get arrested. I got enough money. If they don't like what I do I can quit and stick by the pictures." He turned back, and in his voice there was a heartfelt appeal for justice. "The piece is all right. Sure it's all right. Couple of snappy songs and some French situations and maybe some of the girls' knees. Well, what of it? You could see 'em on Fifth Avenue just as easy, couldn't you? It's worth a quarter of a million. And I'd have made a quarter million out of it if that bum minister wouldn't have gone three-sheeting himself all over the place too. Well, if they don't want it scrap it. I'm sick of it. I lost more time and money over that thing—forty and then sixty. We'll finish the run at Cane's."

At mention of the great theatrical storehouse where bad plays come to a bad end, Boulton's secretary wagged his head mournfully.

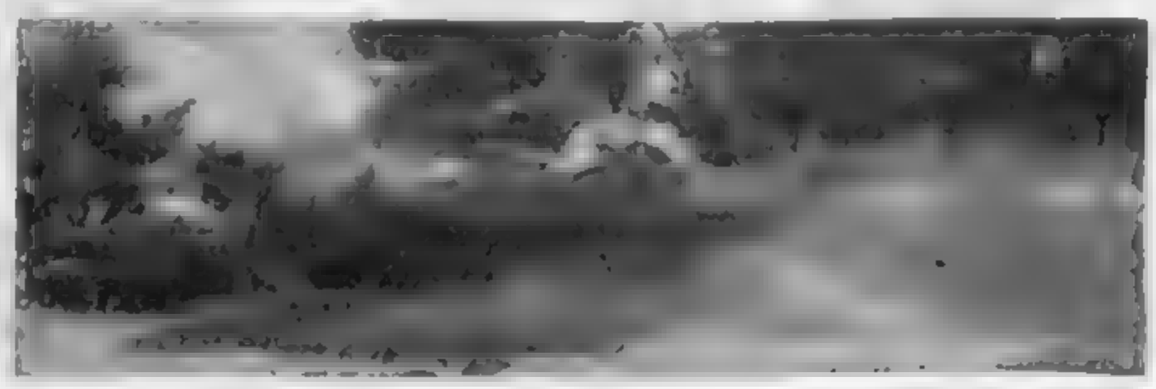
"It's a shame, that's what it is—it's a damned shame."

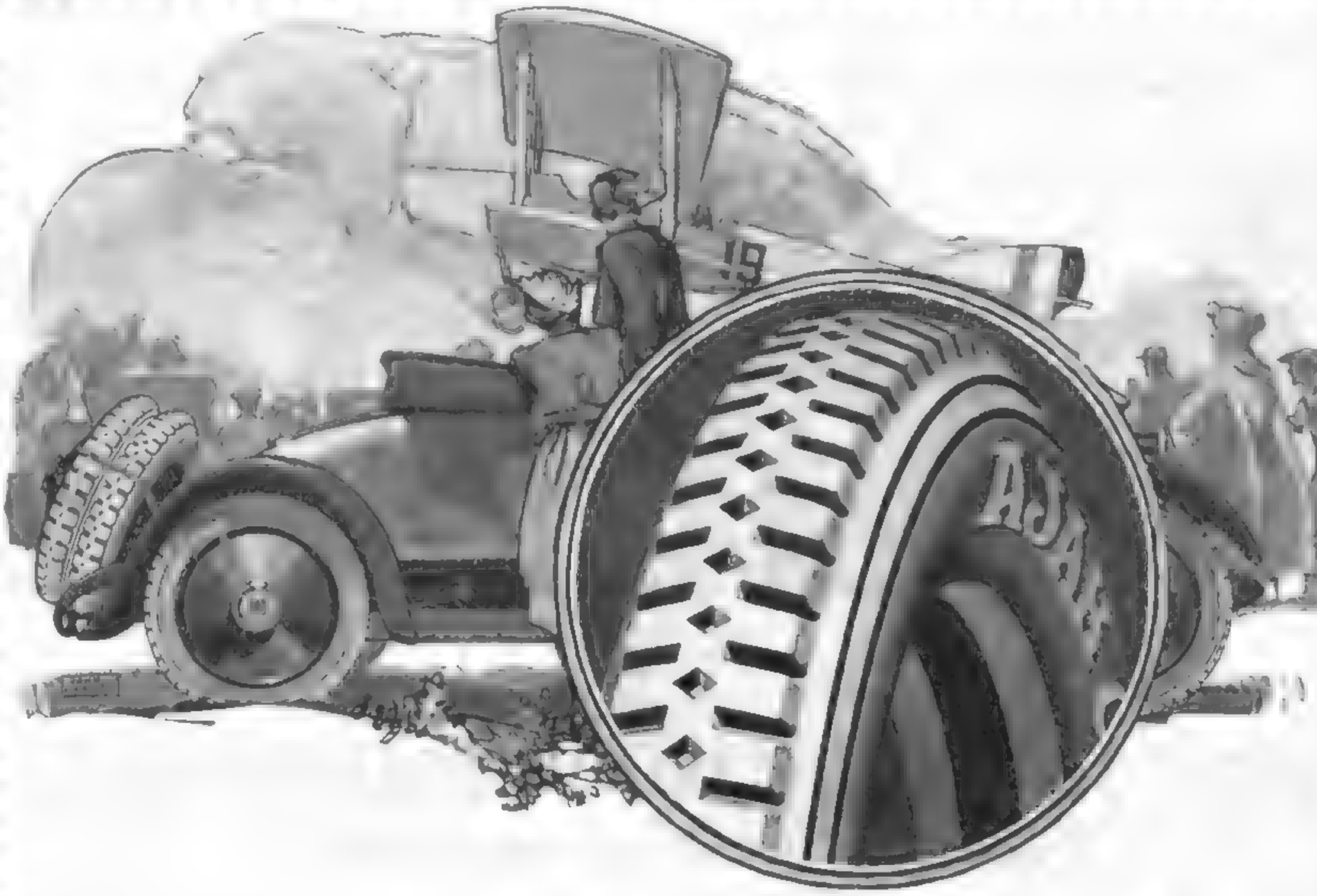
"You said a mouthful," snapped Boulton.

He shook his head dispiritedly and crossed to his desk.

"Well, anyhow, write out a check for a hundred thousand payable to Isaac Rosenbloom for the Jewish Relief Fund." He savagely bit off the end of a big cigar. "I promised the fund all the profits on the damn show, so I should give 'em as much as I lost anyhow, shouldn't I? Besides, it comes off my income tax."

Which merely confirms the statement that if ever the spirit of Reginald Boulton comes to the gate which good Saint Peter keeps, the saint may need the balance of eternity to weigh the facts and then to enter judgment.





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MARK the great number of Ajax Cord Tires you see in service. Note, too, the splendid type of tire men who sell Ajax Tires in the towns and cities through which you pass.

It is significant that the Ajax Cord has won such marked popularity among men who are now driving their fourth or fifth car. Experience has given these men tire knowledge. Their approval is a compliment to the tire manufacturer.

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Also—Ajax Cord Tires are featured by the Cleated Tread and Ajax Shoulders of Strength. See those cleats. They hold—like the cleats on an athlete's shoes. "Shoulders of Strength" are those buttresses of rubber which brace and reinforce the wall and tread, giving greater strength where strain is most severe.

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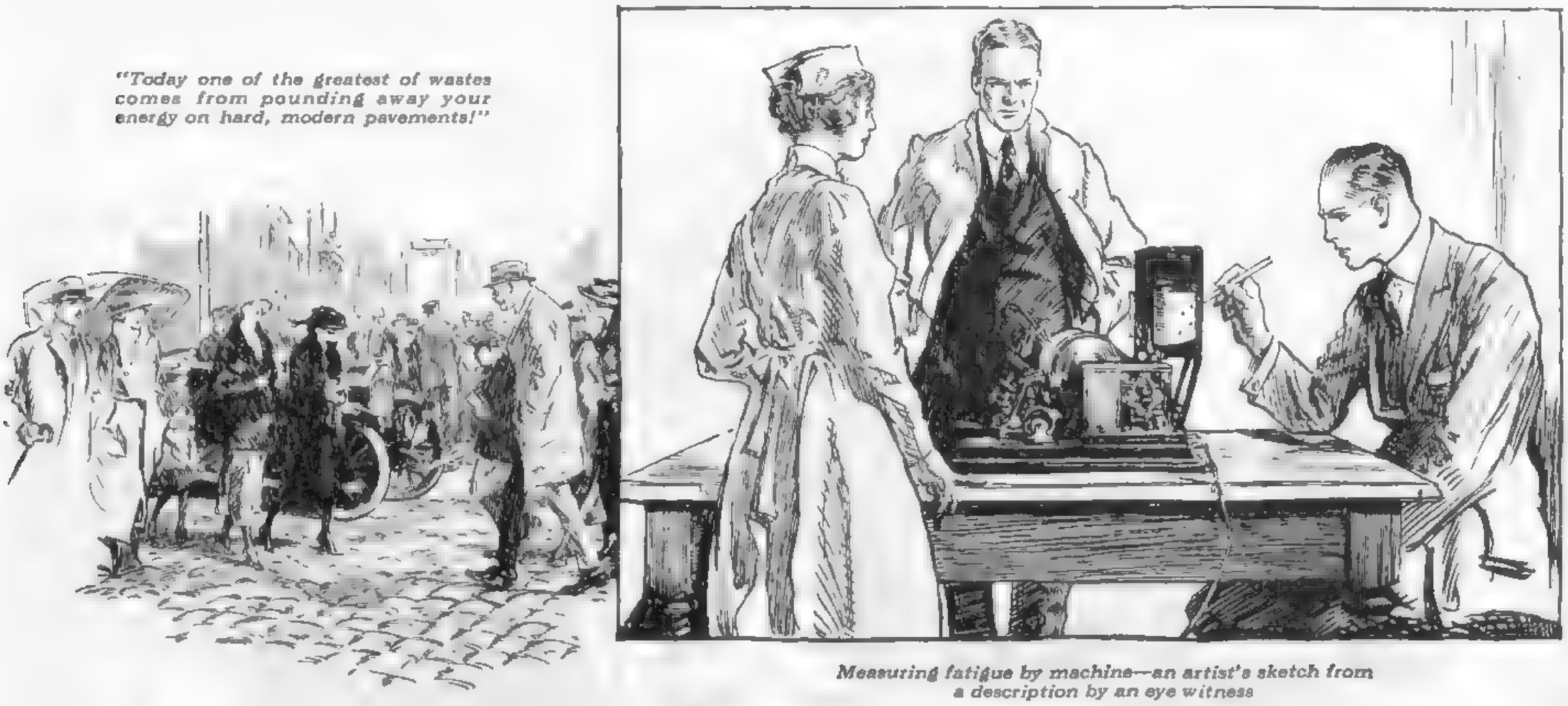


Measuring fatigue by machine—an artist's sketch from a description by an eye witness

A new machine to measure fatigue

What record would you make on it?

AFTER years of effort to discover a means of measuring fatigue, a successful machine has at last been perfected in England. It can determine your nervous condition by testing your ability to concentrate.

This fatigue machine, recently described by Dr. Winifred Cullis, Professor of Physiology at the London School of Medicine, has a slit, behind which a roll of paper unwinds at a speed controlled by the operator. On the paper are dots printed at unequal intervals. The person being tested endeavors to pierce with a pointed instrument as many dots as he can in a given length of time.

By comparing the number of dots you can punch in the morning as you come to work with the number you are able to strike at the end of the day, your condition is determined. With this machine your state of fatigue at any time can be accurately shown, your ability to concentrate measured.

Dr. Cullis, during her recent visit to America, announced some of the results of extensive research into conditions of various branches of work which produce fatigue.

One of the most important results established was that men and women in various ways *waste* their precious energy.

It is because of this waste that they become fatigued and listless in their daily tasks. This is why so many fail and meet defeat.

One way to save your energy

Today one of the greatest of wastes comes from pounding away your energy on hard, modern pavements. Every step you take with hard leather heels or "dead" rubber heels acts as a hammer blow to your nervous system.

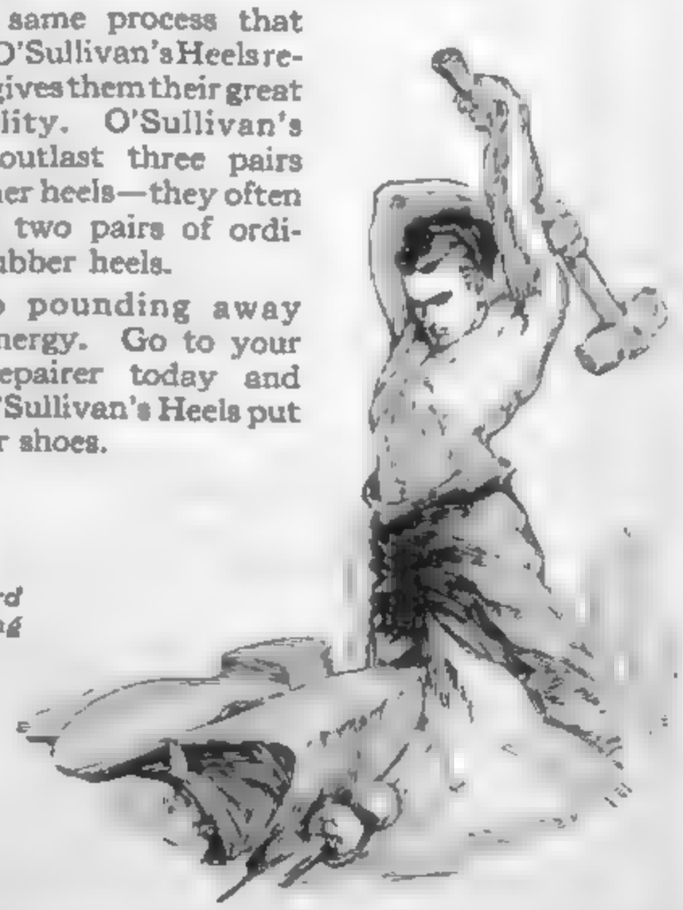
If you are a person of average activity you take 8,000 steps a day. The constant repetition of these jolts and jars tends to exhaust your energy—to produce that state of fatigue which is the greatest enemy you have in your work today.

You can do much to prevent this condition. You can eliminate the shocks of pounding hard heels on still harder pavements. O'Sullivan's Heels absorb the shocks that tire you out.

To secure the resiliency, the *springiness* of O'Sullivan's Heels, the highest grades of rubber are blended by special formula. With this blend of live, springy rubber are "compounded" the best toughening agents known. The compound is then "cured" or baked under high pressure.

The same process that makes O'Sullivan's Heels resilient gives them their great durability. O'Sullivan's Heels outlast three pairs of leather heels—they often outlast two pairs of ordinary rubber heels.

Stop pounding away your energy. Go to your shoe repairer today and have O'Sullivan's Heels put on your shoes.



With every step on hard heels you are pounding away your energy

O'Sullivan's Heels

Absorb the shocks that tire you out

NOBLESSE OBLIGED

(Continued from Page 15)

"You don't like Maximillion, does you, Florian?"

"No."

"How come?"

"They's reasons."

"Which reasons?"

"Jes some—tha's all."

"Di'n't you an' him have a fight once?"

Florian fidgeted uncomfortably. His battle with the large and redoubtable Maximillion had added no glories to his own escutcheon.

"Yeh—we fit. He's bigger'n me, an'—well, he hit me in the right eye an' bunged it up, an' then he hit me in the lef' eye an' closed that one. Then he punched me in the stummick an' knocked all the bref outen me. Then he knocked me down an' jumped on me an' stomped all over me. After that he kicked me in the shins. Hones', Marshmallow, I never gotten so sick of a nigger in all my life."

Marshmallow slipped a bony hand into Florian's eager palm. "You po' feller. He sho done you wrong, di'n't he?"

As train time approached, Florian became silent, apprehension rising to haunt him. His scheme was perfect, he was quite convinced of that, but somehow he could not rid his mind of a picture of Napolium as that gentleman had appeared in New Orleans—little, black, wistful, meek, apologetic, friendless. Florian commenced to fear that perhaps his choice for elevation to royalty was a trifle too negative. Of course if Napolium was able to get by with it Florian knew that he had chosen well, as he was quite confident of his ability to keep Napolium under his thumb and force that gentleman to do his bidding to the letter.

But there was danger that even a ready and believing public might come to doubt.

On time to the minute, the long train rolled under the shed. At the forefront of the crowd ganged before the colored exit stood Florian and Marshmallow. And finally Florian emitted a nervous ejaculation.

"Yonder he is."

The crowd surged forward eagerly. There was no mistaking Napolium.

He was clad in a black-and-white-checked suit which would have been a criminal offense for any below royal station. His enormous shoes were a yellow shriek and his flowing four-in-hand matched. His socks were silky lavender, his hat a white straw with a lavender band. In one gnarled muscular hand he clutched a shiny new straw suitcase and as he stepped gingerly across the tracks toward the exit his large frightened eyes rolled beseechingly in quest of Florian Slappey.

Florian experienced a sudden sinking sensation and only returned to consciousness when he felt Marshmallow's fingers digging relentlessly into his arm. "My Lawd! Ain't he elegant!"

Frankly Florian did not agree with her verdict. He had instructed his protégé to purchase royal raiment, but even his imaginings had not run riot to this extent. He strained his ears for the critical comment of the crowd and breathed easier as it floated to him:

"There's the prince!"

"Ain't he the swelles' thing you ever did see?"

"Sho'ly is. An' them clothes—ain't they wonderful?"

"You is tootin'. I wonder will he notice us."

"Wisht I was Marshmallow Jeepers."

"Ain't it ——"

"Always did think Florian Slappey was the nicest feller in Bummin'ham."

Things were temporarily safe. If only the obviously nervous prince didn't cause the beans to slip from the platter. Finally Napolium spotted his benefactor. He accelerated noticeably and fell upon Florian with an exclamation of infinite relief.

"Brother Slappey!"

"Prince Napolium!" Florian turned grandiloquently to Marshmallow. "Yo' Royal Highness, lemme perduce you to my lady frien', Miss Marshmallow Jeepers."

Their hands met. Said Marshmallow: "Pleased to meet Yo' Honor."

"Yas'm," mumbled the embarrassed Napolium. "Ain't you?"

The crowd fell back respectfully as Florian magnificently led the way toward the waiting automobile. Their eyes were wide and mouths agape. The prince progressed crabwise, hunted eyes darting hither and thither fearfully. They reached the taxi in safety, but just before they drove off a dapper little negro stepped up to the car.

"Prince Napolium?"

"Huh?" gasped the prince.

"Ise a repohter fo' the Weekly Epoch an' I wishes to maintain an interview with you."

"I ain't done nothin' ——" started the terrified prince, when Florian interrupted:

"My ve'y good frien', the prince, ain't grantin' no interviews yet. He's all ti'ed out an' also fatigued fum offen his trip. If'n you wishes to see him he will be excruciated to receive you in his rooms at Miss Jeepers' house this afternoon at th'ee o'clock. Ain't it so, prince?"

Napolium nodded dumbly. "Y-y-y-you knows, Mistuh Slappey."

Company awaited them at the Jeepers home. Mrs. Lustisha Atcherson had stolen a march on her rivals and chosen that hour to call upon Marshmallow—an honor which rivaled the visit of the prince in Marshmallow's eyes and established beyond shadow of a doubt that Florian's plan was destined to work beyond expectations, barring accidents.

Mrs. Atcherson gushed. "Prince Napolium—I sho'ly is much obliged to meet up with you. I is read about you so frequint an' my frien', Mistuh Slappey heah, is tol' me so many li'l' exquisite antidotes bouten you that I feel 'sif I'd of knowed you fo' ever so long."

The prince rolled terrified eyes. "Yeh—ain't it?"

"It is, prince; really an' ginuwinely, it is. You don' know how excited I am at meetin' up with a real prince. How long is you been away fum Africa?"

"Huh?"

"How long is you been in this country?"

Napolium hedged. "Long time; soht of *fin-de-siècle*, as it were."

Florian danced a mental jig of elation. Napolium, despite his terror, was more than rising to the occasion.

"I is heah," pursued Mrs. Atcherson, "as president of the Bummin'ham Uplift an' Educationel Sassiety to ast would you address our meetin' Thursday afternoon."

"Says which?"

"Address our sassiety ——"

Florian saw that Napolium was growing panicky. Enough was too much, and Florian stepped into the breach. He blandly informed Mrs. Atcherson that the prince would be delighted to accept, excused himself to the ladies and escorted Napolium to his rooms.

Safe in the antiseptic sanctuary, Napolium dropped limply onto the bed. "My Lawd, Brother Slappey, you sho is gotten me into sumthin'!"

Florian clapped him resoundingly on the back. "You is immense, Napolium! They is eatin' outen yo' han's a'ready."

"Yeh," mumbled the prince fearfully, "but Ise soht of skeered they is gwine bite."

"You ain't got ary worry. They ain't nothin' c'n go wrong. Now lis'en." Florian plunged under the bed and extracted therefrom a paleolithic-looking club. "See this?"

"Yeh."

"Tha's a war club what you useter kill yo' enemies with."

"Huh?"

"You useter kill yo' enemies with that club an' ——"

Napolium rolled startled eyes. "Now lis'en heah, Brother Slappey, they ain't nobody got nothin' like'n to that on me."

"Don' talk foolishments, Napolium. Folks thinks you is a Africa prince which useter fight in wars with war clubs, an' that there is yo'n. Now this heah"—and Florian presented to the frightened gaze of the other a butcher knife of Gargantuan dimensions—"is yo' assegee."

Napolium ducked discreetly. "My who?"

"Yo' assegee; same bein' the knife what you cut the gizzards outen folks with."

Napolium rose and paced the floor. "You is sho'ly gitten me into sumthin', Brother Slappey. S'posin' anyone was to heah 'bout me killin' folks an' cuttin' they gizzards out an' all sech as that? What you reckon they'd do to me, huh? Noasah, what I tell these folks was that when I princed, I princed good an' kin' an' never kilt nobody—never even busted 'em in the nose when they was so' at me on account

(Continued on Page 154)

This is the life!

You know the feeling. Hot, blazing sun, peanuts and pop-corn, the crack of the bat, and the game is on!

It's all the same to me whether it's Babe Ruth, Jake Daubert or Eddie Collins, or just the kids on the back lot. It's baseball and I love it.

Give me a comfortable seat, a pocketful of CINCOS and you'll get no word from me 'cept hap-py-ness.

I'm at ease—yeh boy!—because I'm at a ball game—smoking CINCO—the most restful cigar in America.

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The modern farm is lighted by electricity. Power from its Fairbanks-Morse light plant is applied to a variety of tasks. It pumps water for domestic uses and for stock. It operates separators, churns, washers and other light farm machinery. The "Z" engine of this plant is the same engine that today is used by more than 250,000 progressive farmers.

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Our products include Fairbanks Scales—oil engines—pumps—electric motors and generators—railway appliances and coaling stations—farm power machinery, such as "Z" engines, lighting plants, water systems.

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(Continued from Page 151)

I is got a kin' heaht. You keep yo' ol' war club an' yo' assegee, Mistuh Slappey, on account I ain't that kin' of a prince."

At length, however, Florian persuaded Napolium to festoon the villainous instruments on the walls of his room. Between them Mr. Slappey hung a group photograph of several frankly immodest hula-hula dancers, which he explained to Napolium once constituted the royal ménage at Kazombo. Napolium gazed upon the ladies of the picture with watery eyes of approval, but openly questioned the propriety of such mural decoration.

The final trophy of darkest Africa presented by Florian to Napolium as a family heirloom was a tom-tom which had for years done yeoman service in a trap-drummer's outfit. The prince tried it out tentatively, approved its reverberating tone, and accepted with pleasure. Then he smoked two of Florian's cigars while preparing to receive the representative of the colored press.

The reporter showed up three minutes ahead of scheduled time. Florian seated himself in a corner where he could signal to the frightened prince without attracting the journalist's attention.

Fortunately the reporter had ideas of his own regarding the flora and fauna of Central Africa which he imparted to the prince, asking verification, which was eagerly given. The result was twofold: The reporter left with what he considered a marvelous interview, and Napolium had learned considerable of value regarding his native land.

The Weekly Epoch rolled damply from the press the following morning with a picture of Prince Napolium and the signed interview spread magnificently over the first page, and the triumph of royalty was complete and utter.

Darktown fairly squirmed with glee at the presence of the prince. Folks buzzed round planning receptions and dances and ice-cream festivals in his honor. There was a descent in force upon Birmingham's ladies' ready-to-wear stores and gorgeous raiment was purchased by members of the fair sex on the dollar-down-and-a-dollar-a-week-forever plan. News of the prince spread even unto Cincinnati, whereupon certain colored gentlemen went into executive session, and the following evening one of their number purchased a ticket for Birmingham, climbed aboard the day coach and commenced a twenty-hour journey southward.

As for Florian Slappey, that arch plotter perched comfortably upon the uttermost pinnacle of the Mont d'Extase. The scheme was panning out beyond his wildest anticipations and he was finding Napolium dazed, docile and inexpressibly grateful.

Napolium was in a new and fairy world. For the first time in his life he was being sought after and made much of. He gazed upon life with eyes of wondering doubt and suspicion—intermingled with a growing hint of superb ecstasy. Like all his mental kind, Napolium had always craved public adulation and now he was expanding slowly and commencing to suspect that he had long done himself several injustices. He was slowly but very surely becoming convinced that he was more or less a man of parts. Certainly, he reasoned painstakingly, it required brain, poise and a hitherto unsuspected *élan* to convince folks that he was a genuine prince.

Thursday morning dawned gray and soggy. Napolium waked feeling a lump of gloom sitting damply on his chest. He turned over in bed, grunted and remembered. This was the day on which he was to deliver his African address to the open meeting of the Birmingham Uplift and Educational Society.

Public oratory is the *bête noire* of the uninitiated. As for the prince, he had never even heard a public speech. The gloom of the day was prophetically oppressive. Low-hanging blackish clouds scudded across the heavens and exuded wetness. Automobiles skidded dangerously on rain-glistening streets. Napolium buried his head under the sheets and groaned audibly.

"Ain't gwine make 'em no speech," he moaned. "Ain't got nothin' to say."

There came a knock at the door and, in response to Napolium's invitation, Miss Marshmallow Jeepers entered. Napolium snuffled and sat up straight in bed. Marshmallow bore in her hands a tray of glittering silver plate and spotless napery upon which reposed a cup of steaming, tantalizingly odorous coffee, three toothsome rolls, a pair of soft-boiled eggs and four slices of breakfast bacon broiled to a state of maddening crispness.

"Mawnin', Yo' Honor."

"Mawnin', Miss Jeepers."

"I brung you a li'l' breakfus', prince."

Napolium arranged it on his lap and set to with a will. "M'm! You make these rolls, Miss Jeepers?"

"Yassuh. Does you like 'em?"

"They's the bes' I ever et. An' this bacon—does you know, Miss Mushmeller, bacon is jes about the fondes' thing I'm of."

"Is it now? Does you have bacon in Kazombo, prince?"

Napolium made a wry face. Mention of Africa awakened thoughts of the impending address and Napolium preferred to forget oppressively unpleasant matters.

"I ain't intrus' in Africa, Miss Mushmeller; Ise intrus' in Bummin'ham right now. This is sho'ly one swell town!"

"Ain't you tootin', Yo' Royal Highness? Co'se it don' look good to no prince."

"Huh! Heap you know bouten it. *Honi soit qui mal y pants.* Tha's what I think."

Marshmallow stared in speechless amaze. "You is sho' a wonderful feller, prince."

"You think so?"

"I knows it."

"We-e-ell"—and Napolium sighed with self-satisfaction—"I soht of think I ain't so wuss myse'f."

Silence fell between them while Napolium went to the mat with the eggs. During the mêlée Miss Marshmallow Jeepers watched His Royal Highness with eyes which told their own startling story. Had the prince been cursed with more ego he might have understood—have understood that not only had Mr. Maximillion Anslum been put forever out of the running for the hand of Marshmallow but he would have understood also that Mr. Florian Slappey stood no more chance than a nickel in a two-bit crap game.

In brief, Miss Marshmallow Jeepers, proprietrix of rental demesne, had fallen madly, completely, wildly and passionately in love with the representative of the Kazombo emirate. Her infatuation for Mr. Napolium Beezly was no weak and wan passion, but an overpowering, consuming attachment which was flaming hotly in the hitherto rather icy innards of Miss Jeepers and consuming her by its own heat.

Napolium on his part suspected nothing. True, Napolium had gazed upon Marshmallow and found her very desirable. Her noticeable lack of pulchritude affected him rather pleasantly than otherwise, for he himself was by no means overblessed with beauty and he therefore expected less in members of the opposite sex. In fact, Napolium was always more or less embarrassed in the presence of a really beautiful woman. He felt hopelessly out of place, eugenically impossible. Homely as he was, he felt none of this awkwardness with Marshmallow.

He was, however, loyal to Florian Slappey. Toward that debonair and polished gentleman he maintained a steadfast and devoted allegiance. It never occurred to him to consider himself a possibility in Marshmallow's matrimonial lists, for even yet Napolium could not quite grasp the idea that so far as Birmingham was concerned he was a prince. He rather fancied himself a bubble with Florian holding a menacing pin to prick on the instant any too great assumption of authority.

And so Napolium did not allow himself to dwell upon the beatific possibilities of a marital alliance with the wealthy and competent Marshmallow. With gameness and gratitude he bent himself to the task of giving Florian Slappey full benefit of reflected glory—capitalizing for Florian the social prestige that gentleman was able to bestow upon Marshmallow by reason of his intimacy with a real prince.

Meanwhile both Florian and Napolium looked forward with dire dread to the lecture of that afternoon. By one o'clock Napolium was a nervous wreck. At one-thirty Florian assisted in bedecking the princely figure in royal garb from a mail-order house while he imparted last information on how a speaker should conduct himself. Then Florian motored with the prince and Marshmallow to the lodge rooms of The Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise, where the session was to be held.

The hall was a choppy sea of glittering, aggressive color; of floppy hats and saddened, if highly colored, plumes. Reds, yellows, greens, blues and lavenders jazzed in a glorious ensemble which would have put a self-respecting rainbow to the blush.

Mrs. Lustisha Atcherson met the dignitary at the front and fought her way through the crowd to the stage, where she seated herself in the center, with the prince at her right, Florian Slappey at her left and Marshmallow Jeepers slightly to the rear. Marshmallow, gaudy in a too-flimsy Georgette waist and a satin skirt, was agleam with the greatest triumph of her meteoric social career. She gazed with honest approval and overt affection upon the glistening dome of the royal head. Her gratitude seemed misapplied, for instead of vouchsafing her thanks to Florian she lavished it on the supine prince.

The meeting was called to order and Mrs. Atcherson delivered a mellifluous address of welcome. She spoke in glowing malapropisms of the celebrity who had come into Birmingham's midst and announced that it was only after earnest persuasion on her part that he had consented to honor The Birmingham Uplift and Educational Society with his presence. She then introduced the speaker of the afternoon.

Beads of perspiration glistened on the forehead of Napolium as she mentioned his name and the hall rocked with applause from the fair sex packed within. He sat motionless, heart thumping madly against his ribs, his Lilliputian brain refusing to function.

It was only when he heard Florian's hoarse commanding voice, "Git up! Git up, there, cullud man!" that he took a chance on the strength of his skinny knees and staggered to his feet.

Napolium lurched to the front of the stage. It was like the first tentative walkings of a one-year-old. A surge of nausea came over him and the hundreds in the room swam before his gaze as millions. His lips were dry, his tongue parched. And then came silence!

The tumultuous applause had been bad enough, but this hushed, expectant silence was nothing less than fiendish. Napolium's tongue caressed his dry lips.

From the rear came Florian's harsh voice: "Git busy! Tell 'em about it!"

The audience sat forward. Napolium's head wabbled from side to side. He opened his lips and a harsh croak was the result. Dazed, stricken, he tried again.

"Ladies an' gen'lemen—n-n-no! Jes ladies ——"

A wild yell of laughter greeted him. The audience had made the discovery that the speaker was a humorist. Napolium looked over the audience in pained surprise, striving to discover whether they were laughing at or with him. Instinct counseled the latter. He plunged desperately ahead.

"Me—I comes from Africa. Ise a prince—a real, ginuwine prince ——"

Wild applause, and Napolium took a breathing spell. He commenced to feel a trifle less terrified.

"Yassuh! Ise a ginuwine prince, an' where I comes from in Africa is name' Kazombo." Applause. Napolium gulped. "Where I comes from is name' Kazombo, an' we is got a large cullud popilation."

Shrieks of laughter. From the center of the house came the approving yell of an almost hysterical woman: "You is the funnin'est man, prince."

The prince gazed in the general direction of the voice with pleased surprise. He saw that all eyes were bent approvingly upon him. He experienced a faint warmish glow of satisfaction. He had never before suspected that he possessed oratorical powers, yet undeniably he had already won over his audience. Knowing as little as he did about public speaking, he was yet responsive to the welcoming mass psychology.

"We is got a large cullud popilation an' I is they prince. I is a quiet feller now, but I useter be wil'—terrible wil'! When we useter have wars we useter beat our inimies over the head with a club an' stew 'em fo' supper."

Again the lecture was stopped by the applause of the wildly enthusiastic ladies of the audience. To the rear of the stage sat Marshmallow, gazing upon the dumpy form of Napolium with eyes of ineffable adoration. As for Florian, he was fairly wriggling with glee. This oratorical prodigy was of his manufacture, it was in his brain that the project had been formulated. He gazed upon the sea of fascinated faces and knew that his work had been good.

Napolium continued talking. Each time he paused there was a tidal wave of applause. The early nervousness departed and in its stead there came a wonderful glow of self-satisfaction. Napolium was coming to understand that he had for twenty-seven years been doing the world an injustice by hiding his light under a bushel. He fell in love with his work. He commenced to take himself seriously. He removed the bushel and let his light shine before all of the spectators.

In brief, Napolium discovered that he was enjoying himself. He had made the discovery that no matter what he said it was greeted with enthusiasm, respect and proper laughter. He commenced to make gestures, to shout as he had seen dusky preachers do. He orated!

In twenty minutes he had exhausted all his fund of information regarding Africa in general and Kazombo in particular. That fazed him not at all. He shifted the scene of his discourse from Kazombo to heaven and from there to hell. He continued his travelogue to include New Orleans and Birmingham. He discussed the Mississippi River, the L. & N. Railroad and Marshmallow's waffles. He shamelessly related stories he had heard other men tell and arrogated their glories unto himself.

A half hour passed, three-quarters, an hour. Florian became fidgety. Once started, there seemed no stopping the verbose prince. Desperately Florian edged his chair across the stage and plucked at the hem of Napolium's coat.

"Hesitate!" he commanded hoarsely. "Quit!"

Napolium looked round, surprised that there was one present who was not valuing his oratory to the full.

"Says which?"

"Cut it out!" grated Florian *sotto voce*. "You is talkin' too much with yo' mouth!"

Napolium was offended. He edged close to Florian and told him as much. "Ain't you want to learn sumthin' 'bout Africa?" he asked.

Florian's jaw dropped. Before his eyes Napolium had changed—had blossomed beyond all reason. For the first time Florian grew a wee mite apprehensive.

At the conclusion of the lecture the Prince Napolium was driven home in the flivver sedan which made stable Mrs. Atcherson's social leadership. As he bade the ladies adieu and moved up toward the front porch a dignified colored gentleman rose to greet him.

He was a large person, gloriously garbed. He came forward respectfully. "Is this heah the Prince Napolium?"

Napolium nodded grandly. "I are him."

"Dumfee is my name—Zekiah Dumfee, fum Cincinnati. I has come all the way down heah to make talk with you."

Napolium inspected the other with a hint of apprehension. "Fum Cincinnati?"

"Yeah."

"To make talk with me?"

"I is."

"'Bout which?" Napolium was reassured by the respectfulness in the other's manner.

"Business, prince. Jes business. I don' know if'n princes ever talks business, an' of cou'se they ain't so awful much money in this heah fo' you, but ——"

"Come in!" The prince opened the door and ushered the visitor into the royal suite. "Seat yo'se'f down, Brother Dumfee. Yassuh, I smokes seegars. Now, what c'n I do you fo'?"

Brother Dumfee was a sound business man and a good talker. He explained his mission in a few pointed words. It appeared that Brother Dumfee was of the directorate of an Afro-American insurance-fraternal order known as The Kings and Queens of Heavenly Glory, which order had been desperately but ineffectually striving for some time to establish a firm foothold among the better class of negroes in the South.

Thus far they had been unable to secure the moral backing of local dignitaries in the larger colored communities and several efforts had died a-bornin'. In the person of Prince Napolium, however, opportunity was seen. Brother Dumfee impressed upon Napolium that his princely patronage, in view of the fact that he was at present—and promised to continue—a roaring social lion, would establish the order soundly in Birmingham, then in Alabama and thence on through the South.

Prince Napolium was therefore tendered a written and gold-sealed contract for the term of five years with a cash advance of $500 and an annual salary of $1200 in exchange for permission to advertise him as sponsor and chief Alabama officer of The Kings and Queens of Heavenly Glory. He was not required to work and was forced

(Concluded on Page 167)

The Natural Way

to healthy rosy skins

THIS natural way is the old-time way—the safe, sane method, discovered 3,000 years ago. It is the way, history tells us, that was favored by Cleopatra. It is the easy simple way.

It begins and ends with such systematic cleansing of the skin that the pores are kept open and the circulation active. The essential is the choice of a mild pure soap which does this cleansing gently and without irritation.

This mild soothing soap is found in Palmolive—containing Palm and Olive oils. This perfect soap is the modern form of the same soothing cleansers Cleopatra used.

Why you must wash your face

The human skin is a network of tiny glands and pores which quickly become clogged with dust, oil secretions, dirt and perspiration. Without a thorough daily cleansing this clogging produces serious results. Your skin soon becomes red and irritated. Ugly blotches appear.

All external applications are useless until you remove the cause—until you thoroughly cleanse your skin with the penetrating lather of Palmolive.

How Palmolive acts

Simply as a thorough cleanser which penetrates every minute pore and dissolves all poisonous accumulations. It contains no medication. Its mission is simply to *cleanse* so that Nature can do its own work.

For this cleansing, the ideal ingredients are ancient Palm and Olive oils, their combination perfected in the mild, creamy lather of Palmolive.

Facial soap at the price of a cleanser

Measured by quality Palmolive should be very expensive soap. The ingredients are costly and come from overseas. The process of making is exacting.

But the demand for Palmolive—its appreciation by millions of women—makes the volume of production enormous. Our factories work day and night. We buy all ingredients in enormous quantities.

Thus we are able to offer Palmolive at the price of ordinary soap. You can afford to use it for every toilet purpose—on the washstand, for bathing, the supreme modern toilet luxury.

Palmolive is sold by leading dealers everywhere and supplied in guest room size by America's most popular hotels.

EVERY WOMAN, *rich and poor alike, shares Cleopatra's beauty secret today. It is perpetuated in the magic blend of Palm and Olive oils which gives us famous Palmolive Soap.*

Palmolive Shampoo is the scientific shampoo mixture made from Palm, Olive and Coconut oils. New Shampoo Book, explaining simple home treatments which help the hair grow, free on request to Palmolive Company.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY, Milwaukee, U. S. A.
The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Ontario

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Every man owes it to himself to know what he's smoking

WHAT'S WHAT—THE PIPE SMOKER'S DICTIONARY

AGED-IN-THE-WOOD, (*a*) A phrase to describe the way in which the Burley "heart" leaf used in the making of Velvet Smoking Tobacco is made ready for manufacture. The choice leaves are allowed to remain in wooden hogsheads for two years. During this ageing, Nature brings about changes which give the tobacco the richness and smoothness found only in Velvet.

BITE, (*v*) To be pungent or stinging to the taste. All bite is removed from Velvet by the "aged-in-the-wood" method.

BUR'-LEY, (*n*) A kind of tobacco grown in the limestone section of Kentucky, the world's best pipe tobacco, the only kind used in the manufacture of Velvet.

COOL'NESS, (*n*) The state of being cool, as for example, a "smoke" of Velvet.

FLA'VOR, (*n*) The quality of a thing as affecting the senses of smell and taste. The peculiarity of Velvet, owing to its nature-ageing, remarked by both veteran and novice smokers.

FRA'GRANT, (*a*) Agreeable, grateful to the smell. Another inadequate description of a quality of Velvet which its makers and Velvet smokers know and appreciate.

MA-TURE', (*a*) Highly developed, fully ripe. A term applied in its full meaning to Velvet Smoking Tobacco because the Burley leaves of which it is made are aged in wooden hogsheads for two years before being manufactured.

MEL' LOW-NESS, (*n*) Ripeness, softness, perfection. A quality that smokers of long experience most fully appreciate and which accounts for the constancy of so many Velvet smokers.

MILD' NESS, (*n*) Moderation in effect upon the senses; softness, blandness, balminess. A quality that smokers of Velvet know and enjoy to the limit of pleasurable indulgence.

NAT' U-RAL, (*a*) Normal, not artificial. Describes to a "t" what Velvet is; real tobacco, unhurt and unadulterated by artificial treatment.

PIPE, (*n*) An apparatus, usually a small bowl and hollow stem, for smoking tobacco. The definition is an inadequate generality that in no wise indicates the pleasing use to which the apparatus may be put—provided the tobacco smoked is Velvet, America's smoothest tobacco.

RIPE' NESS, (*n*) Fitness for use through preparation and care. A term that can be applied to no other ageing method than that employed with Velvet, two years in wooden hogsheads.

SMOKE, (*n*) The act of smoking a pipe. Inadequate except when used in connection with the term "filled with Velvet tobacco" when it takes ... fullness of meaning ap... world ... discriminating pipe ...

SMOOTH, (*a*) Continuously even, pleasant, mild, without disagreeable taste. A group of definitions which taken in connection with the words "smoking tobacco," mean Velvet, and have no other meaning to a smoker.

TASTE, (*n*) The sensation excited by a substance placed in the mouth. Can be used only in connection with the words good or pleasant when writing or speaking about Velvet tobacco

TO-BAC' CO, (*n*) The leaves of the tobacco plant, originally of tropical America, but now cultivated in various parts of the world. The best example, a variety called Burley, grown in the limestone section of Kentucky. The choice part of this crop—the heart leaves—is purchased by experts and used exclusively in the manufacture of the brand called Velvet, America's smoothest tobacco, the name with which quality in smoking tobacco is most intimately associated.

VEL' VET, (*a*) Smooth and soft. Also a trade name adopted to describe the smoothest smoking tobacco made in America. Velvet tobacco is a product of the Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company, whose brands are known to smokers everywhere.

VEL' VET JOE, (*n*) The name of a philosopher and writer of verses whose sayings, poems and ...

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merely to pledge himself not to become associated with any other fraternal order during the contract period.

Napolium hesitated not upon the order of his acceptance, but grabbed immediately at the job. One hundred dollars a month for five years for doing nothing was his idea of heaven. However, in the manner of his acceptance he was nothing if not regal. He gave Brother Zekiah Dumfee distinctly to understand that he was accepting the position with its attendant honorarium only because he was a booster for fraternal work in general and quite convinced that The Kings and Queens of Heavenly Glory was entitled to representation in Birmingham.

News that Prince Napolium had condescended to head the new order in the state of Alabama spread like wildfire through Darktown and by eleven o'clock the following morning the temporary offices opened by Brother Dumfee in the Penny Prudential Bank Building were swarming with gentlemen and ladies eager to file their applications and pay the initial fees. Brother Dumfee perspired at his desk, but at the same time a broad grin of satisfaction decorated his colorado-maduro face. Thought of enlisting the aid of a genuine prince to further his interests had been little less than genius.

As for Napolium, he lounged round the lodge offices, appearing unutterably bored and quite out of tune with his labor. He was the center of an eager throng and the recipient of every imaginable sort of invitation. He accepted the fulsome attention languidly, supremely confident now in the power which had come to him.

Two weeks slipped by, two weeks during which The Kings and Queens of Heavenly Glory became organized and established on a solid financial footing and the Prince Napolium was unanimously elected Grand Noble and Exalted Supreme King of Birmingham Lodge Number 17. The two weeks passed, and in those two weeks Napolium circulated imperiously from reception to dance, from dance to dinner, from dinner to more dinner and from there to reception again. He delivered lectures to his lodge, to the Over the River Burying Society and to the Junior Beautifying Society. He discussed affairs with various matrons, legal matters with Lawyer Evans Chew and Africa with all who would listen. Strange French phrases rolled with frequent phonographic accuracy—and understanding—from his tongue. He accepted calmly and quietly his rôle of lion and decided unanimously that Birmingham was the best little old city in the world, better even than his figmented Kazombo.

At the end of that fortnight Florian Slappey paid a formal and abrupt call upon his protégé. Napolium fidgeted uncomfortably at sight of his caller; worldly and urbane as he had become, he had not yet rid himself of his pristine awe of the man whose magic touch had made it all possible.

Florian delivered his ultimatum tersely and commandingly.

"Napolium," he declared, "I brung you to Bummin'ham fo' a puppose an' same ain't be'n did. I is seein' a good deal of Marshmallow but it ain't gittin' me nowheres. Now what I says to you is—s'posin' you quit this princin' fo' a li'l' while an' see cain't you make Marshmallow ma'y me."

Napolium looked up docilely. "Yassuh, Flo'ian. I sho'ly will do my durndest with Mushmeller—yassuh."

"Yo'd better," returned Florian darkly. "'Cause'n this heah prince business ain't wukkin' out jes like I espected. Befo' you come heah I was somebody. Now I ain't nothin' on'y somebody's frien'."

That evening the Prince Napolium of Kazombo paid royal call upon Miss Marshmallow Jeepers. He was dressed in his checkered best and wore largely upon the lapel of his coat the glittering emblem of The Kings and Queens of Heavenly Glory.

Napolium was very serious. More, consumed as he was with love for the homely but sterling Marshmallow, there was no hint of disloyalty in his mind. He understood clearly that Florian had brought him to Birmingham in order to assure success in his courtship of Marshmallow. Napolium felt that he had succeeded; certainly Maximillion Anslum, Florian's hated and theretofore successful rival, had faded into a pale oblivion.

Marshmallow was dressed bewitchingly, fluffs and flounces concealing the harshness of Nature in depriving her of all the curves with which the average woman is blessed. Her mahogany complexion had been embellished with Nemonia Collins' Lavender-Brown Complexion Powder and her hair was redolent of Nada Thompson's Hair-Apparent Lotion. Pearl beads nestled uncomfortably against a skinny neck and many rings sparkled valiantly from long bony fingers.

Withal, Napolium found Marshmallow good to look upon. Napolium had been educated in the school of practicalities and understood that beauty was but skin deep. Personally he preferred to overlook her alarming lack of pulchritude in favor of her wealth and culinary ability. Napolium frankly envied Florian and entered into his task with a lack of relish which bespoke much for his devotion.

They seated themselves beside each other on the sofa and for half an hour were content with generalities—the latest serial picture on view at the Champion Theater, the six-cent street-car fare—and gradually the conversation veered to personal channels. Napolium broke the ice.

"That Flo'ian Slappey, he sho is a fine feller."

Marshmallow shrugged uninterestedly. "Reckon so, prince."

"He is!" repeated Napolium with vast enthusiasm. "I thinks a heap of him."

"Then I reckon he mus' be some good anyways."

"He's pow'ful fine lookin'."

"Looks never gotten nobody no eatmen's."

"He dresses good."

"So does corpses."

"He's lucky down to the lott'ry—sometimes."

"Wuss luck fo' him. He never does no wuk."

Napolium paused. He began to suspect that whatever passion Marshmallow might possess was not lavished upon Florian. Then he continued desperately to extol the virtues of his friend.

"He's gwine make a fine husban' fo' some woman."

"Reckon they's some wimmin would think any husban' was a fine husban'."

"He stan's good."

"Stan's good ain't is good. In my 'pinion, prince, Mistuh Flo'ian Slappey jes nachelly ain't!"

"Ain't which?"

"Ain't nothin'."

"How come you to think that?"

Marshmallow answered deliberately. "Heah's the how of it, prince: W'en a man is, it's plumb easy to say what he is, but when he ain't, nothin' c'n be said bouten him 'ceptin' that he ain't."

"Y-y-you means you don' love Flo'ian?"

"Love Flo'ian Slappey?" Marshmallow turned startled eyes upon Napolium. "Love that no-'count, dressin' up, none-wukkin', lady-lovin', cullud bunch of wuthlessness? Me love him? My Lawd! Prince, does I look that foolish?"

"We-e-ll, no," agreed Napolium readily, "you doesn't."

"An' I don't. I woul'n't ma'y that feller if'n they wa'n't no other man in the world 'ceptin' on'y him."

"H'm!" cogitated Napolium. "Tha's funny."

"What's funny?"

"You feelin' that way 'bout Flo'ian."

"How come?"

"Reckon you ain't in love with nobody, is you, Mushmeller?"

Marshmallow's eyes dropped modestly and a purplish blush stained her lavendered cheeks. "I is too."

"Maximillion Anslum?"

"Him? He's wuss'n Flo'ian. He's all what Flo'ian ain't an' nothin' what Flo'ian is. Nossuh, 'tain't Maximillion."

"Then who 'tis?"

"I—I—I ain't gwine tell."

"Not even me?"

"Not even specially you."

"Why not specially me?"

"'Cause!"

"'Cause which?"

"'Cause you is a prince!"

Napolium Beezly maintained an absolute silence for perhaps half a minute. And during that half minute a thought percolated slowly through his mind. Suddenly he looked up.

"My Lawd, Mushmeller! Does you mean me?"

"Says who?"

"I says, does you mean me?"

She averted her eyes with old-maidenly modesty. Her voice was low-pitched, but vibrant with feeling. "Brother Cupid's arrers hits in funny places sometimes."

"M'm!" Napolium's head started whirling. It wabbled uncertainly on his neck and his fingers groped. They closed about the warm and responsive palm of Marshmallow Jeepers.

"Mushmeller!"

"Yo' honor!"

"Does you love me, Mushmeller?"

"Yeah. Does you love me, prince?"

"Does I love you? Sufferin' tripe! Mushmeller, I loves you so much I c'd—c'd—bite!"

His arm was about her waist, her lips upturned to his. Napolium forgot Florian Slappey, forgot his regal pretensions, forgot that the woman he held was no dusky Venus. He remembered only that he was gripped by divine passion.

Five minutes later he released her—released her reluctantly. And he asked a question.

"Mushmeller?"

"Yeh—sweethea't?"

"Does you know what a prince is, honey bunch?"

"What he is, Napolium?"

"A prince is somebody," quoted Napolium, "which when he ma'ies a gal she gits to be a princess!"

The exhilarating midnight air fanned the hot cheeks of Napolium Beezly. That gentleman, hat in hand, head held pridefully high, strode masterfully up Eighteenth Street.

Napolium was happy with the superlative happiness which comes to a man but once in a lifetime. In the face of his present beatitude the brummagem enjoyment of the past month faded into a drab nothingness.

Napolium felt that he had much to be grateful for. He was blessed with the adoration of the woman he worshiped, he knew that she was more than ordinarily well fixed in this world's goods and was a capable housewife. He held in his pocket a five-year contract, at a stupendous yearly figure, with The Kings and Queens of Heavenly Glory. Altogether there was no single thing to mar the divine placidity of the moment. Except Florian Slappey.

Florian Slappey! Napolium exhaled suddenly and audibly. He slackened pace perceptibly. He envisioned Florian awaiting his coming with tidings of Marshmallow, Florian waiting eagerly to be informed that the landed lady was soon to become Mrs. Florian Slappey.

It was pretty tough on Florian. Even Napolium admitted as much; pretty tough. But—and Napolium accelerated again—what was, was, an' they wa'n't no use tryin' to change things.

It was with an attitude of ninety-nine per cent cocksureness and a single per-centum of apprehension that Napolium stepped into Florian's room at a half hour beyond midnight. He found that dapper little gentleman, sleepy-eyed and silk-pyjamaed, reclining on the bed, engaged in the absorbing game of shooting a small smoke ring through a large one. Florian sat upright.

"What luck?" he asked pointedly.

Napolium ducked. "I is been thinkin'," he stalled.

"Thinkin'? You?"

"Yeh—I. Is you plumb sho', Flo'ian, that it woul'n't be a mistake fo' you to ma'y Mushmeller?"

Florian glared at Napolium. Napolium refused to meet the eyes of his friend. He wanted to break the news gently.

"No, 'tain't no mistake!" snapped Florian peevishly. "I is gwine ma'y Marshmallow."

"No you ain't," corrected Napolium.

"Says which?"

"I says you ain't."

Florian's feet came to the floor. "What kin' of talk is you doin' with yo' mouth, cullud man?"

"I says you ain't gwine ma'y Mushmeller." Napolium was surprised at the nuance of strength in his own tones.

"How come you to know that?"

"'Cause," repeated Napolium firmly, "Ise gwine ma'y her myownse'f!"

"Wh wh what?"

Florian rose and trembled. Napolium put out a restraining hand. He was sorry for his friend and something of princely dignity sat upon his shoulders as he tried to explain away the harshness of the blow.

"'Twa'n't my fault, Flo'ian; hones' it wa'n't. Gives you my word. If'n you is got to blame somebody—blame yo'ownse'f on account the reasons she woul'n't make ma'iage with you was 'cause'n you is wuthless an' no 'count an' don' wuk an' you gambles an' you is too stuck on yo'se'f an' ——"

"You—you—you ——" Florian was trembling with violent passion. "You says ——"

"'Tain't me," explained Napolium mildly; "tha's what Mushmeller says!"

And then Florian exploded. Vituperation flowed from his lips in a steady, unbroken stream for perhaps ten minutes. He started with the ancestry of Napolium ten generations removed and stigmatized them even unto the fifteenth or twentieth generation of Napolium's descendants. He dwelt with particular and colorful venom upon Napolium himself.

Only once did Napolium interrupt: "Better be careful, Flo'ian—you is li'ble to make me mad!"

But Florian did not cease. He established new records for forceful profanity and insoluble invective. And Napolium listened—listened attentively, but with a growing rancor. Enough was very much too much and too much was aplenty. Napolium's dignity was being twisted and tortured. Napolium was not used to this. It smacked too strongly of lese majesty.

"An' as fo' what Ise gwine do fo' you, Napolium Beezly," concluded Florian wildly—"it's gwine be aplenty. Ise gwine tell folks—Ise gwine tell 'em a few things. In jes 'bout one day they is gwine know you ain't nothin' on'y Napolium Beezly—plain cullud pusson an' not no prince. Wait'll I tells 'em all I knows 'bout you. An' Ise gwine do it—I sho'ly is. I is ——"

A great quiet calm settled itself over Napolium. He gazed with imperial disdain upon the raving Florian. He felt genuinely sorry for the man and somewhat embarrassed by the bourgeois display of temper.

"Says you is gwine espose me?" queried Napolium quietly.

"Says I is! I is, tha's what. Ise gwine tell folks."

"You done it!" reminded Napolium in a suave tone. He was above arguing with such as Florian.

"Yeh! An' Ise gwine undone it. I is gwine ——"

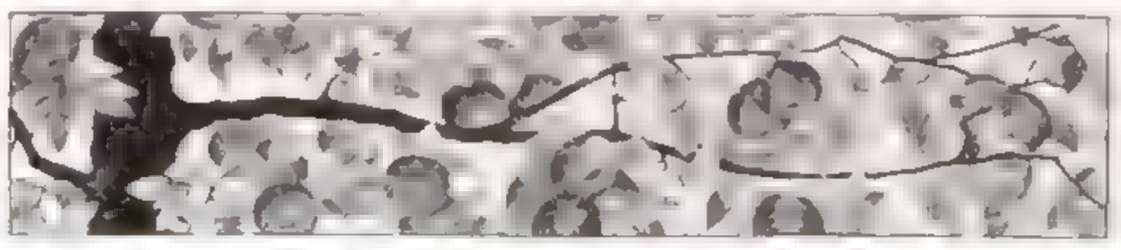
"Lis'en heah, Flo'ian Slappey." Napolium seated himself calmly in the one easy-chair, tore the gilt band from a ten-cent cigar, lighted it and inhaled a delicious lungful. "All what you says intrus's me, but also I is got sumthin' to say.

"What happen' to-night I cain't he'p 'Tain't my fault if'n Mushmeller is gotten enough jedgment to love me mo'n you. I done my durndest to make her see that you ain't so wuss. Now Ise heah to say you is done a heap fo' me. Ise even willin' to admit you is a wonderful feller. You puck me up when I wa'n't nothin' an' you made me sumthin'. Co'se you had good mate'ial to wuk with, but you done yo' job good.

"You brung me an' you teached me what I knows 'bout bein' a prince. You gotten me into sassiety an' you fixed me right. You is a great man, Flo'ian I says that cheerful. But, Flo'ian, I says also one thing mo', as per this: They's on'y one thing in this heah world, Flo'ian Slappey, which you cain't do! An' that one thing, Flo'ian, is to make the cullud folks of Bummin'ham b'lieve I ain't no prince! You cain't do it, Flo'ian, an' they ain't no use to try!"

The Prince Napolium, of Kazombo, Africa, gazed calmly into the wide and wondering eyes of Florian Slappey. He deliberately blew a cloud of smoke into that gentleman's face.

"In fac'," concluded the royal gentleman confidently, "you cain't even make me b'lieve it!"



New July Numbers Columbia

Ted Lewis Makes a Date in Cuba

"I'll See You in C-U-B-A," with melodious incidental whistling by Ted Lewis himself, is the latest fox-trot hit by this jazz band of *exclusive* Columbia artists.

A-2927—$1.00

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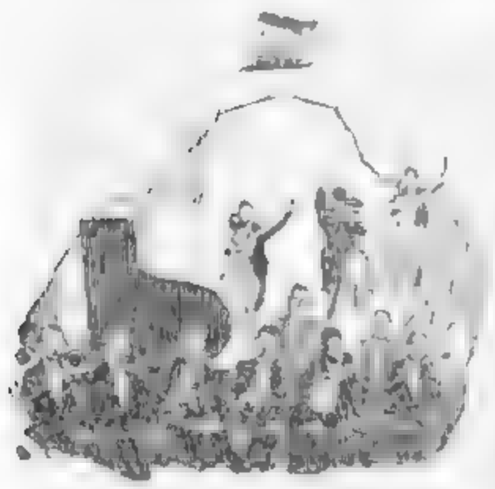

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DATED

(Continued from Page 19)

"Good night, John." The backward glance she gave him was puzzled, but he only smiled.

Gannell soon gave up the thought of burning Sorley. Aside from all other considerations, he lacked the savagery essential to doing that. He had, however, to protect himself. As he had confronted the problem presented by the unfaithfulness of May, so, coolly, did he inspect this latest and even more momentous problem. Having killed Sorley—and to Sorley belonged the blame; he should not have grinned—he did not purpose being convicted of murder.

Gannell was not callous about it. He just was without feeling. Again he had suffered a contrary, an unnormal reaction. He was not afraid, had no regrets. Therefore he could not conceive why he should permit himself to be charged with the killing. Had Sorley not come back, grinning, it would not have happened.

The woods fringed at the rear of the house. He looked out at the blustering snow, working itself up to the pitch of a blizzard. He carried the body into the woods and after a labored journey pitched it into a gully half a mile distant. The ashes on which the axed head had lain in the cellar he threw into the furnace. Then he scoured with cinders.

By four o'clock he was in bed. None knew that he had been out. None knew that he had been in the cellar that night; that he had gone into it while Sorley was there. The snow was falling heavier and drifting. Before he got to sleep his tracks were obliterated. In the gully—the snow would be deep there. Days would pass probably before they started to look for Sorley, before anyone would see anything mysterious in the disappearance of this tender of furnaces. Then it was a question whether they would search out in the woods. Why should Sorley be there? If the snow continued they couldn't dig into every drift.

Gannell should have let it go at that. But ——

She Sidled Along to the Door. His Laughter Ringing Tauntingly in Her Ears, She Whirled and Ran

Kirschner lived in the second house from Gannell's, a hundred yards along the street. He was drawn into the mystery because he also had a wife and because gossip had linked her name with Sorley. That was unjust to Elsy Kirschner. Gossip has that unfortunate way of picking upon the wrong person, upon the innocent, and leaving the guilty unsmirched. It never had named May Gannell and Sorley together.

When he killed Sorley, however, Gannell was unaware of this ready-made focus for suspicion. While away he had lost contact with the neighborhood scandal. He had no expectation that Kirschner would be looked to for explanation, looked upon as the explanation, when it developed that Sorley was missing. He had to be brought up to date when the gossipers began to whisper. Those whose fires he looked after missed him, naturally, but they assumed that he was ill. He did not board at the house in which he roomed; his landlady thought he was stopping in New York, where he attended college. When an inquiry came from the college she put herself to the trouble of asking about him among those for whom he had worked. The week was up before his disappearance came to the notice of the police. Even then there was no action beyond the sending out of his description as a missing person.

The scandalmongers nodded wisely and said that Kirschner could tell why Sorley had gone. Wasn't it plain? Kirschner had warned Sorley to get out, and Sorley had taken the advice.

May Gannell, best situated to divine the truth, had no inkling of it. She concluded that Sorley had fled because of the closeness of his escape the night Gannell got home. She stigmatized him as a coward, as purely of his type, and proceeded to forget him.

Gannell of course postponed his departure. It would be too conspicuous should he leave May. Inevitably he would be sought when Sorley's body was found. It would be awkward. The circumstances would be too closely related: Sorley having dropped from sight within twenty-four hours of Gannell's return; Gannell breaking with his wife immediately afterward.

The relationship of the two incidents would be apparent, plausible, regardless of the fact that scandal had failed to mention Sorley and Mrs. Gannell. Scandal would seize upon these points and lament that it had been swindled, that it had overlooked a choice morsel. The police likewise would observe the coincidence. The tongue of scandal might be ignored, but the police could not. So Gannell stayed.

In time he heard the sly remarks that Kirschner could tell something. These were growing into the covert statement that Kirschner had come upon his wife and Sorley; into a bald and shameless lie such as is delightfully born of cumulative gossip.

Gannell chuckled over that. The longer attention was directed into the wrong path the less likely was it to swing back to the right one. The more closely Kirschner was identified with the disappearance of Sorley the smaller was the probability that he, Gannell, ever would be seriously considered. And, there still being no proof that a crime had been committed, the real trail must become increasingly obscure. Days of heavy snow had clogged the gully and the cold snap was sustained.

Nearly a week went by before much interest centered in the absence of Sorley.

Gannell spoke of that to May, casually.

"Hear what they're saying about Kirschner?"

"No. What?" She preferred not to discuss Sorley.

Gannell knew that her denial was untrue. He had overheard another woman giving her the latest version of the libelous surmise.

"They say that—well, that Kirschner ordered him to leave town. Something about Mrs. Kirschner, and all that." He motioned in dismissal of this disagreeable angle. He looked at her quizzically. "I wonder whatever did become of him?" It was ten days since he killed Sorley.

May Gannell reiterated her pet expressed theory: "I suppose someone ultimately will find that he stole something."

She disliked talking of Sorley; especially of Sorley and women. That was too close to home, and, though Gannell was completely hoodwinked, there was no use in fanning his thoughts along that line.

"Think so?" Gannell let it drop. He never could upset her poise by referring to Sorley.

As the killing of Sorley had been partly the fault of May Gannell, so was it attributable to her that Gannell stole Kirschner's coat. It was an impulsive act on his part, caused by a state of mind created by his wife.

Gannell was feeling the stress of the rôle he was forced to play. He had a vast and pardonable distaste now for the society of his wife. Yet he had to remain with her. Had he been able to go away, where he would not see her constantly, he could have forgotten the whole business. Unable to quit, he chafed in her presence; she rasped on his nerves.

Every time he looked at her he visualized the body under the snow in the gully. She was a perpetual reminder of what he had done and, more galling, of her own infidelity. He became jerky and, as the days wore by, began to wonder whether there was any chance of the killing being fastened upon him. How he would hate to be punished for eliminating such a rat!

Gannell began to figure on means of making his position more secure. Thus was developed the state of mind which led him to steal Kirschner's coat.

The case was in its third week when the police took cognizance of the reputed encounter between Kirschner and Sorley. They questioned him as circumspectly as possible—but they could not evade direct mention of his wife. He flared indignantly, angrily. For, of course, as one of those most intimately concerned he never before had heard the slanderous murmurings; none had had the hardihood to repeat such things to him about his bride of a year.

When he went raging home—raging over the vicious, malicious insinuations that the police captain had recounted to him—he found his wife in tears. A thoughtful woman friend, hearing that the police at last were quizzing Kirschner, had just been in to tell Elsy all about it. She did that in the kindest way, as women do, and in the manner most calculated to make Elsy Kirschner squirm.

His wife's eyes, wide and brimming with tears, were pitiful with misery, but she looked at him bravely. She read in his white face that he also had heard this baseness which the woman had retailed to her. But she did not attempt to defend herself. She had no reason to offer defense. If he had not sufficient faith in her ——

Swiftly he took her into his arms, his face softening with love.

"I know it's a lie, a damnable lie, sweetheart," he whispered. "We'll pay no heed to it, you and I, but show them that it is not true."

She clung to him, thanking God for her husband's trust, as she sobbed with the happiness that transcended her horror over what they were saying of her.

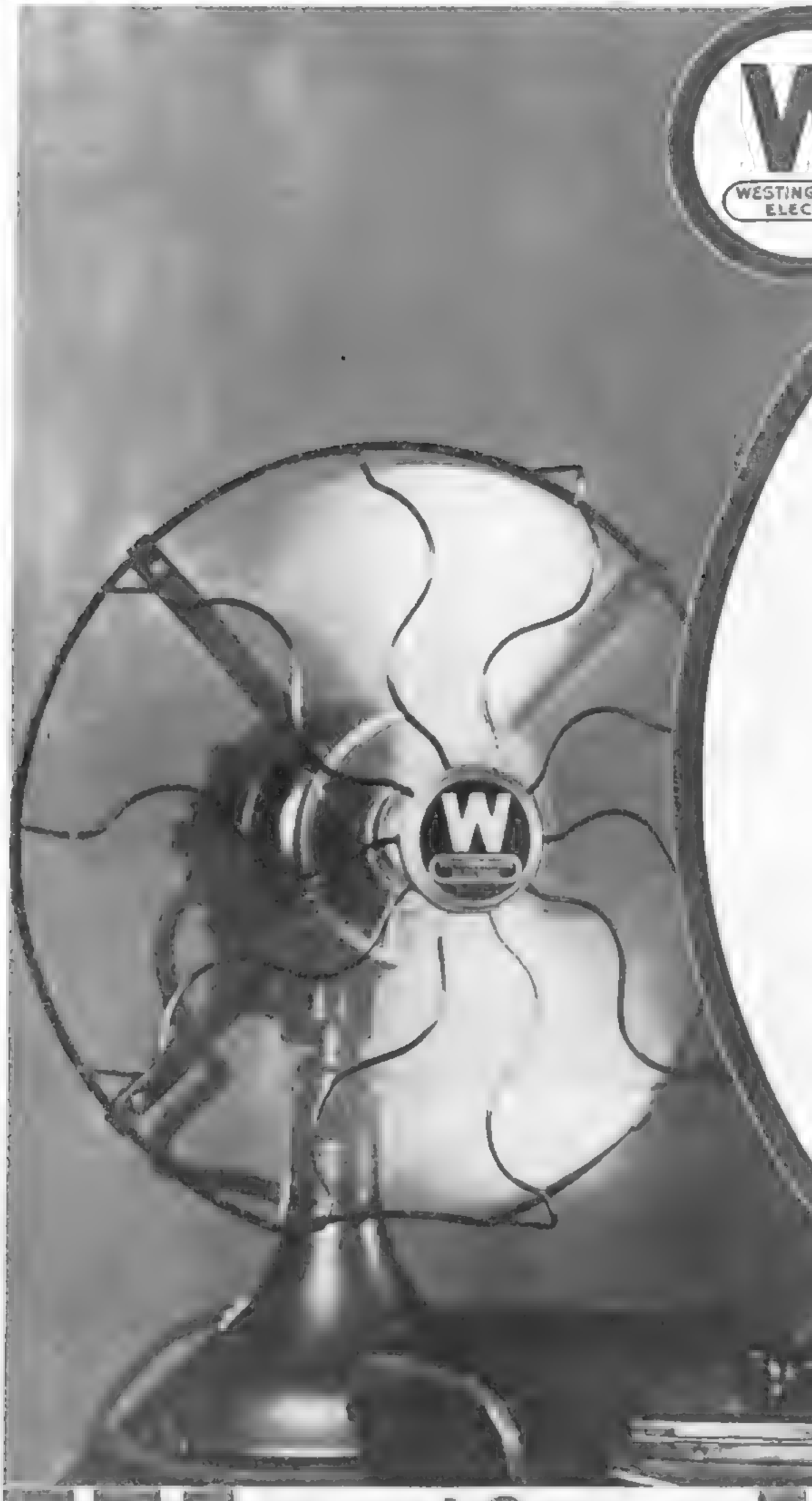
He did not tell her all that the police had said to him. He hushed her when she began to relate what the woman had said.

"We won't speak of it, dear heart—not ever," he stated with finality.

"But—but"—she smiled, though the tears still dripped from her lashes—"but you haven't asked me if ——"

"Sh-h, wife!" His kisses checked her utterance. "I shall never ask that. I know—

(Continued on Page 164)



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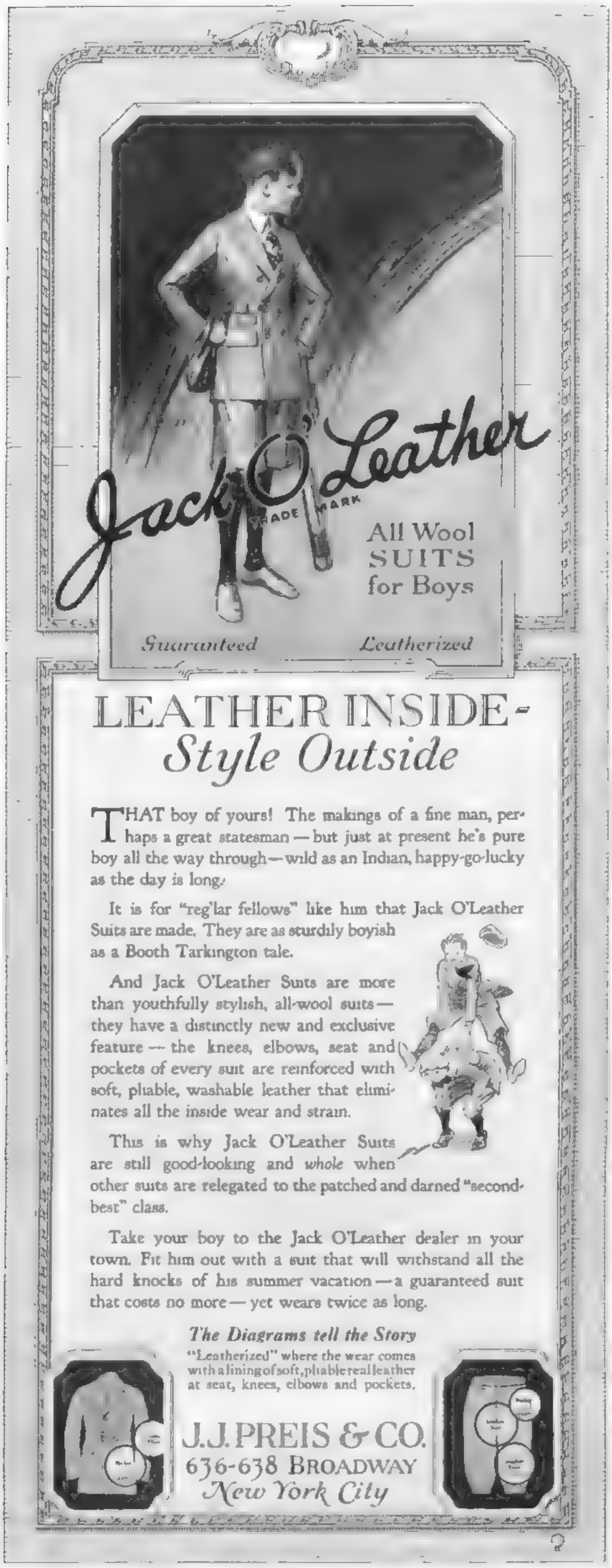

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(Continued from Page 161)

without asking. Now"—he forced a cheerfulness despite the iron of bitterness in his heart—"let us forget."

Forgetfulness is an easy thing to resolve upon; not so easy to accomplish. Kirschner and his wife were subjected to such unconcealed finger pointing and comment whenever they went abroad that, no matter how they ignored it, their lot quickly became unbearably humiliating. Folks they hardly knew ripened their acquaintance and called upon them, eager to sympathize—and to carry away impressions, imaginary mostly, that could be peddled into the maw of gossip. It was insufferably trying, unspeakably harassing. Before many days passed they could endure it no longer.

"Let's take that trip to Florida we spoke of," proposed Kirschner with a casualness poorly assumed to disguise the real cause of his decision. Only a week or so ago, before this blight descended, they had chosen to do Yellowstone Park the coming summer instead of going now to Florida.

His wife shook her head. Her pride opposed their going away. That would be flight. Flight was a confession of guilt—it would be considered as that.

"I'd rather stay," she said, though her chin trembled, "and face them."

"We'll go, dear."

Gently he argued and persuaded her. He could not see her fade as she was fading under the cruelty of the glances that were cast at her, and the smirking comment that accompanied them.

"And before we start," he said purposefully, "I'll put detectives on the trail of Sorley. I'm going to find that man and make him end once for all this vileness."

Almost while Kirschner was proclaiming this intention Gannell, obsessed by a growing hatred for his wife, and, through that, ever more closely haunted by the picture of what lay beneath the snow in the gully, was stealing Kirschner's coat. He did that without cogent idea of how it might help him. He did it because Kirschner had been brought actively into the case; because Kirschner, having already been called upon to assist in clarifying the mystery, must be called upon again when the melting snow finally disclosed the body of Sorley.

Gannell had no concrete plan to connect Kirschner positively with the killing. Kirschner would be able to acquit himself; he would have an alibi. It could do no harm to let Kirschner be arrested. They would be unable to convict him. Nevertheless, they would believe him guilty. And believing Kirschner guilty the case would be closed. Gannell himself would not have to undergo the ordeal of a police examination.

The coat was an old one. Kirschner had worn it while tinkering at his auto. The machine was at the curb as Gannell walked by. He saw the coat hanging on an open door, where Kirschner had left it when he went into the house. There was no one in sight; it was dark.

Gannell whisked up the coat and went on home. He had no defined scheme, but the coat might come in handy. The tailor's name was in it and Kirschner's name was on the label.

Kirschner and his wife went away the middle of January. For over two months there was nothing to remind them of what had occurred. The shadow lifted and they were themselves again in their happiness until one day at Miami they met a woman from the home town. She was one of the most avid of the scandal crew. Within a few hours they were the cynosure, for she lost no time in spreading the tale round: There was the man suspected of having—well, it was a difficult thing to say, don't you know, but he was suspected of having done away with his wife's lover! And—she shrugged—though nothing had yet been proved, that was only because the body of the missing man had not been found!

Sensitive always, more so since the disappearance of Sorley had crystallized the scandal, Elsy Kirschner immediately was conscious of the curious interest displayed by those about her. The women were thrilled by the near presence of a man who apparently was a murderer; who might be arrested at any moment! The men of course looked more at Elsy, on whose account, seemingly, murder had been done. It isn't every day that one comes into contact with such persons—notorious persons who doubtless were watching their chance to get away unnoticed to South America or—or somewhere. The wheels of gossip grind just as productively where the subjects are not well known as where they are.

Kirschner, too, was quick to observe the notice given them. Seeing the hurt return to Elsy's eyes, the droop regather on her lips, her shrinking from the many glances, he swore fervently. He affected a wish for a change of scenery.

"Let's go to California, Elsy," he said carelessly. "I'm tired of here. Aren't you?"

He did not meet her eyes, but gazed at the tip of his cigarette with an assumption of nonchalance that was a travesty. He could not admit that they again were running away.

"Why?" She put it squarely up to him.

"Because—oh, because ——" He looked at her and floundered. Her face was set, her body rigid. Her tears were very near, but she held them back. He shook his head, his own face darkening. "Because," he added, touching her hand fondly. "That's all, sweetheart."

Her eyes roved out over the sea, then turned to him. Her head came up proudly.

"We'll go away," she said quietly, "from here. But we'll go—home."

"No, no, no!" He never would take her back there. Already he had instructed an agent to sell their house, unknown to his wife. He could not bear to have her pointed out as the woman in the Sorley mystery! She could not bear it; that was demonstrated by the last few days, since the story had become current in this place fifteen hundred miles from home.

"But we will." She summoned a smile that bespoke her courage. "We will go home, dear—and face them."

He pleaded; but he pleaded in vain. They went.

On the train going north Kirschner sat in the smoking room alongside a man whose features had recently become monotonously familiar. Reviewing the event that had enshrouded Elsy and himself, he irrelevantly placed this stranger as having been on the train that had taken them south. He recollected having seen the man at frequent intervals in the meantime. The meaning of the other's continued proximity dawned upon him.

"Have a nice trip?" asked Kirschner suddenly.

"Eh?" The other was surprised. "Yes. Sure."

"Glad to get home, though?"

The man grinned, nodding

Kirschner offered his cigarette case. "Try one," he insisted. "They're an uncommon brand and taste like tobacco even to a cigar smoker like yourself. No?" He lit one himself. "No word, is there," he asked between whiffs while the match still burned, "of Sorley?"

"Sorley?" The man professed blankness, but his effort was not a great success. His round face wasn't built for poker.

"Sorley," repeated Kirschner. "You've been what you call shadowing me, haven't you? Oh, that's all right, old man." He laughed, but his eyes grew hard. "Don't mind me. Only—you might tell me why."

The detective was silent while he bit the end of a cigar and got it going. His grin returned.

"Thought you might beat it," he said expressively, "before the body turned up."

Kirschner couldn't resist a laugh. "They're convinced, then, that Sorley is—dead?"

"Sure"

The detective did not explain that with the melting of the snow the body had just been found. A telegram had advised him of that. He had been about to arrest Kirschner when the latter headed north. Kirschner was being allowed to go of his own will to avoid the necessity of extradition and a probable contest by him.

"And that I ——"

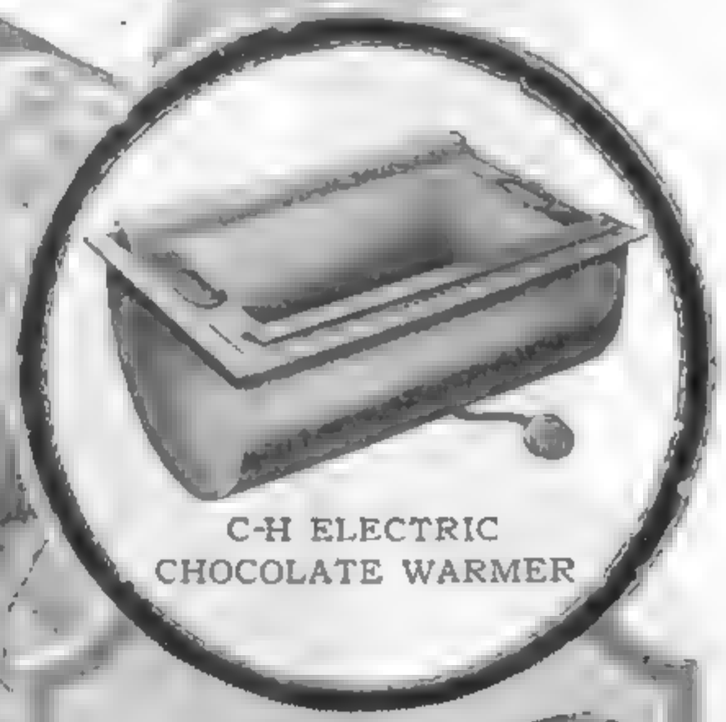
Kirschner frowned. He was in a serious predicament, or would be should the belief that Sorley had been murdered prove true.

The detective replied frankly: "I guess so. Looks that way."

"Um," grunted Kirschner. He said no more of Sorley, but chatted inconsequentially a while before rejoining his wife. Her spirit alone was sustaining her. He said nothing of his impending arrest. Elsy, he judged, was about ready to collapse. He was in error. Elsy Kirschner was strengthening herself to fight.

Gannell squinted over the table at his wife. The change that had taken place in him baffled her. There was a furtiveness to

(Continued on Page 166)



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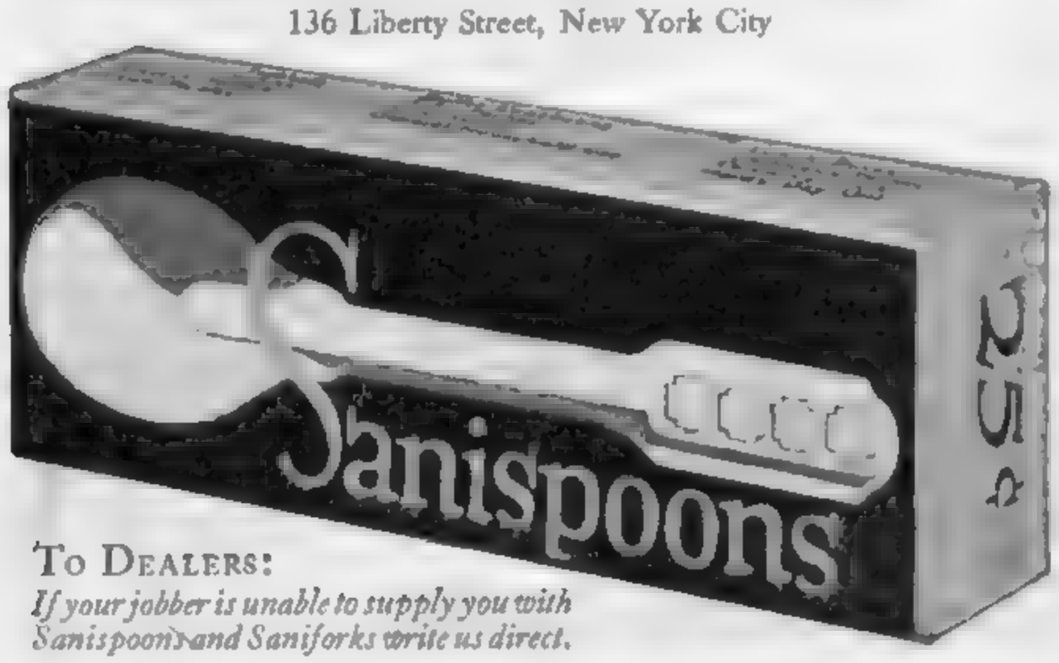
136 Liberty Street, New York City



TO DEALERS:
If your jobber is unable to supply you with Sanispoons and Saniforks write us direct.

(Continued from Page 164)

his movements, an indirectness in his glance. He had her frightened too.

Often of late he went into the cellar to putter round the furnace. To May Gannell that seemed to convey an ominous message—that he knew. His creepy way of smiling at her when he came upstairs accentuated that impression. He had his wife on the rack and he tortured her as he hated her. It was a delicate torture, with never a word to show that it was intentional. His visits to the cellar, his trick of snapping out the lights without warning as they had gone out the night he came home; of walking her to the door leading down to the cellar and opening it the while he chuckled; of peeking at her out of the sitting-room door and standing there with his hands held out as she had held hers out to him that night. By such subtleties was he wearing her down.

"The Kirschners are home," he said without prelude.

She shivered at his throaty laugh. He laughed that way when anything was said that might remotely have relation to Sorley. So had he laughed when children romping through the woods had stumbled on the body.

May Gannell didn't answer. There were hollows in her cheeks; she had little left of her old-time captivating bloom. Her eyes, through which Gannell stared vindictively upon her soul, were no longer clear; often she spent sleepless nights. She was waiting for the storm to break; and the waiting was sapping her nerve.

"Kirschner was arrested the minute he arrived—for the murder of Sorley!" He ripped out the name, leaning toward her, his lips in the protruding position they had taken to say it.

May Gannell winced. This was the closest he ever had come to a verbal accusation. It removed her last doubt. Since the finding of the body she had been striving to put two and two together. Her eyes rounded with horror. Gannell's attitude as he sneered at her now gave her the answer.

Rising from her chair, forcing knees that were palsied to carry her, she backed away. Slowly, while his shoulders quivered with silent mirth, she dragged her weighted feet. Her hands, behind her, met the wall. Her fascinated gaze on him, she sidled along to the door. His laughter ringing tauntingly in her ears, she whirled and ran.

Near Sorley's body was a coat, mostly burned, but with the tailor's label undamaged. Kirschner's name was there. In the one pocket that had survived the flames, furthermore, was a half-emptied box of cigarettes—of the exclusive brand which Kirschner smoked!

In the beginning, Gannell had not planned to make the evidence dangerous against Kirschner; not too damning. When he had taken Kirschner's coat the idea of using it to distract attention from himself had been but vague. The effect of having to stay in his wife's company, of practicing his insidious cruelty upon her, and the fear bred by his guilty knowledge of what was under the snow only half a mile away, had inspired him to elaborate. The crime might be brought home to him. He had to divert suspicion more thoroughly. If he were going to the trouble of bringing the case still closer to Kirschner by placing the incriminating burned coat beside the body, he might as well add a detail that would make it more conclusive. The cigarettes seemed a clever touch—one of these trifling things by which many a crime has been pinned down.

The police, Gannell calculated, would say that Kirschner burned the coat when he deposited the body in the gully, because there was blood on the coat; that he had been afraid to take it home and destroy it there lest he be seen. They did just that, and charged Kirschner with murder.

Elsy Kirschner withstood the shock of her husband's arrest with remarkable calm—outwardly, that was. Inwardly she was in a turmoil, ready to collapse. But she kept her hysteria in check because this was the time to fight, because if she gave way to her feelings she would be of no comfort to him, but on the contrary would increase his burden. So she smiled while she talked with him through the bars, and her smile restored his confidence. As long as she believed in him ——

"You have told them that that coat was stolen weeks after Sorley disappeared. What do they say to that?" Elsy could not understand how this item could be considered as evidence. "Can't they see that it must have been placed there deliberately by someone who wanted to direct suspicion toward you?"

"I've told them that," said Kirschner wearily, "and they laugh at me. They ask why I didn't report the theft. It does no good to say I didn't consider it worth reporting—that it was an old coat and that I supposed a tramp had taken it."

"But, Jim." She bit her lip and paused to strangle a sob; she must not let him know that within her was a great despair. "But, Jim, haven't they sense enough to admit that you would not have left the coat only half burned? No one is going to leave such evidence. Doesn't it appeal to them as strange that the parts of the coat unconsumed were those bearing the label and the pocket containing the cigarettes?"

Kirschner threw out his hands helplessly. "Sense doesn't enter into this, apparently, Elsy." He took her hands and pressed them to his face, and their icy coldness was soothing, though it told him of the chill that was at her heart. "I ran away," he quoted the police, "before the coat was burned entirely because I was fearful the fire would attract somebody—perhaps a policeman."

"The cigarette box," she persisted, clutching at a straw. "You never carry them like that—always in your case."

He smiled at her innocence. How could he make capital of that fact? He shook his head. The cigarettes, according to the police, made one of the strongest points against him. Didn't they disprove his statement that the coat was stolen? A tramp could not afford that sort of cigarette.

"What have they said to you?" he queried. He ground his teeth at thought of the agony she must be undergoing. She did not have to answer the questions of the police—she was his wife—but she could not prevent their invasion of the house in the search for further incriminating evidence.

"There was nothing I could tell except that we heard Sorley enter and leave the last night he looked after the furnace." Her brows wrinkled in thought. "What about the detectives you engaged to hunt for him, Jim? Didn't they discover anything that might be of value to us now?"

The plural pronoun warmed Kirschner. It was heartening to know that Elsy shared his tragedy to the uttermost.

"I've sent for them," he said. He had little hope in this direction, however. The police had remarked with amusement on his effort to solve the mystery. They called it a blind.

"So have I. If nothing else, they ought to be able to show that Sorley was at other houses later than he was at ours."

The tenacity with which she was grappling the situation brought a wan smile to Kirschner.

"The police admit that," he said. "Their earlier investigation showed that Gannell's was the last place he visited."

"Gannell's!" Elsy remembered that Gannell had been home but a short while before Sorley's disappearance. She was only slightly acquainted with May Gannell. No breath of scandal ever had attached to the latter. But ——

"Haven't they questioned Mr. Gannell?"

"Of course. He was in the house all that evening. His wife and two servants were there. There was no—no ——"

Kirschner could not complete the sentence. He could not say to Elsy that there was no suggestion of a motive for Gannell to have slain Sorley. Gannell's wife had not been talked of as a motive.

"Forgive me, love," he added quickly as the starting tears revealed that his wife had filled in the words he had left unsaid. "I didn't mean ——"

"I know, Jim."

She blinked the tears away. She did not pursue this line. But she wondered whether the behavior of May Gannell when they had come face to face on the street a couple of hours ago had not been due to more than a horrified sympathy. May Gannell had stopped in front of her, rooted. Her clasped hands crushed against her lips, she had gasped out a choked unintelligible cry while she stared at Elsy with wild dilated eyes. Ten, fifteen seconds she had stood, then retreated a step, cowering, before she recovered herself and hurried on without a word.

With the bars between them, Kirschner and his wife talked longer but impotently over his position, finding encouragement

(Continued on Page 169)

DUPLEX TRUCKS
BUILT FOR BUSINESS

Careless Truck Buying Makes Transportation Cost Too Much!

The Truck is a Piece of Business Machinery. It Should Represent the Most Economical Method for Doing Its Particular Job. Buy Your Truck on That Basis—And it Will Be a Good Investment

RISING costs and the shrinking value of the dollar to a large extent can be offset by *intelligent buying*.

A steadily increasing number of business men are *getting* the facts and then *buying* their trucks on the basis of the facts.

It takes more than just money to get real value in a motor truck.

There are many good trucks on the market. But value in a truck, very much like character in a man, isn't always completely revealed by what the eye can see.

Trucks are necessarily bound to *look* much alike. Their superficial specifications, even, may not differ greatly.

Back of every Duplex Truck are *Fundamental Principles*—of design and of construction.

The fundamental principles of Duplex design, coupled with the Duplex integrity of construction, are the factors that result in the *remarkable degree of service value in Duplex Trucks for the man who buys.*

There is Nothing Somebody Else Can Do To Save a Man From Paying the Price of His Own Limitations or His Own Carelessness

Look in the used-car columns of your local paper. Note the number and makes of trucks offered for sale and *think about* all the reasons.

In one day in three cities 324 different used trucks were listed for sale—and not one Duplex among them.

Are these trucks for sale because they were not bought right?

There is something significant here when you stop to analyze it.

Why is this tendency to standardize on Duplex so noticeable of late years?

The answer is very likely that trucks are *more and more being bought on the business basis of service delivered and what the service costs over a period of years.*

This is a Time for Intelligent Buying

A truck is just as much a piece of business equipment as any other piece of machinery. Its value is in *what it does and how cheaply it does it.*

Transportation is a necessary part of every business.

A truck gives a business man transportation facilities—at a high or a low price. *It depends on the fitness of the truck for its job.*

Now take a man who buys a truck for his business without getting all the facts first. Later he discovers that his truck is not as economical as it should be. He sells it at a sacrifice and gets another—and so on. Finally he buys the truck he should have selected the first time.

What is the result?

He pays too much for his transportation. His costs for trucking are not right. And the consumer pays the costs of doing business.

The Duplex Users of Today are Probably the Most Intelligent Buyers and Users of Trucks in America

Think of this—ninety per cent of the Duplex dealers have been distributing Duplex Trucks ever since this company was first organized.

What does this signify? It shows for one thing that their customers have found the Duplex Truck to be a successful truck for them.

No truck dealer can hope to survive *unless he can get repeat orders.* His customers *must stay* and buy again and again. And customers won't stay unless they are satisfied.

The great significance of all this is that *Duplex users stay Duplex users.* Many of them have tried out five or six different makes of trucks before they got their first Duplex.

The whole history of this business shows that when a man buys his first Duplex it is only a little while until *he standardizes* on Duplex.

Duplex users are no longer experimenting in truck efficiency, because they are satisfied and their satisfaction is based on results.

Get the Facts for Yourself

We have hundreds of letters from users in our offices that show some very remarkable facts. They are not edited. The letters stand just as they were written.

If you are a truck user and want to read these letters write us and we will send them to you for your private perusal. For ethical reasons we do not care to publish them.

What Do *You* Think?

Duplex 4-Wheel Drive

Many companies in the heavy duty fields say that the Duplex 4-Wheel Drive is the only successful truck they ever owned.

If your kind of work has proved too much for the ordinary truck—you will find that the Duplex dealer near you can give you some really interesting *facts.*

Many owners still seem to be using the *wrong kind* of trucks. Get the Duplex facts.

DUPLEX BUILT FOR BUSINESS

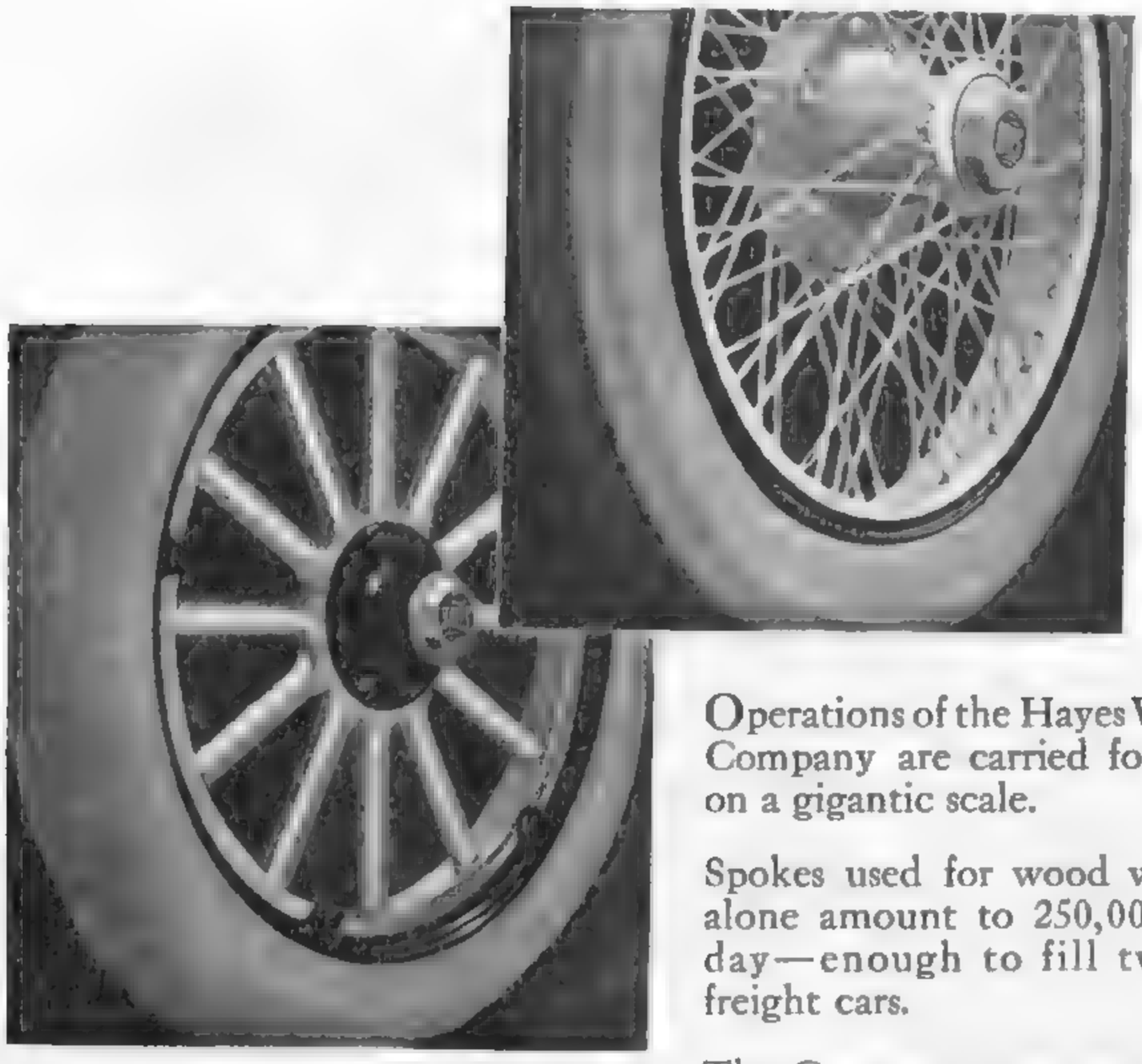
The Duplex Limited

Thoughtful men have entire confidence in the Duplex Limited—feeling that this *high speed* Duplex is a safe investment because of the fact that it *is* a Duplex.

Medium capacity—Pneumatic Tired—Two Wheel Drive—Full Electrical Equipment—here is a Speed Truck that *lasts.* Strong, rugged, mechanically and constructively *right*—it handles as easily and smoothly as a passenger car—and at a minimum of upkeep.

Duplex Truck Company
Lansing · Michigan

One of the Oldest and Most Successful Truck Companies in America



Operations of the Hayes Wheel Company are carried forward on a gigantic scale.

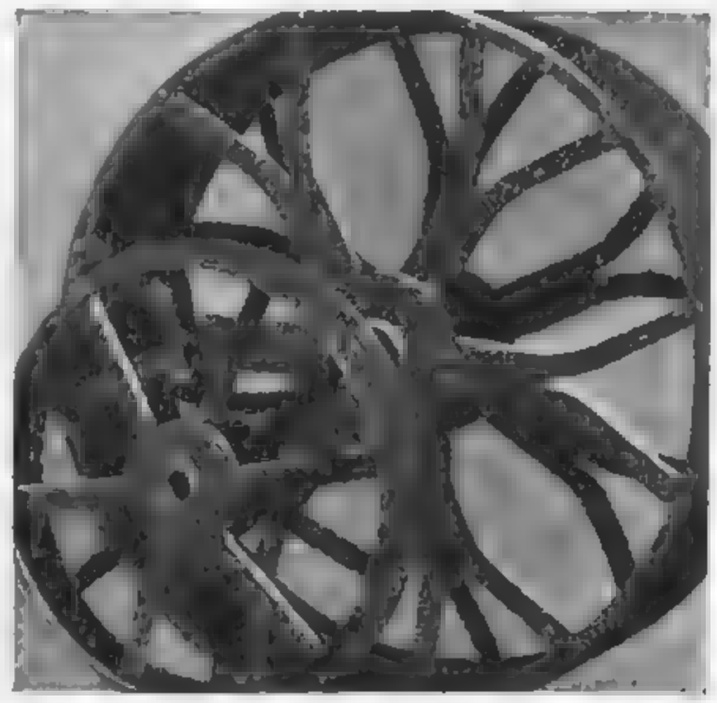
Spokes used for wood wheels alone amount to 250,000 per day—enough to fill twelve freight cars.

The Company turns out, in a working day, as many as 20,000 wheels, half of which are shipped to a single customer from one Hayes plant.

But it is not the *size* of the Hayes Wheel Company that has built for it the good will in which it is held.

It is the *confidence* of automotive manufacturers in the superiority of Hayes products, and the integrity of Hayes policies, that has built the Company to its great size.

In the eleven years during which the Hayes Wheel Company has been in business up to January 1, 1920, it produced a total of 16,289,089 single wheels



HAYES Wheel Company

Jackson, Michigan

Branches at Albion, Mich. and Anderson, Ind. Hayes Motor Truck Wheel Co., St. Johns, Mich. Hayes Wheel Co., Ltd., of Canada, Chatham, Ont. and Windsor, Ont.

World's Largest Builders of Wheels—Wire, Wood, Steel

(Continued from Page 166)

only in their mutual trust. Neither was greatly deceived by her reiteration that he would be cleared of the charge, but they smiled on parting as though the way out of the morass was plainly visible.

"You'll be free, dear, in a day or two," she said as they kissed.

"I know it, wife," he said, and kissed her again.

But out of one another's sight they yielded to their thoughts, and these were black. Kirschner could perceive no chance other than the consideration of a jury which, holding Elsy guilty of consorting with Sorley, would give him the benefit of the unwritten law. He writhed over that possibility—that if he were saved it would be because they did not believe her stainless as she was.

And Elsy—only her faith in a higher justice gave her courage. Unless, unless—why had May Gannell acted so oddly? How had the cigarettes come into that coat? Why had the pocket in which they were, and the tailor's label, been left by the flames?

To the private detective who responded to her summons with the record of the agency's attempt to locate Sorley, Elsy Kirschner spoke particularly of the cigarette box.

"I don't know why," she emphasized, "but somehow upon that rests our proof. Will the police let us examine it?"

The detective hid a smile. "For finger prints?" he asked. He was sorry for Elsy. She appeared to be on a losing side. He had not much confidence in Kirschner in view of the circumstantial case against him. "If there are finger prints on it," he enlarged, "the police will have them sorted out by now if that is possible. It is difficult to get anything definite from an article that has been handled a lot."

"Not for finger prints; no." Elsy eyed him evenly. She was no more impressed by him than he was by Kirschner's chances. "I'd like to see it. I—will they let us see it?"

"I guess so." He turned again to the reports of the operatives who had worked on the Sorley case. "Now here ——"

"Never mind," she interrupted. "Wait till I get a wrap. We'll go now to the police. It's just a feeling I have"—she appealed to him, and he was moved to do his best to humor her in this extremity—"but ——"

She broke off with a sob and went to dress for outdoors. When she came back she was composed. A sparkle was in her eyes, her cheeks were flushed. Within thirty minutes she would know whether this intuition would lead to anything. It seemed a vainly despairing effort to look to this scrap of cardboard for aid, but she was impelled by the obviousness of the fact that it had been planted in the one unburned pocket of the coat.

The police chief received her in kindly fashion. He said she might look at the exhibits. The private detective inquired about finger prints. None was legible on the box.

Sitting at the chief's desk the wife turned the box over and over. They watched her silently. It was pathetic to look upon a woman on such a hopeless quest. They saw no way in which this could affect the case except so far as it forged a link in the circumstantial chain.

Suddenly Elsy Kirschner bent closer over the box. Her face went white, then the flush came and went on her cheeks as her breathing quickened. A throb with excitement she looked up at the chief.

"This—this is the right box?" she stammered in her anxiety.

"Yes."

The chief stepped closer. What had she found on the box?

There was nothing peculiar about it that he could notice.

"And there is no possibility that another will be put in its stead?" Her hand closed tighter on it as though she would give battle to anyone who sought to take it.

The chief laughed good-naturedly. "Certainly not, my dear lady. It is marked—the tag identifies it as the proper exhibit."

"O-oh!" She gave a great long-drawn sigh of thankfulness, and for a full minute was silent. Her gaze turned gravely again on the chief. "Would it help Mr. Kirschner," she asked steadily, "if it should be proved that he could not have put this box into the coat pocket?"

"What?"

The proposition startled the chief. She repeated it.

"Well," he replied warily, "it might do that. But how are you going to prove it?"

Elsy Kirschner laughed quietly. She reached for the phone.

"May I call my lawyer?"

"Go ahead," nodded the chief.

After phoning the lawyer to come immediately Elsy Kirschner commanded: "Send for Mrs. Gannell." She had herself admirably under control, but her tone was exultant.

The chief balked. "For what?"

"So we can talk to her," retorted the prisoner's wife equably. "I want her to hear—something."

The police officer looked at the cigarette box in her hand. He made up his mind. He pressed a buzzer.

"Get Mrs. Gannell," he instructed the man who answered.

They waited. Elsy Kirschner's countenance was aflame with triumph. Her detective and the chief were equally puzzled. She refused to tell them how the box could benefit her husband. They inspected it, but could observe nothing extraordinary.

The lawyer and Mrs. Gannell arrived within a few minutes of one another. Gannell accompanied her. She was ill at ease, but he was not. He did not count himself in any danger. Hadn't he sewed Kirschner up tight? He hoped Kirschner would wriggle free of the charge; but not at his, Gannell's, expense.

May Gannell hesitated doubtfully. He pushed forward.

"What's doing?" He smiled affably but shiftily, his eyes darting over the company. "Want to see me?"

"No." It was Elsy Kirschner who answered. "Not yet."

The chief let her run things. He obeyed when she requested him to call the detective who had kept tab on Kirschner in Florida.

"Will you step outside, please Mr. Gannell?"

Gannell experienced his first wavering. The smile left his face. He opened his mouth, but did not speak.

"We'll call you if we want you," the chief supported Elsy Kirschner's invitation.

Gannell went into the anteroom to pace up and down with growing restlessness. He didn't get the hang of things—this exclusion of himself and the inclusion of May in the conference.

Elsy Kirschner addressed the lawyer: "The chief concedes that it will help Mr. Kirschner materially if we can prove that he could not have put this box in the coat that was found partly burned beside the body," she began. "We can do that." She looked pointedly at May Gannell. "We can prove also that the coat was not put where it was found until weeks after Sorley disappeared. Would that"—she turned briskly to the chief—"alter the status of my husband?"

"It might." He knew that it would, but he was not ready to commit himself.

"It would," interjected the lawyer. "How are we going to do that, Mrs. Kirschner?"

Again Elsy Kirschner contemplated the other woman. May Gannell sat nervously tearing a handkerchief to shreds. She was only the ghost of herself. She would not meet Elsy's gaze.

"The coat in question was stolen, as my husband has stated," continued Elsy Kirschner succinctly; "stolen weeks after the disappearance of Sorley. In what remained of it when it was discovered in the woods was a box of cigarettes similar to those my husband smokes. This is the box, isn't it?" She held it up, and the chief nodded.

"Mrs. Gannell," Elsy Kirschner, fighting for her husband's liberty, perhaps his life, challenged brusquely, "you recall the night Sorley was murdered—the night he disappeared?"

May Gannell glanced toward the door on the opposite side of which was her husband. She tried to speak, but only gulped.

"It was the night after your husband came home, late in December," went on Elsy Kirschner. "Your house, Mrs. Gannell, is the last place Sorley is known to have been alive. Was there"—she spoke softly, but gravely, accusingly—"was there any reason why he might have been killed—by Mr. Gannell?"

"Just a minute!" The chief came to the rescue of May Gannell, who could do no more than stare with fear-laden eyes at her questioner. "That's going pretty far, Mrs. Kirschner. You were to show something by that cigarette box—not to try to mix the case up by accusing someone else."

REES

DOUBLE WORM GEAR DRIVE

Trade Mark Reg U S Pat Office

JACK

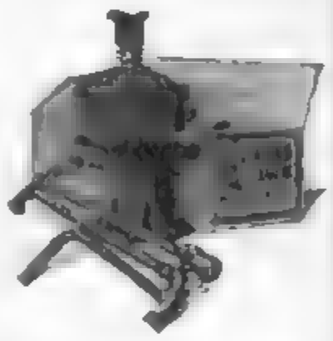
Ask Your Garage Man —he knows

REES is the choice of the man who works with a Jack—and that's a liberal tribute. He knows Rees ruggedness and power, its convenience by the exclusive long-handled operation—for all the essential features of Rees Passenger Car Jack are found in his special garage model.

Anyone can operate Rees Jack conveniently without endangering good clothes; everyone may depend on its sure performance.

It's safer to have a lifting tool aboard that's equal to any emergency. If your car is not one of those equipped with Rees Jack—get one at once from your dealer, or write us direct.

The price of Rees Passenger Car Jack is $9.00; west of the Rockies $9.50, prepaid.



Rees Jack No. 1, the Passenger Car Model, will be found on dealers' shelves in a convenient, protecting carton of orange and black design. Just as the Jack with its long folding handle is tucked into this package, so can it be conveniently housed in your car.

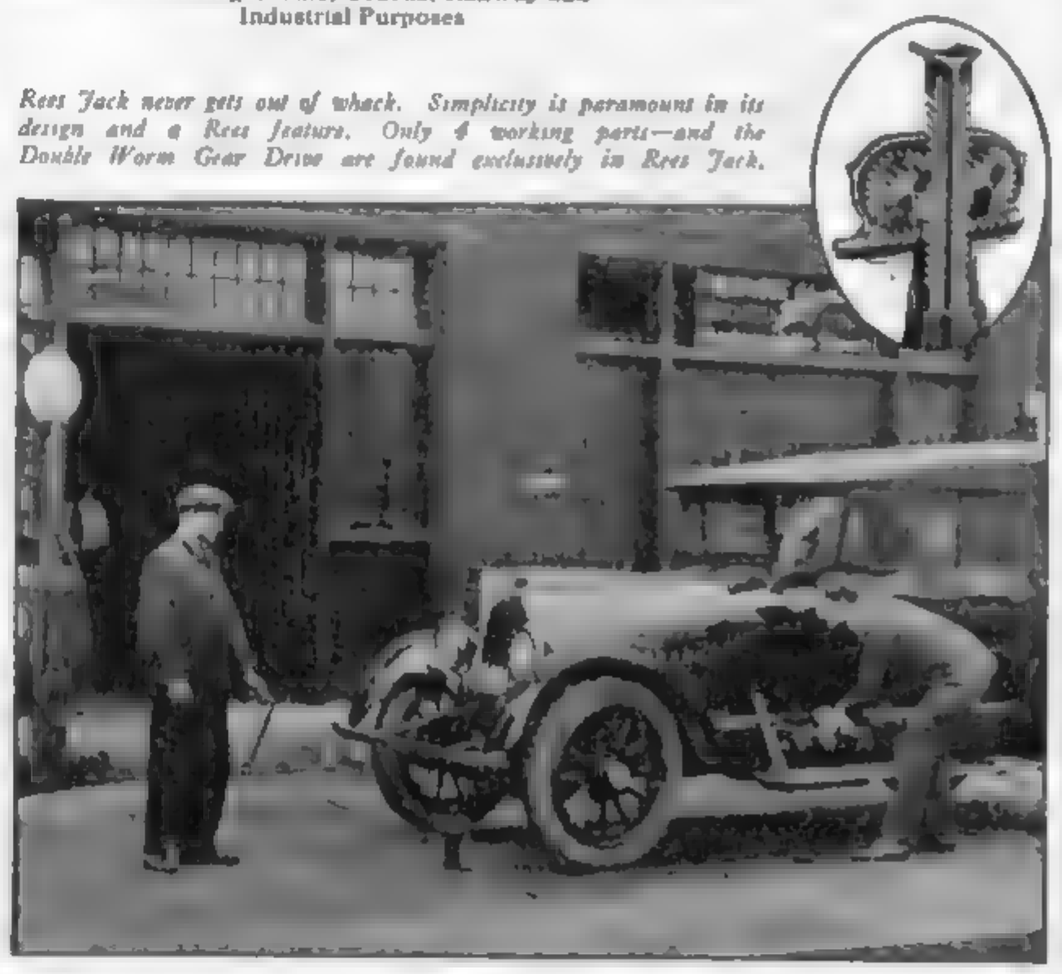
Exclusive Manufacturers

Iron City Products Co.

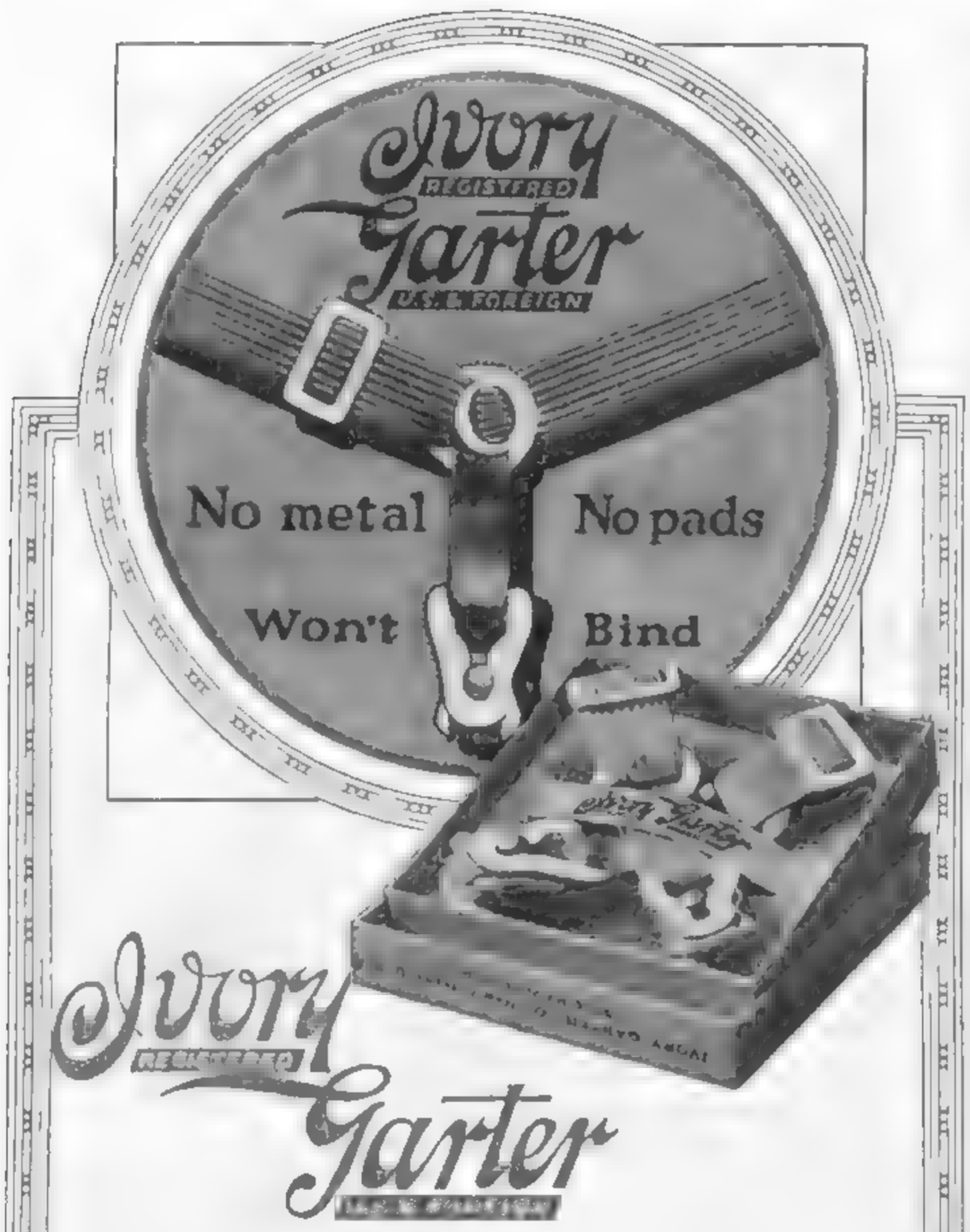
Dept. 15, 7501 Thomas Boulevard
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Manufacturers of Rees Double Worm Gear Drive Jacks for Passenger Cars, Trucks, Railway and Industrial Purposes

Rees Jack never gets out of whack. Simplicity is paramount in its design and a Rees feature. Only 4 working parts—and the Double Worm Gear Drive are found exclusively in Rees Jack.



A Rees demonstration sells it. Motorists are saying—"Here IS a Jack!"



TREAT your legs to some real relief. Go to your men's wear dealer and tell him, "I want Ivory Garters."

He'll get you right off, because many, many of your fellow men are telling him the same thing every day. With these glad words they demand the fresh, cool comfort and good service that joyful experience proves they find in Ivory Garters.

There are good grounds for Ivory Garter lightness. Ivory Garters carry no unnecessary weight. They have no metal to rust. Their freedom from pads explains their airy coolness. Throughout they are lively, durable, clinging fabric, especially constructed to grip naturally without slipping, pressing or binding.

So gently do they fill their job, you do not know you're wearing Ivory Garters. They're a long term sock security and a grateful solace to hot and tired legs.

Carry the answer under your hat. Say "Ivory Garters" when you're buying, and you won't have to say it twice.

IVORY GARTER CO., New Orleans, U. S. A.

"Very well." Elsy held out the box and spoke to the detective who had been South: "Where was Mr. Kirschner in February?"

The detective referred to a notebook. "In Miami."

"When did he go South?"

"January seventeenth."

"Did he come North between then and our return on April sixth?"

"No."

She smiled at the chief. "You believe this man?"

"I sure do. What "

"And you consider this cigarette box fairly conclusive evidence that my husband burned the coat beside the body?"

"Umph."

She called the lawyer to her side. Her finger traced over the revenue stamp on the box.

"If Mr. Kirschner was away from here from January seventeenth to April sixth, and Sorley's body was uncovered April third," she demanded vibrantly, "how could he prior to April third have had cigarettes up here, in this town, which could not have come from the factory before February? And if they did not come from the factory before February it stands to reason he could not have had them when Sorley was killed in December. The coat, therefore, was put beside the body while Mr. Kirschner was far away from here."

The chief caught his breath. "Where do you get that February stuff?" he snapped.

"Here." Elsy Kirschner indicated the revenue stamp. On it, but scarcely discernible, was printed: "Factory No. 21. February, 1920. 2nd District of Virginia."

"Well, I'll be damned!" The chief mopped his head. He looked at May Gannell. Her face was twitching, her fingers folding and unfolding. He glowered at her: "Where do you ——"

The opening of the door interrupted him. Gannell poked his head in. He had to know what was going on; what they were saying to May.

The tense situation halted him. He saw the chief standing before his wife; saw Elsy Kirschner's victorious air, the cigarette box on her upturned palm the object of interest to the detectives who crowded round her. And he knew that something had gone grievously astray.

"Come in!" The chief waved him forward.

"What's the matter?" Gannell advanced hesitantly. His smile degenerated into a sickly, uncertain grin.

"Nothing," said Elsy Kirschner clearly, "except that you killed Sorley!"

Gannell laughed loudly, too noisily for genuine laughter. His eyes slanted to his wife. She was shrinking in a half swoon, her face blanched with terror.

Elsy Kirschner moved quietly over and put a hand on her shoulder.

"Mrs. Gannell "

May Gannell screamed. She caught Elsy's arm and held fast, her fingers biting into the flesh.

"I saw him—saw him—saw him!" she cried. "I saw him burn a coat in the cellar a month ago—six weeks ago! He was haunting me—haunting me with memories of Sorley. I watched him, to be ready for the tricks he played on me. I saw him burn the coat, and next day"—her voice fell and she fumbled in her handbag—"next day I found this button. It's scorched and—— Oh!" she shrieked as Gannell snarled at her.

"She's crazy!" he said. "She's crazy! She ——"

He stopped to listen to her faltering, whispered words: "And on the handle of the ax—I found—a stain that looks like—blood!"

"Shut up!" Gannell edged backward toward the door. A detective blocked him. "Shut up! You're my wife. You can't testify such rot as that or anything else."

The chief signaled his men to take hold of Gannell.

"You're mistaken there," he declared. "She can't be made to testify, but she can if she pleases."

"And I will—oh, I will!" shrieked May Gannell. "He's driving me mad—mad! He saw me that night—that night he came home—he saw me and—Sorley."

Gannell recovered his nerve. He sneered thinly.

"You've got to prove all that," he said defiantly.

After all, what had they on him? A circumstantial case could be beaten. They'd have to go some to make good with what they had. His wife had just said she was being driven mad. Maybe he could have her declared insane! He'd give them a battle into the highest courts if need be.

An officer left the room on a mission for the chief.

"You're holding my client on insufficient evidence," said Kirschner's lawyer. "We'll ask his discharge on arraignment to-morrow."

"You can have bail to-night if you can dig up a judge," agreed the chief. "I'll call the district attorney."

With May Gannell still clinging to her, Elsy Kirschner breathed her gratitude. Then her emotions broke bounds. She laughed, frivolously, while her tears started. She tottered as her husband appeared in the doorway—tottered to meet him, and fell fainting into his arms.

Why Men's Teeth

Gather stain and tartar—why they decay

All statements approved by high dental authorities

Millions of men's teeth become stained and dingy—particularly the men who smoke.

But it isn't the teeth that stain—it's a film-coat that is on them. Remove that film-coat and the stain will go.

Combat that film and you will combat the cause of most tooth troubles. For most of them nowadays are traced to that film.

Film—the great problem

Film has for many years been a great dental problem. It is ever-present, ever-forming—that viscous film you feel.

It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. Then, in the months between dental cleanings, it may do a ceaseless damage.

Film absorbs stains, and thus the teeth become more or less discolored. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it, and many serious troubles, local and internal, are now traced to them.

Thus film is now regarded as the teeth's great enemy. And the object of brushing, above all else, should be to combat it.

Now a film combatant

Dental science, after years of searching, has found a film combatant. Its harmless efficiency has been amply proved by many clinical and laboratory tests. Millions have come to employ it, and leading dentists all over America are urging its adoption.

The method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. Two other newly-recognized essentials are included with it. The result is a dental cream which has brought to multitudes a new era in teeth cleaning.

No one can doubt it

The user of Pepsodent cannot doubt its efficiency. The results are quick and apparent. So the method is to supply it free, and let each user judge for himself. But your dentist knows the technical facts and the formula.

Pepsodent contains active pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. It also multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. The object is to dissolve the film, wherever it lodges, and to day by day combat it.

The chief discovery is a harmless activating method for the pepsin. The usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But, in this new form, active pepsin can be twice a day applied.

The great value of Pepsodent lies in fighting this film. That is all-important. But it also applies two other unique cleansing agents. Together they have brought to millions whiter, safer teeth.

Make this test

Send the coupon below for a 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent. Use like any tooth paste. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film: See how teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears.

When you see the results the book we send will tell the reasons for them.

You will realize very quickly that under this method the tooth brush has gained new efficiency.

Send no money—not even postage. You are welcome to the test.

For their teeth, too

Show the results of Pepsodent to others in the family. Everybody needs it—children more than you. Very few children reach 15 without some tooth decay. And very few women have teeth entirely undimmed by film.

What Pepsodent does for your teeth it will do for their teeth. Let them see.

PAT. OFF.

Pepsodent

REG. U. S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, combined with two other newly-recognized essentials. Now advised by leading dentists everywhere. All druggists supply the large tubes.

Millions now know

Millions now use Pepsodent. Wherever you look you see the results of it. Most of them discovered it by sending this coupon. Mail it and learn what they know.

10-Day Tube Free

421

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 651, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

ONLY ONE TUBE TO A FAMILY

Putting horse-power over the jumps

THE blasting heat that most of us have felt as a boiler fire door is opened is cool compared to the white hot gases further in, that rise from the incandescent fire bed to be sucked back through the boiler and to the stack.

Their rush is swift, but before they can reach the stack, they have been forced to take the longest and most devious path through great racks of water-filled tubes, so that the water in the tubes will have every possible opportunity to absorb the heat from the gases.

To force them to take this longest path through the boiler, hurdles have been devised by engineers, over which this plunging flood of heat, energy, horse-power must go, over and under, and up and down.

These hurdles, or baffle walls, as they are called, once presented many difficulties from a structural standpoint. They obviously must withstand great heat. They must be flame-tight, even though necessarily pierced and honeycombed by hundreds of tubes that change size as they heat or cool.

Johns-Manville has introduced a new departure in baffle construction, that of pouring the wall around the tubes just as concrete is poured.

Such baffle walls are really leak-proof and resistant to high furnace temperatures, and unaffected by contraction and expansion of the tubes passing through them. They make new fuel economies possible in steam boiler operation.

This is but one of the many departments of Johns-Manville Engineering in the great cause of power saving. In addition to Baffle Walls, a complete line of *High Temperature Cements* has been developed to protect boiler fireboxes, retorts, cupolas, and dryers from destruction by high heats.

For the prevention of air leakage or infiltration there are other materials to be applied to the outside of boiler settings—all a most vital work in the conservation of fuel.

H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO.
New York City
10 Factories—Branches in 63 Large Cities

For Canada
Canadian Johns-Manville Co., Ltd.,
Toronto

Here are a few Johns-Manville products:

Monolithic Baffle Walls
Refractory Cements
Asbestos Insulating Cements
Asbesto-Sponge Felted Pipe Insulation
Asbesto-Sponge Felted Sheet and Block Insulation
85% Magnesia Pipe Insulation
85% Magnesia Block Insulation
Built-Up Brine and Ammonia Insulation
Cold Water Pipe Insulation
Vitribestos Stack and Breeching Lining
Steam Traps

JOHNS-MANVILLE SERVICE COVERS THE CONTINENT

Through—

Asbestos
and its allied products

INSULATION
that keeps the heat where it belongs
CEMENTS
that make boiler walls leak-proof
ROOFINGS
that cut down fire risks
PACKINGS
that save power waste
LININGS
that make brakes safe
FIRE PREVENTION PRODUCTS

JOHNS-MANVILLE
Serves in Conservation

ANTHOLOGY OF POLITICIANS

(Continued from Page 9)

from newspapers subscribing for Mr. Mee's interpretations and they all read to this substantial effect: "Where does Mee get that Blivens stuff? And why should we pay tolls on press-agent mush for that dead one? Tell him to get wise or we'll cut him off."

Mush! The vulgarity of it appalls Mr. Mee. He bewails the lack of understanding in the newspaper offices of the country. He regrets that he so prostituted his art as to engage in this commerce, but does not quit the job. After all, there is the syndicate arrangement. Money ——

But with the unanimous consent of his syndicate manager Mr. Mee thereafter devotes his great genius for interpretation to the interpretation of the subject in which he is most interested and on which he writes most fluently—himself.

The Plank Proposer

FOR twenty-four years Judge William Q. Bolus has attended every national convention held, irrespective of party, and has been one of the familiar and insistent group of reformers, near messiahs, protagonists and county saviors who flock to the anterooms of the meeting places of the committees on resolutions, who make the platforms, with panaceas for all the ills that afflict us. Each is certain that the plank he proposes will do the trick and set us on our way to the millennium.

None is more certain than Judge Bolus. He has a plank advocating the adoption of the ancient Egyptian system of mensuration, which he feels will, when made into law, compose all our economic, political and sociological difficulties. This plank, as written originally by the judge, was succinctly set forth in thirty-seven large typewritten pages, closely spaced to save as much paper as possible, as the judge is far from wealthy, though willing to spend his last dollar for the advancement of the country in the manner indicated.

Eight years ago a kindly committeeman told the judge if he would condense his plank to a smaller compass, say to a page or so of typewritten matter, the committeeman would see to it that the plank was presented to the full committee. This was the first direct encouragement the judge had ever received. Fired with enthusiasm, his active mind teeming with visions of his great reform accomplished, and overjoyed because the end of his long fight was at hand, the judge hired a stenographer and set busily at work to condense his plank.

He worked unceasingly for two nights and two days. When he had concluded his arduous labors his plank comprised fifty-four pages, closely typewritten, in place of the original thirty-seven.

The Political Senator

IT IS the firm opinion of the Hon. H. T. Grasper, United States senator, that the party to which he belongs is run exclusively of, by and for the United States Senate.

The Honorable Grasper arrives early in the convention city, and stays late. When consulted as to the procedure and work of the convention he submits the following schedule, embodying his idea of correct, loyal and just organization and results as regards the welfare of the entire people—the great, common people, with whose hearts his heart beats in sympathetic accord and unison!

Temporary Chairman	H. T Grasper
Permanent Chairman	H T Grasper
Chairman Resolutions Committee	H T Grasper
Chairman Credentials Committee	H. T Grasper
Nominee for President	H. T. Grasper
Nominee for Vice President	H. T. Grasper
Chairman of Committee to Notify Nominees	H. T Grasper

Should any or all of these propositions unaccountably fail of accomplishment the Hon. H. T. Grasper will consent to make a speech to the convention at any time there is a lull in the proceedings.

The Oldest Voter

UNCLE EBENEZER ALLENBY began voting the ticket almost seventy years ago, and has voted it steadily ever since, always loyal to the precepts of the party. He is brought to the first session of the convention and seated on the platform in the front row. The chairman refers to Uncle Ebenezer as a grand old patriot and a connecting link between the present and the glorious past of the party.

"Well, uncle," asks the chairman, after the old man has been introduced and applauded, "what do you think of it?"

"'Tain't like the old days," quavers Ebenezer. "In them days I c'uld allers git two dollars fer my vote, but now, by heck, nobody ain't even showed me where the polls is."

The Local Demosthenes

NO PARTY worker is more loyal or self-sacrificing than Orestes P. Butt. Mr. Butt is a rising young lawyer who hopes to be county attorney, or, perhaps, circuit judge, some day, and is glad to serve his party, not only because he firmly believes in the precepts and policies of that party and has a deep reverence for its glorious history, but also because he has his car fare paid when he goes stumping and often picks up a client or gets wind of a case where he can horn in while out on the hustings.

Four years ago, when the presidential candidate of Mr. Butt's party was to make a fifteen-minute stop in Mr. Butt's home city, Mr. Butt volunteered to address the multitude for a few moments prior to the arrival of the presidential train, to get them in readiness, so to speak, for a proper welcome to the great man—warm them up, as it were. The presidential train was four hours and forty-five minutes late, but, nothing daunted, Mr. Butt talked for the entire time without repeating himself once save when he adverted to the Fathers in opening and closing, and with his magnificent tribute to The Star-Spangled Banner, which he used twice.

It has long been Mr. Butt's conviction that all that is needed to give him national fame as an orator is opportunity, and by virtue of his loyal labors for the ticket covering a space of fifteen years, which began soon after he won the inter-high-school debate so brilliantly at the age of seventeen, combined with earnest solicitation on his part, the chairman of the delegation from his state promised to give Mr. Butt a chance at the forthcoming convention. He is to second the nomination of the state's favorite son.

Mr. Butt has written and rehearsed, with appropriate gestures, a forty-minute speech that is to sweep the convention off its feet and gain him national recognition. On the day appointed for the nominating speeches he appears on the floor of the convention, wearing his Prince Albert coat, which shines like the skin of a trained seal, a flowing tie, and with his raven locks brushed back from his Olympian brow, and the divine fire in his eye. He is all set to stampede them.

Then, just before the roll call for nominations begins, some fiend in human form, devoid of understanding of the art and influence of oratory, proposes a rule limiting seconding speeches to five minutes; and the rule is tumultuously adopted.

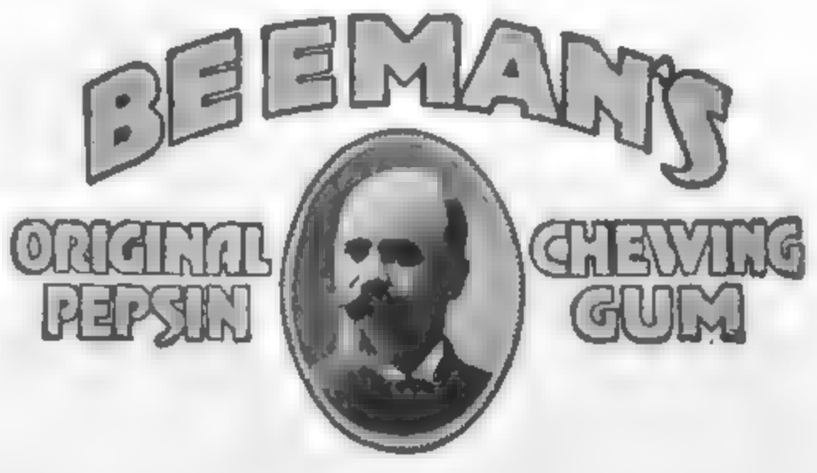
The Alternate

MR. HORATIO HAMPDEN HARKINSON is a member of one of the best families, and has a lively interest in politics—quite a flair for it, his club mates say. He is uniformly regular, believing that the best results can be obtained by organization, and opposed to all so-called progressiveness and reforms. Also Mr. Harkinson is good for a thousand-dollar check in each campaign.

Once every four years Mr. Harkinson gets his meed of recognition for his loyalty to the powers that be. He is made an alternate to the national convention, allowed to pay his own expenses, given a large badge to wear, and installed in a seat on the convention floor immediately in the rear of the regular delegates, and without voice or vote.

The Assistant

THE local paper in the home town of George R. Hippus printed this personal paragraph: "We are pleased to announce that a high political honor has been conferred on our esteemed fellow townsman, George R. Hippus. He has been notified, in a personal letter written in the hand of our national committeeman, Col. F. A. Drechester, that he has been selected as an

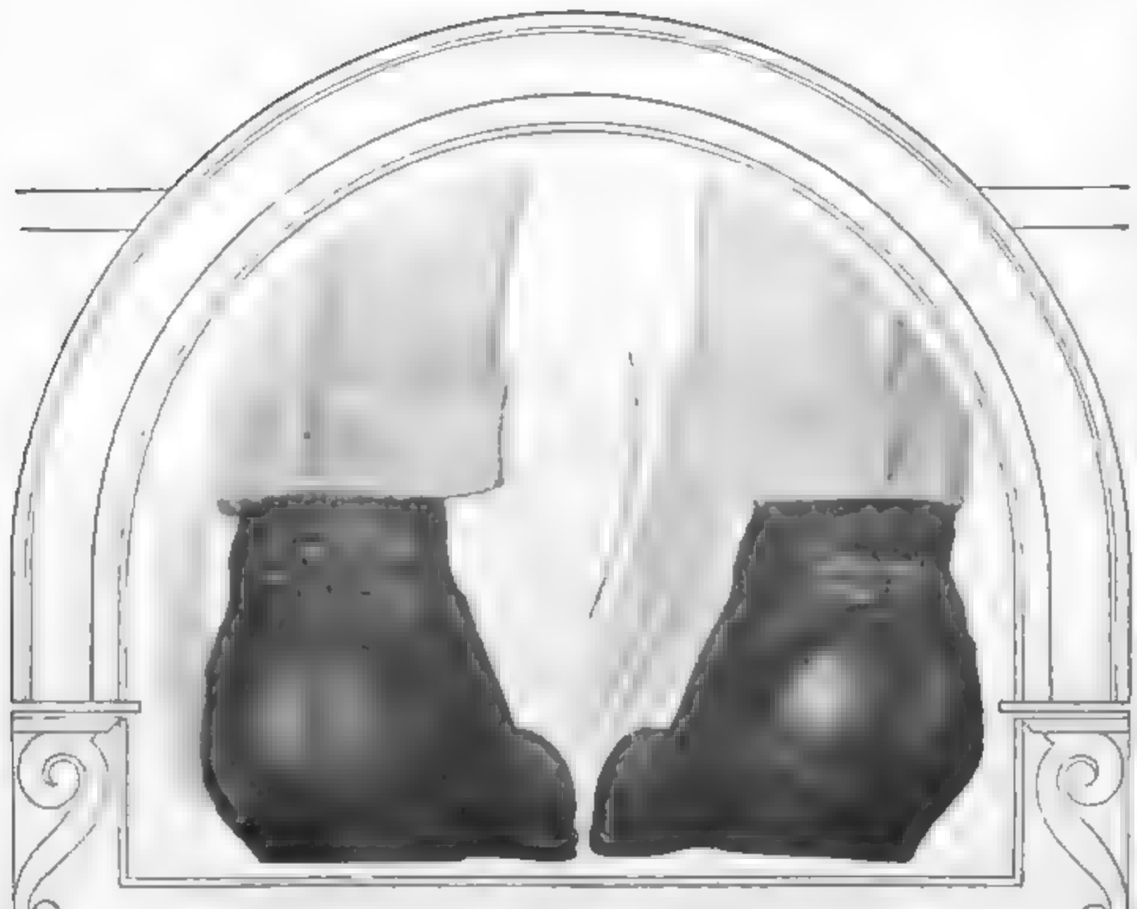


Business Executives Require Good Digestion

The whole efficiency of many an organization is often lowered by the digestive troubles of the "man at the top."

Such a man owes it to himself and his business to give strict attention to his diet, masticate his food thoroughly, and if he will chew Beeman's Original Pepsin Gum ten minutes after each meal he will find, as have many others, that it will contribute to the maintaining of good digestion.

American Chicle Company
New York Cleveland
Chicago Kansas City
San Francisco Rochester



Why heels wear down like this

This condition is caused by a distortion of the outer longitudinal arch and a mis-alignment of the heel bone. The ankle leans outward, causing the heel to wear down unevenly.

The body is thus unbalanced, causing strain which may affect the foot, calf, knee, hip and spine. Pains resulting are often mistaken for sciatica, lumbago and rheumatism, in adults and growing pains in children.

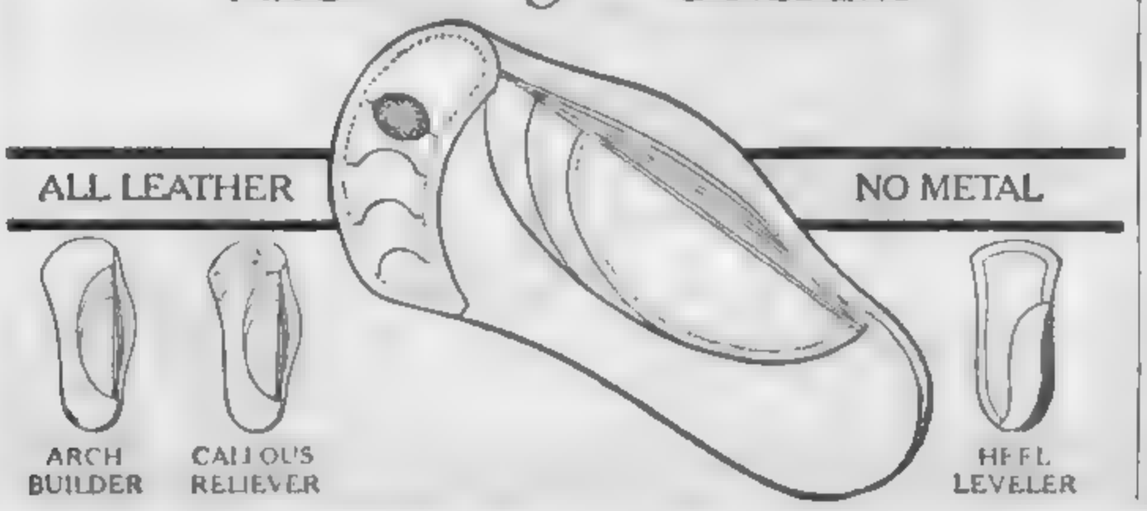
This condition can be completely overcome by counterbalancing the foot and scientifically supporting the dislocated bones in normal position, by means of the Wizard Adjustable Lightfoot Arch Builders and Heel Levelers.

Beneath these all-leather Arch Builders and Heel Levelers are overlapping pockets, so located that inserts of any desired thickness can be placed in exactly the right spot to support the dislocated bones in normal position. Adjustments are simply made by shifting inserts or changing their thickness.

Being all leather, Wizard Lightfoot Adjustable Arch Builders and Heel Levelers are light, flexible and are worn without one being conscious of them.

Wizard Lightfoot Arch Builders and Heel Levelers are sold by leading dealers everywhere. Usually where they are sold there is an expert who has made a study of fitting them. If there is no such dealer near you, write the Wizard Lightfoot Appliance Company, 1714 Locust Street, St Louis, Mo., or 945 Marbridge Bldg., New York City. Ask for "Orthopraxy of the Foot"—a simple treatise on foot troubles. No charge.

Wizard LIGHTFOOT ARCH BUILDERS



assistant sergeant at arms for the forthcoming national convention. Mr. Hippus has long been one of the most active political workers in this vicinity, and this recognition of his high standing in the party will be heartily welcomed by his hosts of friends."

George was highly elated. Ever since he cast his first vote—as a boy of eighteen but large for his age—he has been a politician, and the fact that Colonel Drechester had picked him for such an important post assured him that his future in politics was bright. George didn't know exactly what he would have to do as an assistant sergeant at arms, as he had never attended a national convention, but he did know that the place was important, and he told his friends that undoubtedly a good deal of the work incident to the nomination of a presidential candidate would devolve on him.

He went to the convention city early, and applied at the headquarters of Colonel Drechester for instructions. Much to his surprise there seemed to be no particular demand for his services and no very great enthusiasm over his advent. He was told to call round four or five days later and he would be given his badge. George spent that four or five days mingling unobtrusively with the crowds and absorbing the hot air of the hotel lobbies. He said nothing about his position, but kept his eyes and ears open, feeling that whatever he might pick up would be of service to him in the important part he was to play.

He called regularly each morning and afternoon at Colonel Drechester's room for instructions, but received none, the intimation being plain that so astute a politician as George needed no lessons in the political game. Finally, on the day before the convention, George was given the badge that proclaimed him an assistant sergeant at arms, and was told to report at the convention hall early next morning. He had a few misgivings when he noticed several other men walking about with badges similar to his pinned on their coats, but he was at the convention hall at eight o'clock, eager to get to work. He felt that Colonel Drechester depended on him to see that things went smoothly.

Nobody seemed impressed when he showed his badge, but it admitted him to the anteroom section of the convention hall and he finally found a door placarded Office of the Sergeant at Arms. George went in.

"Watcha want?" asked a peevish man who sat at a desk.

George explained that he was there, at the direction of Colonel Drechester, ready to exercise his undeniable political gifts, and what should he do?

"Do?" snorted the peevish man. "What the hell do we care what you do? Go out and get hit by a truck if that amuses you. Beat it."

"But," protested George, "I am an assistant sergeant at arms. Here is my badge." George pointed to his fluttering ribbon.

"You don't say!" replied the peevish man. "Is that a fact? Well, bo, you ain't got anything on four thousand other hicks who are assistant sergeants at arms too. If we put all you guys into the convention hall at one time they wouldn't be no room for the delegates. Go out and stick round. That's all you've got to do."

George went out and stuck round. He saw the show, but did no assisting. However, he learned a few things. Four years later, when Colonel Drechester, sending out letters from his card index, wrote to George and told him he had been selected as an assistant sergeant at arms George wrote back and asked to be made an assistant doorkeeper, instead. George, being a practical politician, had discovered that there is positively no increment in being an assistant sergeant at arms, but that an occasional piece of change is to be picked up by an assistant doorkeeper for slipping in some patriot who has no ticket.

The Colored Politician

MR. J. G. BLAINE BARKUS is a notable figure at all Republican national conventions. He has been handling contesting delegations of colored delegates from the Southern States for more than twenty years and has made a reputation for square dealing that stands him in good stead.

It is claimed for Mr. Barkus, and is susceptible of proof, that, in sharp contrast to some of his racial colleagues, when Mr. Barkus sells a bunch of delegates they stay sold for the period agreed upon.

It is the proud boast of Mr. Barkus that no delegation collected, chaperoned and contested by him has ever espoused the cause of more than one candidate at any one time.

The Advisory Committeeman

THE Hon. Henry T. McGoof is always spoken of in the papers as "a prominent citizen." His name is one to conjure with. It may be true that there is no elective office within the gift of the people that the people would give to Mr. McGoof, for various reasons that appeal to the unthinking masses, but on the other hand Mr. McGoof splits that fifty-fifty by asserting from time to time that there is no elective office within the gift of the people he would accept, preferring, as he does, to exert his vast influence on matters governmental and political from the unimpeded and more independent private position he occupies as a leading citizen, with the best interests of the nation always at heart.

However, firm as Mr. McGoof is in his position of refusal of elective office, he does not disdain such preferment as may come to him in matters that require no submission of himself to the suffrages of the proletariat. He is perfectly willing to devote his name, his time and his importance to appointive committee places wherein his friends have the appointing power without veto from the voters. Wherefore we find Mr. McGoof serving with great distinction on the general advisory committee, to which his name, and the names of many of those of similar importance, add needed luster, and prove to the voters that their party's candidate and their party's policies have the unqualified indorsement of Mr. McGoof's and similar great minds and eminent positions in our national life—the better classes.

Mr. McGoof is always prepared to make a speech upholding the candidate and the platform, provided arrangements have been made to secure adequate publicity for that speech in the columns of the daily press; and can be relied upon for a signed statement at any moment giving his views on any matter in discussion. He meets, from time to time, with the politicians who are running the campaign, and confers with them, interjecting into the discussions, now and again, an emphatic "I approve" or, on occasion, a cautious "I don't think so"; which is for the purpose of showing to all assembled that he is no rubber stamp but has opinions of his own. However, he is always open to a conviction, because if he were not he might be excluded next time an imposing advisory committee is constructed.

Mr. McGoof always sits on the stage at convention times, is never too busy to tender his advice to platform committees, and has a reputation for saying the obvious thing in a more impressive manner than almost any of his associates. He generally wears a plug hat, a long-tailed coat and carries a gold-headed cane. Distinguished himself, he imparts great distinction to the campaign, contributes liberally to the party funds, and is mentioned for a cabinet position on the morning after election if his party's candidate wins, but later discovers that his business affairs preclude his acceptance of any official part in the Administration, agreeable as it would be to him to accept the portfolio of the State Department or something similar.

This hooks up Mr. McGoof twice in the public prints with the formative cabinet, but not in the list of cabinet nominations sent in by the new President; and Mr. McGoof is allowed to continue serving the republic in his private capacity as a distinguished unit of his party and a prominent member of the advisory committee.

Vice-Presidential Timber

THE Hon. Obadiah Hincheliffe, fortunate in his residence in a geographically correct and politically doubtful state, has felt for the past twenty years that the vice-presidential lightning might strike him, and has always had his lightning rod up and ready.

He has consistently maintained his position as a friend of the common people, but at the same time has exhibited no undue hostility to the vested interests. He has never failed to indorse his party's platforms in clear and ringing pronouncements; nor has he ever faltered in his unwavering and loyal support of every man on the ticket, from President to constable. He has served

(Concluded on Page 177)

Columbia Six

Worthy of Trust

These touring days are a real test of car character.

The stalworth vitality of the Columbia Six is proven by the thousands of Columbias you see on every touring highway.

When you are miles away from the ministration of the repair man—when the long, hot road pounds and grinds—when the luster of finish has vanished under a smear of dust and mud—how completely many of the features and "selling points" which looked so attractive in the show room are forgotten.

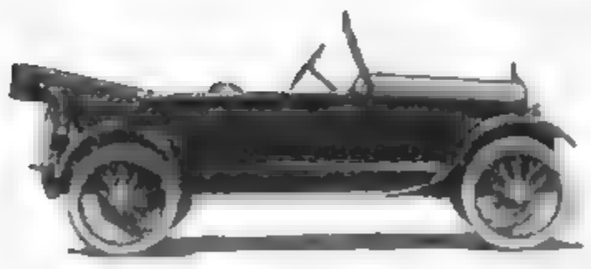
Lines, trimming, and equipment were vastly important back home on the boulevard. But to the man at the wheel on tour, one thought stands uppermost, making or marring his pleasure in the trip—can I implicitly *trust* my car? Will it bring us to that goal of every tourist—a meal, a bath, and a bed?

To the owner of a Columbia Six touring is the most glorious sport in the world.

His car has won his confidence by its dependable service.

The Columbia Six is generally conceded to be one of the most beautiful cars built today. But the satisfaction that lasts season after season, after the paint and top are old and worn, is the implicit *trust* that it will take you through anything, whether it is on a trip into town or across the continent.

It proves worthy of trust because "*it is good all the way through*".



The Columbia Six Sport Model
Wire Wheel Equipped

The Columbia Six is also made in the following models—Five Passenger Touring Car, Two Passenger Roadster Disteel Wheel Equipped, Four Passenger Coupé, Five Passenger Sedan. The non-synchronizing spring suspension makes the Columbia Six particularly adapted for long, hard, cross-country trips. It largely eliminates vibration and sideway, thus minimizing fatigue to both passengers and car.

COLUMBIA MOTORS COMPANY
DETROIT, U. S. A.

Gem of the Highway

TORBENSEN AXLES

A really efficient rear axle must be strong enough to carry a maximum truck load day after day, yet light enough to contribute to economical operation.

There is no question that Torbensen's I-beam construction accomplishes these highly desirable results, since the I-beam is at once the strongest and the lightest load-carrying structure known to engineering practice.

(Concluded from Page 174)

with distinction for two terms in the lower house of Congress, and has been governor of his state. He is a frequent orator at the laying of corner stones and at the unveiling of monuments to the heroes who died in the late and all other wars and at political banquets. He may always be depended upon to state the accepted doctrine of his party, whatever temptation there may be toward independent thinking; and to him progressivism is synonymous with radicalism, radicalism with socialism, and, as he frequently sets forth, socialism is mere anarchy, or, to use a term that has later come into vogue, Bolshevism. He always refers to himself as a standpatter of the Mark Hanna and Joe Cannon type, and convincingly holds that what was good enough for the Fathers is good enough for him.

He has never spoken to his nearest neighbor since 1884, because that neighbor bolted Blaine, and is of the opinion that the great war never would have happened if Roosevelt had not opposed Taft in 1912. He thinks that the present is a time for a return to the fundamentals of the Republican Party, and made a three-hour oration at a meeting of the Central Republican Club, which proved incontestably that the real issues in the coming campaign are high protection and the gold standard, and upon those issues, and those alone, the battle should be fought. He maintains that the United States should never in any circumstances participate in any international affairs, but inasmuch as many of the voters in his state have shown a political predilection toward equal suffrage and prohibition he rarely discusses those matters, and never outside the walls of his own home, preferring to wait until the real sentiment of the state has clarified.

Failing the nomination for Vice President the Hon. Obadiah Hinchcliffe feels that it would be no more than just recognition of his standing in the party and his eminence in the political counsels of his state to make him a member of the committee to notify whosoever may be chosen as the candidate for Vice President that he has been so chosen.

He is of the opinion that is his due.

The Delegation Chairman

WHEN Taylor Tatham was a young man he became acquainted with a gambler in his home city who was known as Honest John.

In the course of some investigations Tatham discovered that Honest John had more bugs, holdouts, readers, sanded decks and brace appliances generally in his gambling house than were in any place between Maine and California, and he wondered over the reassuring title that designated the proprietor.

"It's this way, my boy," said Honest John, "always get a good trade-mark in gambling and politics and other games of chance. It helps business."

Taylor Tatham became a politician and built up his trade-mark. It was said of him, first being started by himself: "Taylor Tatham never broke a promise or went back on a friend."

Presently the label, by constant parroting by his friends, became so definitive that Taylor Tatham believed it himself, and eventually he became state leader and, hence, leader of his state delegation to national conventions.

The legend became so fixed that Taylor Tatham had no concern with either promises or friends. When he broke a friend he said he had made no promises, and when he broke a promise he said he had no friends. Thus he was very successful, and as he never said anything for the public prints, chiefly because he had nothing to say, and as he always sat in conferences with his hat pulled down over his eyes and remained silent, he came to have a great reputation for wisdom, political sagacity and rugged honesty of purpose.

This enabled Taylor Tatham to throw the votes of his delegation, at the psychological and remunerative moment, to the man who was going to win, after securing ironclad pledges for patronage for Mr. Tatham in the event of success at the polls, which patronage he could use to maintain himself in power or affluence, as the case might be.

Taylor Tatham never failed to land on the band wagon except once. He left his delegation in charge of a poor political fish who thought that the delegation was really for the candidate Tatham was voting them for, and went out to get a drink. The break came when he was out, and the poor fish who was in charge cast the vote of the delegation for the man to whom the delegates were pledged instead of getting aboard with the winner as agreed between Tatham and some others. It took Tatham, who never broke a promise and never went back on a friend, a long time to recover from that utter lack of political acumen. That is when he quit drinking.

The Pussyfoot

IT IS common talk that if there were a piano keyboard reaching from Washington to the Mississippi River the Hon. Mortimer M. Softly could walk all the way on it and never strike a note.

The Honorable Softly believes that the low, throaty whisper is the most fitting manner of communication between man and man, and that no politician should ever make a definite statement on any subject for fear of destroying the chance for the necessary compromise.

He never committed himself to anything or anybody, and is a master of the art of writing platforms that can be read seventeen ways and mean something entirely different each time, thus being suitable for all classes of voters and recognizing every shade of opinion.

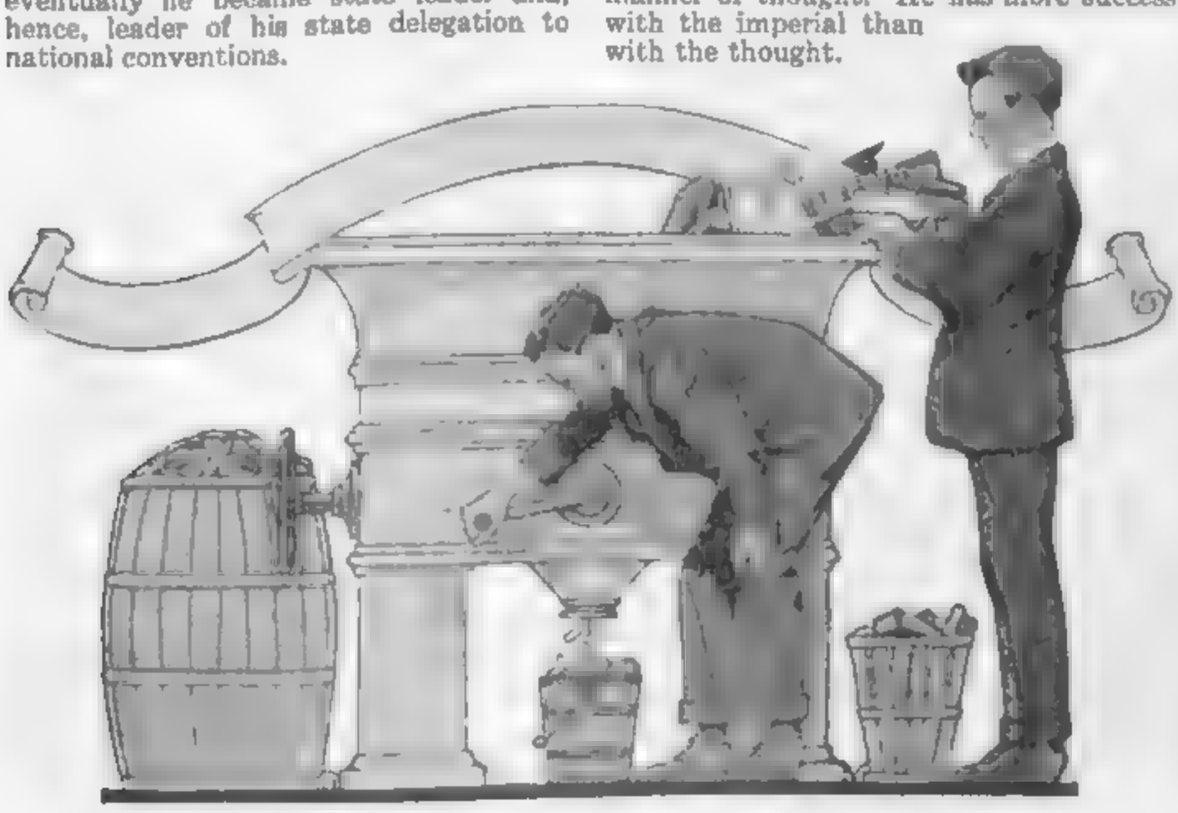
It is his firm belief that it would be far better if the identity of the candidate should not be disclosed until the morning of election, and he is a constant advocate of the theory that the most profitable manner to get from one political point to another is to go underground and alone. His idea of a political symbol is the mole, and his criterion for political action the rubber tire.

He once whispered to a friend in a dark corner that he believed great and lasting good would come to the country and the party if the candidate were a deaf and dumb man who had been brought up in a hermetically sealed cave.

And he may be right, at that.

The Jeffersonian Democrat

TARLINGTON PRINGEL, who always attends the Democratic convention, cultivates an imperial and a Jeffersonian manner of thought. He has more success with the imperial than with the thought.



Standard Model, $10
In Canada, $15

BOYCE
MOTOMETER

THIS instrument on the radiator cap of a car is the sign of an experienced motorist. It means that its owner appreciates the value of knowing the temperature of his motor while driving.

Boyce Moto-Meter tells at a glance if the engine is running too hot, too cool or at its *safe normal temperature.*

Wherever you go you will find thousands of cars Boyce Moto-Meter equipped. Because the more a motorist knows about his car, the more he appreciates that Boyce Moto-Meter is a *necessity!*

We especially recommend Boyce Moto-Meter for such cars as Overland, Studebaker, Dodge, Cadillac, Buick, Reo, Chandler, Cleveland and Ford.

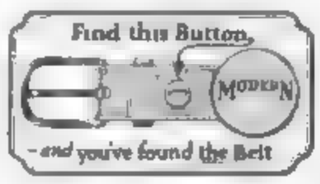
Radiator Cap Models, $2.50 to $15.00
(In Canada, $3.75 to $22.50)
Dash Board Type, $18.00 to $50.00
(In Canada, $27.00 to $75.00)
Radiator models can be installed in ten minutes

THE MOTO-METER COMPANY, Inc.
LONG ISLAND CITY NEW YORK, U. S. A.

MODERN BELTS

On your vacation, one or two new belts will add greatly to your comfort and appearance. Belts last longer and look fresher when worn alternately. A belt for every pair of trousers saves time. For highest quality ask for a MODERN—hand tailored from selected leather, correctly styled, reasonably priced. With plain or MODERN Initial Buckles on all kinds of all-leather belts.

MODERN *Initial Buckles Have "No Roller to Slip"*

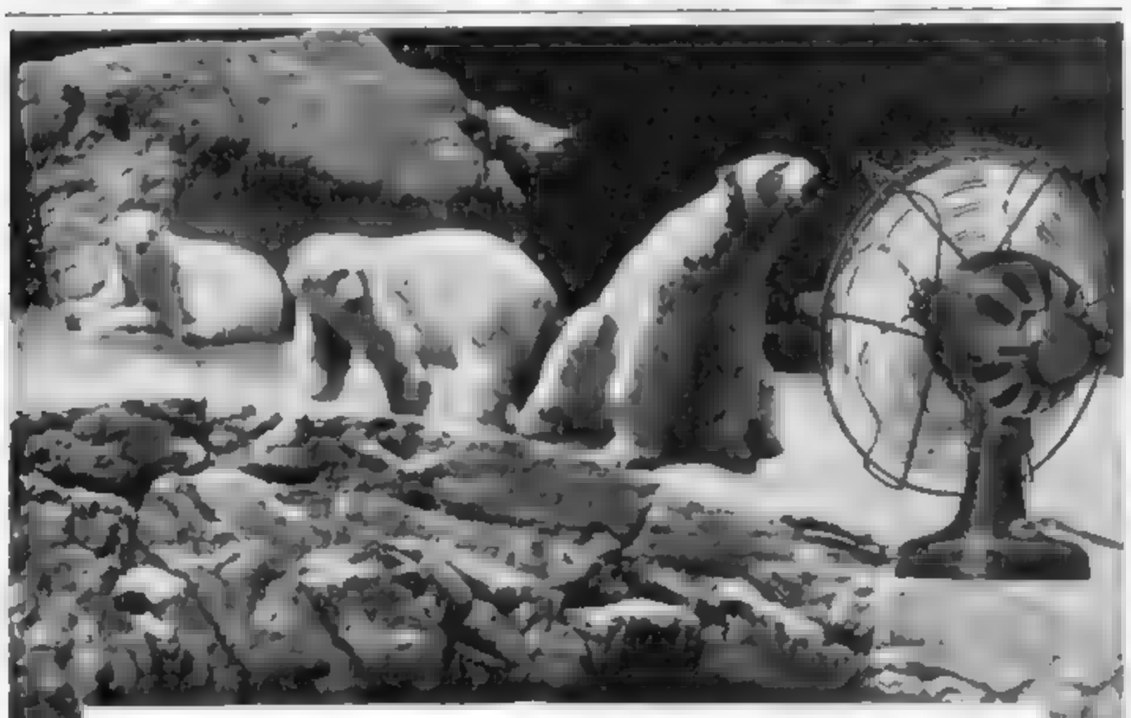


If your dealer does not sell them send us his name and we will see you are supplied. Dealers: Write for booklet.

Largest Manufacturers of Belts Exclusively

MODERN BELT CO

241 West Van Buren Street, Chicago



Oh! That Cooling Breeze!

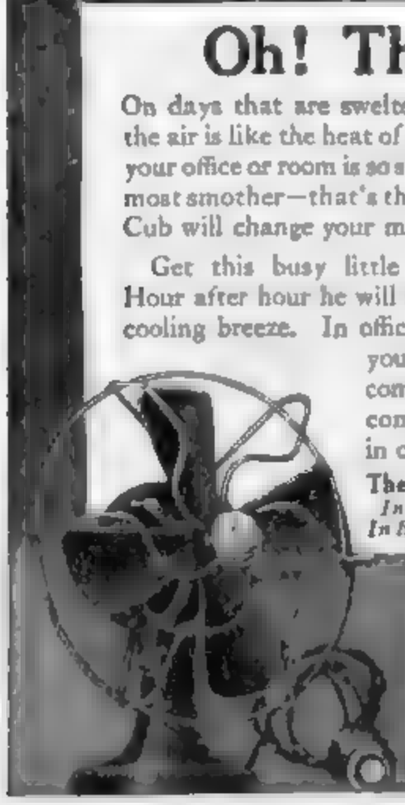
On days that are sweltering—when the air is like the heat of an oven and your office or room is so stuffy you almost smother—that's the time Polar Cub will change your misery to joy.

Get this busy little fan today. Hour after hour he will send out his cooling breeze. In office and home you can work in comfort, eat in comfort, sleep in comfort.

And all it costs is $7.50 (Canada $10.50), complete with 7 feet of cord and plug. Polar Cub has a handsomely finished motor, is adjustable to any angle, and has two speeds—for a light or strong breeze. Uses but one cent's worth of power in six hours.

Most hardware and electrical dealers sell Polar Cub. If your dealer hasn't this individual fan write us and we'll tell you where to get it.

The A. C. Gilbert Co., 320 Blatchley Ave., New Haven, Conn.
In Canada—The A. C. Gilbert-Menzies Co., Limited, Toronto.
In England—The A. C. Gilbert Co., 125 High Holborn, London, W. C. 1.



Polar Cub $7.50
Electric Fan

THE FACTORY CHASERS

(Continued from Page 23)

Frank Barrett did not take the matter very seriously, and next day at the board meeting brought it up in rather a perfunctory way, expecting that the board would table it. But to his surprise the board members looked on the enterprise favorably. Mr. Scott had evidently been doing some missionary work. Clarence Hammond, the president, was especially worked up over it.

"We can't afford to pass up this thing," he said enthusiastically. "Just think what such an industry will mean to our city! We can't sit back and wait for things to come to us. We must reach out for them. Go-getters—that's what we want to be!"

Frank Barrett suggested that there might be obstacles in the way of successfully manufacturing automobiles in Inland City. It was 1000 miles from the manufacturing centers. The problem of getting skilled labor might be a serious one. A retired cattle raiser might be a very estimable gentleman, but might not be a success as president of a manufacturing plant.

One of the more conservative directors opined that it might be well to go slow before indorsing the proposition of a stranger, but he was overruled along with the secretary. The spirit of civic boosting was in the air. It was voted to call a mass meeting of all citizens interested in the welfare of the community and let Russell W. Scott appear before them. The secretary was instructed to send out the notices of the mass meeting.

As he went home that evening Frank Barrett was low in his mind. He had seen enough of the promotion business in other places to know that the public of Inland City was likely to be talked into losing money to Russell W. Scott.

"It's this way, Grace," he said to his wife. "I don't believe this scheme is on the square. But the directors are set on putting it through. If I come out and fight it the chances are that it will cost me my job."

"There are other jobs," answered his wife.

"Yes, there are other jobs," he said, "but not so many $6000 ones. For myself I don't care. But you deserve a $6000 husband. You earned it when you got along so uncomplainingly with a thirty-five-dollar-a-week one."

When Grace Barrett was extra serious she had a way of leaning her head to one side and looking thoughtfully at the floor. She did that now and spoke very slowly.

"It is nice to have $6000 a year, Frank," she said, "but I should be happier on $2000 if I thought you were sacrificing a principle to hold the $6000 position."

Obedient to the orders of his board of directors, Frank Barrett sent out notices of the mass meeting to be held for the purpose of promoting the big automobile factory. Both newspapers were urged to give the matter publicity, and every billboard in town blossomed forth with this motto in big lettering:

ARE YOU A MOSSBACK?
ARE YOU AGAINST PROGRESS?
IF SO, DON'T COME TO THE MASS MEETING
AT WAGNER HALL
WEDNESDAY NIGHT AT EIGHT O'CLOCK

In the intervals of his publicity work Frank Barrett found time to write letters to the commercial secretaries in the communities from whence Russell W. Scott's letters of recommendation had come. He wanted to learn something of Mr. Scott's record other than the fact of his being a good mixer.

Wednesday night at eight o'clock found Wagner Hall crowded with an eager citizenship, every man present thrilled with the prospect of seeing the population of Inland City increased by the influx of thousands of highly paid automobile mechanics. Merchants told each other exciting stories of the reckless way in which skilled mechanics spend money for silk shirts, diamonds and player pianos. Real-estate men talked of the money to be made by opening new residential additions and building attractive bungalows to be sold on easy terms to the workers. Owners of business property figured on the backs of envelopes how much they could raise store rents when the big factory got into operation.

Clarence Hammond, president of the chamber of commerce, opened the meeting with a brief but boosting talk, stating that their city had come to the parting of the ways and that it was time for all loyal business men to come out on the side of progress. He said heatedly that any man who did not put his shoulder to the wheel in such a crisis deserved nothing but contempt and ought to be classed as a mossback and slacker. Two or three similar speeches were made by other men, and then Russell W. Scott was formally introduced.

Mr. Scott made a most favorable impression as he rose to address the meeting. His large, pleasant personality radiated confidence; his clothes bore the stamp of big-city tailoring, and his three-carat diamond sparkled convincingly as he raised his hand in an occasional gesture.

He began by mentioning familiarly the names of some of the big automobile manufacturers of the country, somehow conveying the idea without actually saying it that they were personal friends of his. Then he told a story of a man who had a chance to invest $1000 in an automobile concern fifteen years before, but was afraid to take a chance. The promoter leaned forward impressively to drive his argument home, fixing his audience with an accusing gaze.

"To-day that man is still working on a salary," he said. "Just think, a meager salary! If he had listened to the voice of reason that day fifteen years ago he would to-day be a rich man!"

From individual cases Mr. Scott branched out into civic growth and opportunity.

"Why should not your beautiful city here become a center of this great industry?" he shouted. "Are you less enterprising than the men of the Middle West? I know you will not admit it.

"Every year you send thousands of dollars away to enrich the coffers of automobile magnates already rich beyond the dreams of avarice," he continued earnestly. "Why should you not start a plant of your own and save this money? Manufacture your own automobiles right here in your own city! Stop sending your hard-earned money away! Keep it! Grow rich!"

The promoter held the big audience in the hollow of his hand. Civic pride is a strong stimulant; when it is mixed up with the prospect of personal gain it is irresistible. It is like rooting for the home team when one has $100 bet on the result of the game. Mr. Scott drove his arguments home.

"You merchants! You professional men! You property owners!" he spoke with tense directness. "Are you content with the rewards that a small city can give you? Big cities furnish opportunities for big men. I am here to bring you an industry that will double your population, your bank deposits, your opportunities for making money. Are you with me?"

They were with him! Someone jumped to his feet and made a ringing motion that the chamber of commerce indorse the Russell W. Scott Motors Company and assist Mr. Scott in financing it. The motion was unanimously carried. Mr. Scott made a graceful little speech of appreciation.

"I am glad to do this thing for your city," he said genially, "and to have the honor of working with such a lot of live-wire business men. But of course I don't deserve any thanks. It's only a plain business proposition for me. I will be quite frank in saying that I expect to make a modest profit out of the fifteen per cent allowed me by law for selling the stock. That's all."

Next day the chamber of commerce directors met to organize the stock-selling campaign. Mr. Scott was on hand to explain his plans, which seemed exceptionally liberal.

"My plans call for a $2,000,000 concern," he said; "but I will ask the local people to subscribe only a fourth of the amount. All you have to do is help me sell $500,000 worth of stock here in the city, and then leave the rest to me. If I have the indorsement of your chamber of commerce and the figures to show that your own citizens have enough faith in the scheme to buy $500,000 worth of stock the balance is easy. I will cover the whole state with a bunch of good stock salesmen and sell the rest of the stock inside of four months."

Frank Barrett was the only man present at the directors' meeting who did not fully share in the general enthusiasm. He had seen too many enterprises which had started with bursts of civic optimism end

(Continued on Page 181)

Why Your Personal Apparel Needs *Professional* Laundering

Cotton, linen, wool and silk are distinct products with pronounced differences.

Cotton and linen are almost pure cellulose, of plant origin, nearly identical with wood.

Wool and silk are an animal growth of practically the same composition as finger nails and hair. Their base is a substance which scientists call fibroin.

Each of these four fabrics is peculiar unto itself. Each has its own "personal" traits. Each reacts in its own manner to treatment with soap and water.

The laundress knows about these differences in a *general* way. The laundry industry has studied cotton, linen, wool and silk scientifically. The modern laundry knows *definitely*.

The modern laundryman washes silk hosiery, waists, skirts and lingerie in soft, lukewarm water of 102 degrees temperature—about four degrees warmer than the normal human body—and with this water he uses only a gently cleansing flaked soap. Blankets, worsteds and flannels he bathes liberally in pure, fresh water of 110 degrees, dipping them gently up and down in rich, lathery suds.

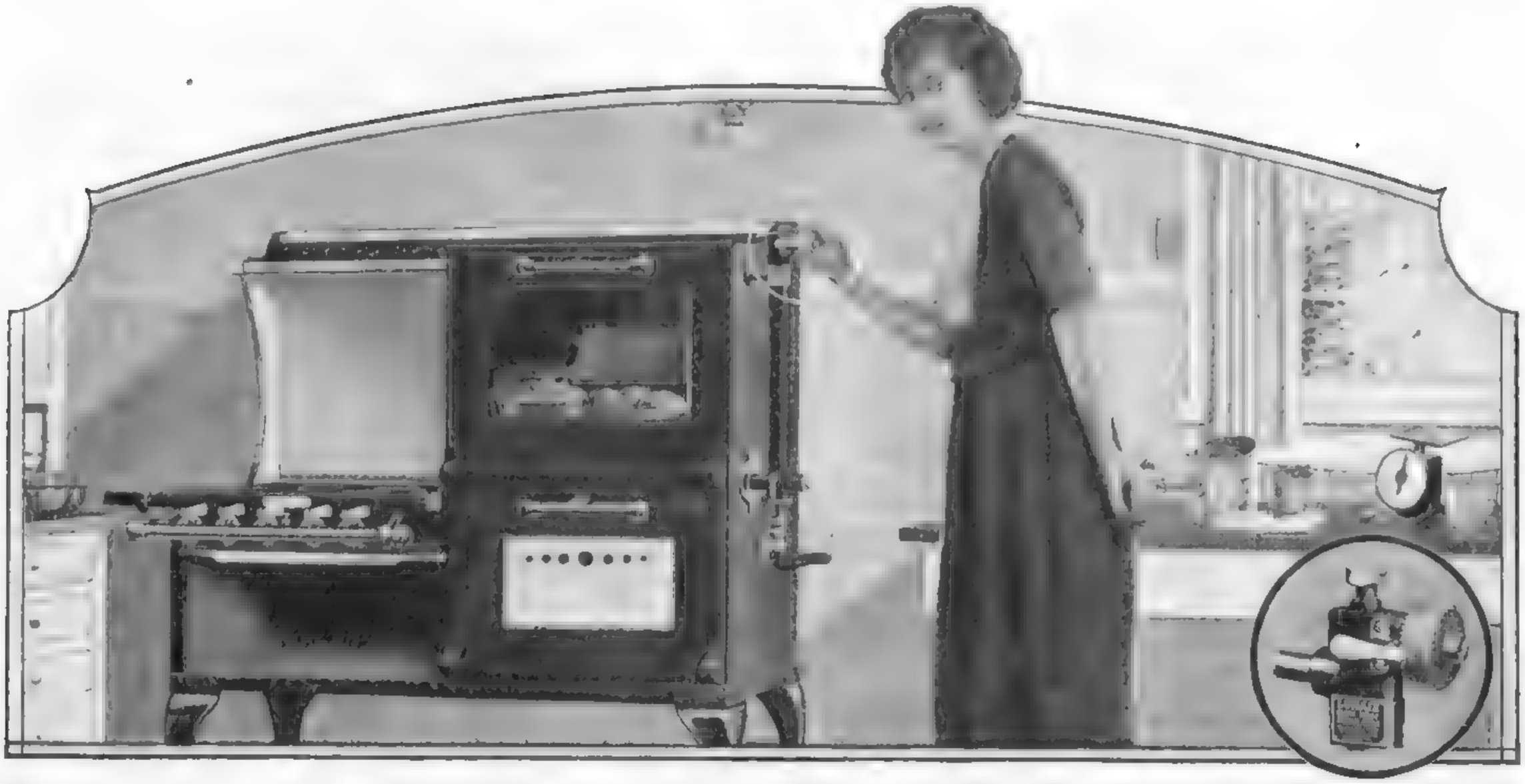
For white cottons and linens the modern laundry uses a series of billowy suds baths in hot water—water of 110 degrees—the temperature that's best for them—concluding the cleansing with a series of rinses clear and cold.

The specialists who study washday problems for the housewives of America—like the laundry research men of the Mellon Institute—have found that when washed thus, cottons and linens become finer and stronger with each succeeding immersion. This practice, prescribed by the Laundryowners National Association, is standard in modern laundries everywhere.

There are modern laundries in your city that know *how*, and *why*. A telephone call to any of them will procure for your family washing this beneficial laundering service that preserves and protects.

THE AMERICAN LAUNDRY MACHINERY COMPANY

Executive Offices: Cincinnati



A scientific oven heat regulator that places 44 oven temperatures at your command. You set the wheel—the heat never varies, never fails.

Spend fewer hours in the kitchen

—*Let the "Lorain" cook for you*

TO spend long hours in the kitchen over a hot gas stove during summer's heat is unhealthful. And it is needless too.

With the thermometer around 80 or 90 in the shade—or even higher—an afternoon in the kitchen leaves you tired and irritable—unfit for the evening's pleasures. You are doing yourself an injustice. And your family too, who look forward to your pleasant companionship after supper.

Every afternoon free

If you have a gas range that is equipped with the "Lorain" Oven Heat Regulator all this is changed. This wonderful device does your cooking for you. You simply prepare your foods—your meat, entree, vegetables and dessert—and then place them all in the oven at one time.

Then you set the wheel of the "Lorain" for a three, four, five or six hours' cooking, and your afternoon's work is done. The direction book tells you the exact heat and length of time required to cook your meal.

While you are enjoying yourself the "Lorain" watches your cooking for you

Every dish delicious

Your entire afternoon is free, either for resting or outside pleasures. While you are gone, the "Lorain" watches your cooking just as carefully as if you were constantly there.

When you return at supper-time there will be a delicious meal all ready to serve.

Your meats will be roasted just right—not underdone or too well done. Your entree will be equally delicious. Your vegetables will be cooked through. And the dessert—never better.

44 cooking temperatures

With the "Lorain" you always know the heat of your oven. You never have to guess, as you do now. Think what this means in baking bread, biscuits and pies.

For instance, you may want 350 degrees for your bread. All right, just set the "Lorain" and the oven will automatically stay at that heat.

You have at your command the right temperature for each recipe—44 temperatures in all. And this means better baking, better cooking than you have ever been able to do.

See this wonderful device

You simply can't afford to be without a gas stove equipped with this wonderful device. It has shown thousands of women a new and easier way to cook. And has cut kitchen hours in half.

Below are listed six famous gas stoves equipped with the "Lorain." Only on these gas stoves can you get this great invention.

Go to the dealer for any one of these gas stoves. Let him demonstrate the "Lorain." Ask him for the names of some of the women who have one of these "Lorain" equipped gas stoves. Talk with him.

Then you will be convinced. And you will not be content to cook a single day longer in the old-time way.

Free to you

We have prepared a valuable little booklet, "An Easier Day's Work." A copy will be sent you *free* upon request. Write for your copy today.

When you return home you find a delicious meal all ready to serve

LORAIN

OVEN HEAT REGULATOR

Only these famous gas stoves are equipped with the "Lorain"

CLARK JEWEL—George M. Clark & Co. Div., Chicago, Ill.
DANGLER—Dangler Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio
DIRECT ACTION—National Stove Co. Div., Lorain, Ohio
NEW PROCESS—New Process Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio
QUICK MEAL—Quick Meal Stove Co. Div., St. Louis, Mo.
RELIABLE—Reliable Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio

We manufacture oil and coal stoves for use where gas is not available

AMERICAN STOVE CO., 17 Chouteau Avenue, St. Louis, Mo., *Largest Makers of Gas Ranges in the World*

(Continued from Page 178)

up with empty factory buildings strung along the railroad tracks. And Mr. Scott did not seem quite convincing. He talked too much about selling stock and too little about manufacturing automobiles. It seemed reasonable to suppose that a successful factory ought to have someone connected with it who knew the business. Barrett suggested as much to the directors.

Clarence Hammond, the president, passed over the objection lightly.

"You don't build great cities by sitting back and letting someone else do things," he said. "The main thing right now is to raise the money. When we have done that we will hire an experienced man to run the plant. I guess it will be easy enough to get a manager when we have $2,000,000 in the treasury."

"If you were starting a clothing store you wouldn't buy a stock of goods and then hire a manager to run the place afterward, would you?" questioned the secretary.

"What has a clothing store got to do with an automobile factory?" demanded Clarence Hammond heatedly. "Automobiles are in demand—millions of them! We can't help but make big money."

He looked at Frank Barrett distrustfully.

"I am afraid you are not very enthusiastic over this matter," he said pointedly. "It seems to me that a commercial secretary ought to be a booster. That's what we pay his salary for."

Frank Barrett flushed a little.

"I am going to try and do my full duty toward you," he said briefly.

The stock-selling campaign was to begin the following Monday morning. Both local newspapers carried full-page advertisements setting forth the wonderful possibilities waiting Inland City as a manufacturing center and predicting that the city would double its population within two years. Interviews with prominent citizens were printed, full of optimism, all agreeing that the city was on the eve of a new era and that real-estate values were sure to advance tremendously. Russell W. Scott came out with a signed statement saying that it would be practically an impossibility for investors in the Scott Motors Company to receive less than twenty per cent yearly dividends.

The chamber of commerce headquarters was a busy place. Lists of names were made out for the volunteer workers. Opposite each name was set the amount which the citizen was expected to subscribe. The committees were drilled for the work under Mr. Scott's direction.

"Go after them strong," he commanded. "Make it a matter of civic patriotism. If any man says he doesn't want to buy stock tell him he is standing in the way of progress. Inland City has no use for mossbacks."

The first day's subscriptions opened with a rush. Chamber-of-commerce committees were on the streets going from door to door among the retail stores, arguing with the merchants as to the increased business the new enterprise would bring, besides the sure dividends that the stock would pay. It was no use for a business man to try to escape. If one committee failed to land him another committee was straightway put on his trail.

Mr. Scott was an artist in his way. He borrowed an old hearse somewhere and placed inside it a dummy figure with long whiskers, labeled "Old Man Mossback." This gruesome exhibit, hauled by a pair of bony mules and driven by a comedy negro, trailed round the streets surmounted by a banner which bore the legend:

WE ARE BURYING OLD MAN MOSSBACK
DRIVE A NAIL IN HIS COFFIN BY
BUYING STOCK IN THE
SCOTT MOTORS COMPANY

There was one slight mishap connected with this advertising feature. The unusual sight wakened such surprise in the minds of a team of horses attached to a milk wagon that a bad runaway occurred, the driver being thrown violently to the ground in front of the Ideal Cut-Rate Pharmacy. The unfortunate, Hank Lowry by name, when visited at his home next day by a chamber-of-commerce committee, come to learn the extent of his injuries, stated that his doctor had said he was only shaken up; but his lawyer had advised him that he was probably injured internally and would undertake a damage suit on a fifty-fifty basis.

But this was only a minor discouragement. A wooden thermometer forty feet high had been set up in front of the post-office building to mark the progress of the campaign. All day long this was the rallying point for excited groups of citizens, who cheered loudly whenever the marker was shoved upward to indicate added subscriptions. Every retail merchant devoted part of his daily advertisement to boosting the new factory. Both newspapers ran double-column stories of the campaign on the front page of every edition.

By the latter part of the week the stock-selling campaign seemed an assured success. Three-fourths of the amount required from the city had been pledged. It was on Thursday afternoon that Mr. Scott walked into chamber-of-commerce headquarters, where Frank Barrett and his corps of assistants were tabulating the day's results. The promoter's pleasant, ruddy face radiated perspiration and optimism.

"I guess we're putting it over all right," he said exultantly as he sank down into a chair, fanning his face with his hat.

"You certainly seem to be putting it over," responded Barrett grimly.

Mr. Scott fanned himself vigorously for a few moments and then leaned forward confidentially.

"I'm just about played out," he said, "and I need a little stimulant. You don't happen to know where I could get some regular liquor, do you?"

"Aren't you acquainted with any of the bell boys over at the Olympia Hotel?" suggested Barrett pleasantly.

Russell W. Scott made a gesture of disgust.

"I'm off that bootleg stuff forever," he moaned. "I gave it a thorough trial last night. What I crave is a regular quart bottle with a label on it and a little ice water on the side."

The secretary looked thoughtfully out the window a moment. The hearse with Old Man Mossback in it was going up the street preceded by a huge transparency informing all would-be investors that Liberty Bonds would be taken at full face value in exchange for stock in the Scott Motors Company. In the distance the big thermometer in front of the post-office building could be seen with the pointer well toward the top.

Frank Barrett had a feeling of repulsion toward the whole affair. In his pocket were half a dozen enlightening letters in reply to his inquiries about Russell W. Scott's activities in other parts of the country. He felt a strong inclination to tell that gentleman what he thought of him, but he held himself in check. He even managed a smile as he turned to the promoter.

"Such distress as yours melts my heart," he said. "Come with me."

He led the way into his private office and unlocked a cupboard, from which he drew forth a black bottle with a label on it.

"Please don't think this is my own private bottle," said Barrett apologetically. "If Uncle Sam allowed me a little glass of beer occasionally I would appreciate it, but I have never been able to go this hard stuff."

He set the bottle on the desk in front of the promoter and drew some ice water from the cooler.

"That ought to be good stuff," he said. "The chamber of commerce paid thirty dollars a quart for a lot of it. When the committee of congressmen was here last month to pass on our application for a government flying field we found some of them expected liquid refreshment. Unfortunately one of the congressmen stayed by it so well that he was unfit for duty, but he voted for us anyhow."

Not to be outdone by a mere congressman, Mr. Scott applied himself to his illicit pleasure. It was pleasant, sitting comfortably in Frank Barrett's private office with the ice clinking musically against the side of the glass, drinking highballs paid for by someone else at an average cost of two dollars a drink. After a little Mr. Scott grew expansive. He looked pleasantly at the young secretary sitting opposite him.

"You like this chamber-of-commerce business?" he asked.

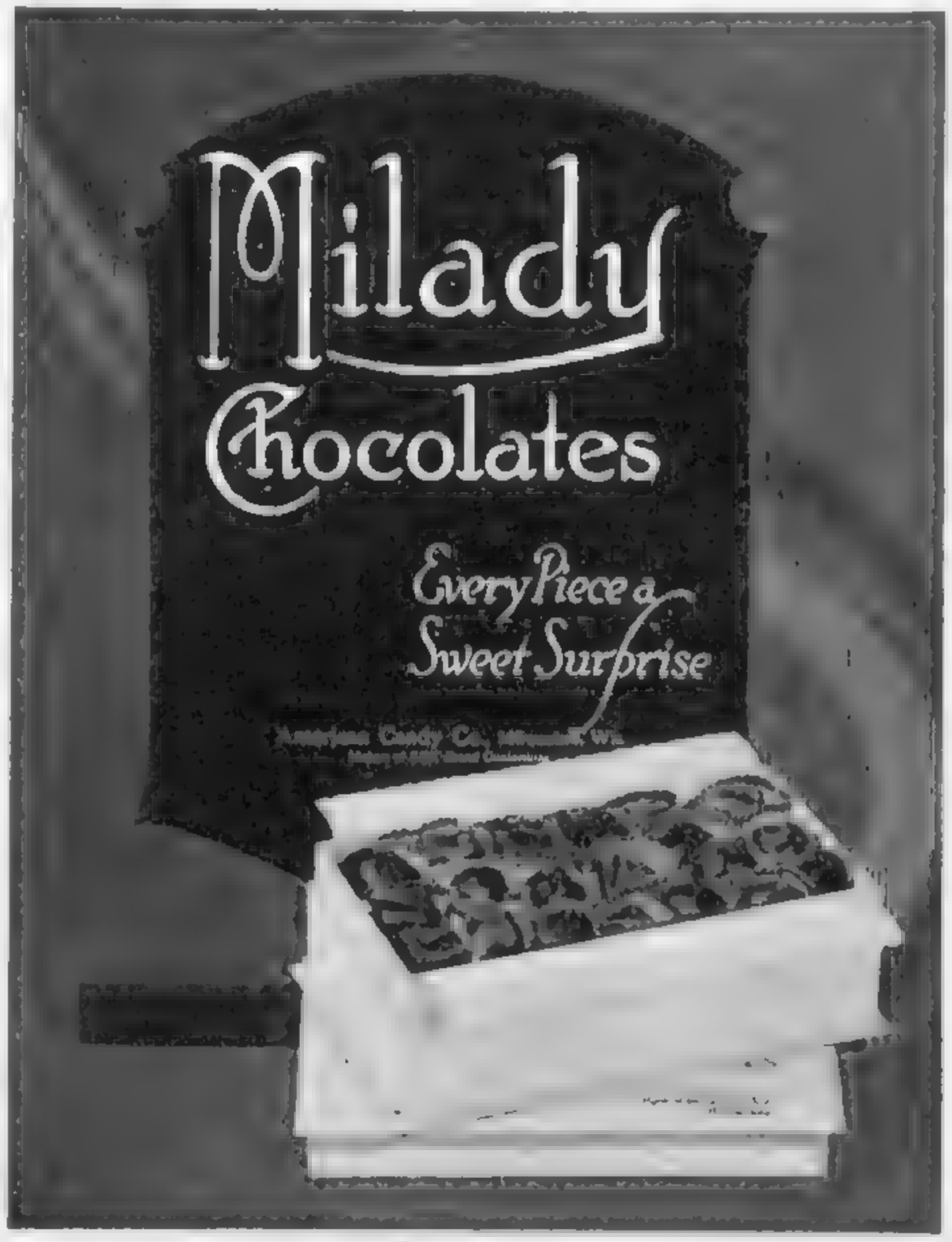
"Very much," answered Frank Barrett. "It's mighty interesting, besides giving a man a chance to do useful work."

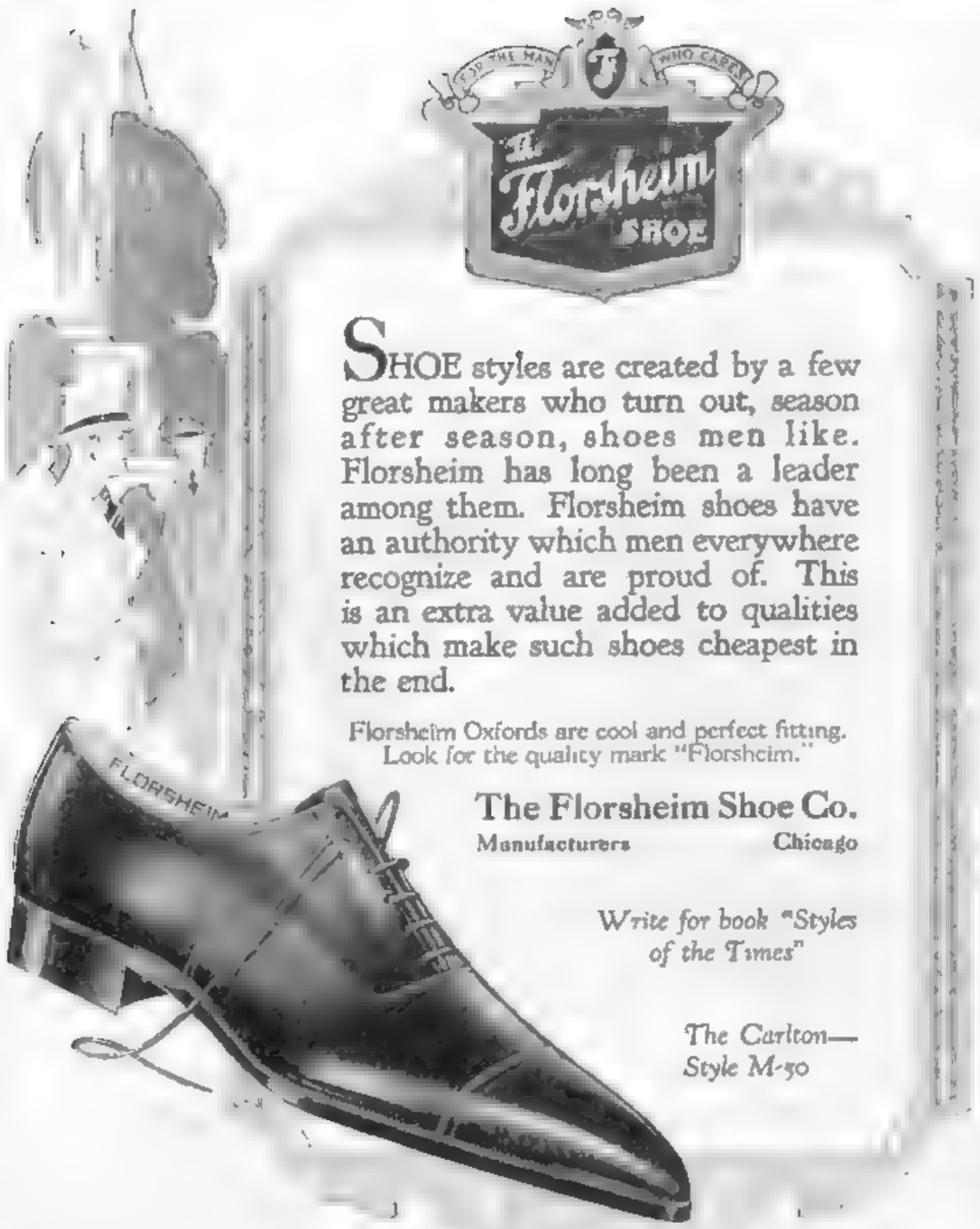
There was a touch of cynicism in the smile that spread over Mr. Scott's round, good-natured face.

"I never heard of useful work getting a man anywhere," he said. "How much does the job pay?"

"I'm getting $6000 a year," replied the secretary.

Buy it because of the work it does, the friends it makes, and the company it keeps!
DIXON'S
ELDORADO
"the master drawing pencil"
Made in 17 Leads—one for every need or preference
PENCILWISE ADVICE
Write for pencil booklet, "Finding Your Pencil." It will help you choose exactly the right lead for your particular work.
JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE COMPANY
Pencil Dept. 8-J Jersey City, N. J.
Canadian Distributors: A. R. MacDougall & Co., Ltd., Toronto





SHOE styles are created by a few great makers who turn out, season after season, shoes men like. Florsheim has long been a leader among them. Florsheim shoes have an authority which men everywhere recognize and are proud of. This is an extra value added to qualities which make such shoes cheapest in the end.

Florsheim Oxfords are cool and perfect fitting. Look for the quality mark "Florsheim."

The Florsheim Shoe Co.
Manufacturers Chicago

Write for book "Styles of the Times"

The Carlton—Style M-50

WHEN the generator lags in charging, Nagel shows the danger sign in time to save battery trouble.

Watch it and keep from buying new batteries.

Nagel safety-equipped cars number more than 1,250,000.

The Nagel Ammeter is standard equipment on Auburn, Auburn Anderson, American, Beggs Boat, Biddle, Bour-Davis, Chevrolet Cunniff, Cutler, Hamilton Knight, Lafayette, Maxwell, Marmon, Mercer, Jackson and Oldsmobile Jackson, Oneida and Peerless, Pan, Paramount, Security, Stanwood, Stephens, Studebaker, Teague and Ward Knight passenger cars and Ward, Cutler, Commerce, Grabam Bros. trucks, Garford, G. M. C. Kerns, Hughes Nash, Nelson One Republic and Standard motor trucks. Also endorsed by such the makers of the Auto-Lite, Bijur, C. A. Vanderbilt, London, England, and Remy Starting and Lighting Systems.

THE W. G. NAGEL ELECTRIC CO.
TOLEDO, OHIO

Mr. Scott snorted disdainfully.

"Six thousand! That's nothing but hired-man's wages," he said. "Why don't you get into something where you can make real money?"

"What, for instance?" asked Barrett interestedly.

Mr. Scott took another two-dollar drink and sat thoughtfully a few moments before he answered. Then he leaned over and poked the secretary's arm confidentially.

"Get into the promotion game with me," he said. "I need a good, snappy young man like you."

"That's mighty nice," replied Barrett, "but I don't know anything about the promotion game. I wouldn't want to sell a lot of stock to people where they stood a chance to lose their money."

By this time Mr. Scott was lying far back in his chair, his feet on the desk, merry, careless, talkative. He waved his highball glass in the air to punctuate his speech.

"Why should you worry over a lot of yaps losing their money?" he said gayly. "Someone is going to take it away from them anyway. It might as well be you as anybody else."

"Maybe you're right," replied Frank Barrett with a show of cordial interest. "But how about the Scott Motors Company? The stockholders are going to make money on that, aren't they?"

Mr. Scott leaned farther back in his chair for a pleasant laugh, taking a couple of sips at his highball before he answered.

"Figure it out for yourself," he said. "Inland City is hundreds of miles from the manufacturing centers. Freight charges on the raw materials will come high. There are no skilled automobile mechanics here—every workman will have to be brought in. If a slack time occurs the mechanics will have to be kept on the pay roll, because there are no near-by plants where they can find temporary work."

"I know that," protested Barrett. "But with $2,000,000 capital ——"

"What has capital got to do with it?" interrupted the promoter. In spite of his shaky condition he spoke shrewdly, sincerely. "You never saw any enterprise succeed," he said, "unless some one man was on the job willing to sweat his life away to make it go. Just getting a lot of money together and hiring somebody to run things never got anything anywhere."

"But we're going to have a factory, aren't we?"

The conversation was interesting Barrett intensely.

"Of course we're going to have a factory," replied Mr. Scott pleasantly, "especially if the stock selling goes a little slow. We may have to put up a building and even hire a few workmen so as to impress people who have money to invest. Maybe we will have to go so far as to assemble a few automobiles. Then we'll run excursions in here from the surrounding towns and show people our factory, refunding the railroad fare to anyone who buys $200 worth of stock."

Mr. Scott paused for another good-natured chuckle, rattling the ice round in his glass.

"It's wonderful how you can work people," he remarked, "by promising them something free, like a trip on the railroad or a chance to buy an automobile at cost price."

Frank Barrett laughed appreciatively at the good joke. Then he leaned close to the promoter and spoke confidentially.

"Maybe I am a fool to stick round here on $6000 a year," he said. "What can you do for me if I decide to throw it over and tie up with you?"

"I can show you how to make regular money," replied Mr. Scott earnestly. "And the field is unlimited just so long as there are towns so anxious to grow that they throw away their ordinary business judgment. To show you that I mean business I am willing to let you in on this automobile scheme. There is an easy forty per cent profit on every dollar's worth of stock we sell."

"But there is a state law against using more than fifteen per cent for promotion fees," protested Barrett.

Mr. Scott dismissed this argument impatiently.

"That law applies only to corporations," he said. "We haven't incorporated yet. Besides," he added jovially, "you can always charge the difference up to advertising, can't you?"

Frank affected to consider the matter seriously.

"It certainly looks attractive," he said, "but it's a risky thing for me to throw up a $6000 sure salary to take a chance of making a lot of money. Can't you give me a guaranty of a certain amount?"

Mr. Scott was nearing the bottom of the black bottle and feeling very expansive.

"Ordinarily I give my stock salesmen twenty per cent," he said generously, "but I'll do better by you, because I think I can develop you into a top-notch salesman. Come with me and I'll make a contract right now to pay you thirty per cent commission."

"Put the offer into writing and let me think over it a couple of days," Frank Barrett answered quickly, shoving pen and paper suggestively toward the promoter.

Mr. Scott wrote down his offer and signed it with a mighty flourish. He rose to his feet a little unsteadily and slapped his prospective ally cordially on the back.

"Why work for your money," he said gayly, "when it is so easy to take it away from people."

Barrett folded the paper carefully and put it in his pocket. Then he went into the outer office and dictated to his stenographer a notice for a special meeting of the chamber of commerce directors to be held the next day at eleven o'clock. When he had seen the last of the notices put in the mail he went home. He did not say anything to his wife of his plans until after supper, when they were sitting in their pleasant living room. Then he came gravely to his subject.

"I am liable to be out of a job to-morrow, Grace," he said.

"Why, Frank," she answered sympathetically, "I thought you were doing so well! Has anything happened?"

"It is this Scott Motors Company," he replied. "It's not on the level. People are being talked into buying stock, and they haven't a chance in the world ever to see their money again. If I can't get the chamber of commerce to call the whole thing off I am going to quit."

She came close and leaned over the back of his chair, her arms about his neck.

"Whatever you decide to do is all right with me," was all she said.

The board of directors of the Inland City Chamber of Commerce met in special session at eleven o'clock next morning. Clarence Hammond presided, full of optimism, quick to praise or blame, bubbling over with civic enthusiasm.

"It is usual for the president to issue calls for special meetings," he said, looking pleasantly round at the twelve men gathered about the long table, "but our secretary has relieved me of the trouble this time. I presume he has something to propose for the advancement of the city. If there is no objection we will hear what he has to say at once."

When Frank Barrett got up to speak he knew that he would be on the unpopular side. Almost to a man the board was composed of enthusiastic boosters—men who might be shrewd enough in their own lines of business, but who forgot all rules when it came to public matters, and acted on the principle that making a noise and kicking up dust means progress.

"I took the liberty of calling you together, gentlemen," he said, "to discuss the Scott Motors Company. I am afraid we are making a mistake in recommending it to the public. I don't believe in it."

"You forget, Mr. Barrett," said Clarence Hammond severely, "that as secretary of this chamber of commerce it is your duty to believe in anything that will bring people to our city. We pay you a salary to believe in things."

Barrett smiled grimly.

"It is my duty to use plain business sense too," he said dryly. He pulled a paper out of his pocket and laid it in front of Clarence Hammond. "There is my resignation," he continued, "to be acted upon at the close of this meeting. I am going to say some unpopular things."

There was a little stir among the men sitting round the long table. One picked up the paper and read it through, passing it on to his neighbor. Barrett gave no chance for discussion.

"There is no use in bringing enterprises to a city," he continued, "unless there is a chance for them to succeed. The Scott Motors Company has about one chance in twenty for success."

"Our talented secretary has the gift of second sight," broke in Director H. R. Lathrop sneeringly. "Maybe he will be telling us how to locate oil wells next."

(Continued on Page 185)

Do you brag about your morning shave?

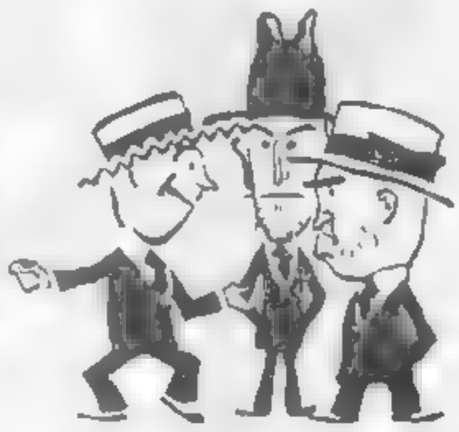
Your shave tunes your whole day. Does it tune it sweet or sour?

You should like your shave so well that you will go down town and *brag about it.*

And that's exactly the kind of send-off Ever-Ready gives you. The conquest of bristle is so surprisingly easy and simple that—well, it just makes you patriotic about your Ever-Ready and it takes real self-restraint not to go around and blow about it.

The morning grouch comes right off with your whiskers when you draw your trusty Ever-Ready by the light of the dawn. You get a pleasant start for a pleasant day, and, after all, isn't that one of the biggest reasons for shaving at all?

Why, it's almost amusing to hear some Ever-Ready fan making some swell Five-Dollar razor fancier feel ashamed of himself. Brag? He'll take his coat off and make a speech if he gets a chance!



The scientific tilt of the Ever-Ready frame, the perfect "hang" and balance, the indisputable superiority of Ever-Ready's process of making radio steel blades—oh, those wonderful blades!—all these, and more, are reasons why Ever-Ready shaves are so smooth and swift.

After all, it's absurd that every male man in America doesn't swing an Ever-Ready. The arithmetic of it ought to appeal to a man's sporting blood! You save about $50 a year by shaving yourself—*what's a dollar?*

Even if you have the greatest collection of safety razors in the world—gold and silver—berubied and bediamonded—you owe it to yourself to risk one more dollar to see if all this talk about Ever-Ready isn't true. Ever-Ready, the razor that gives you the scientific shave.

Extra Blades 6 for 40c
Sold the world over

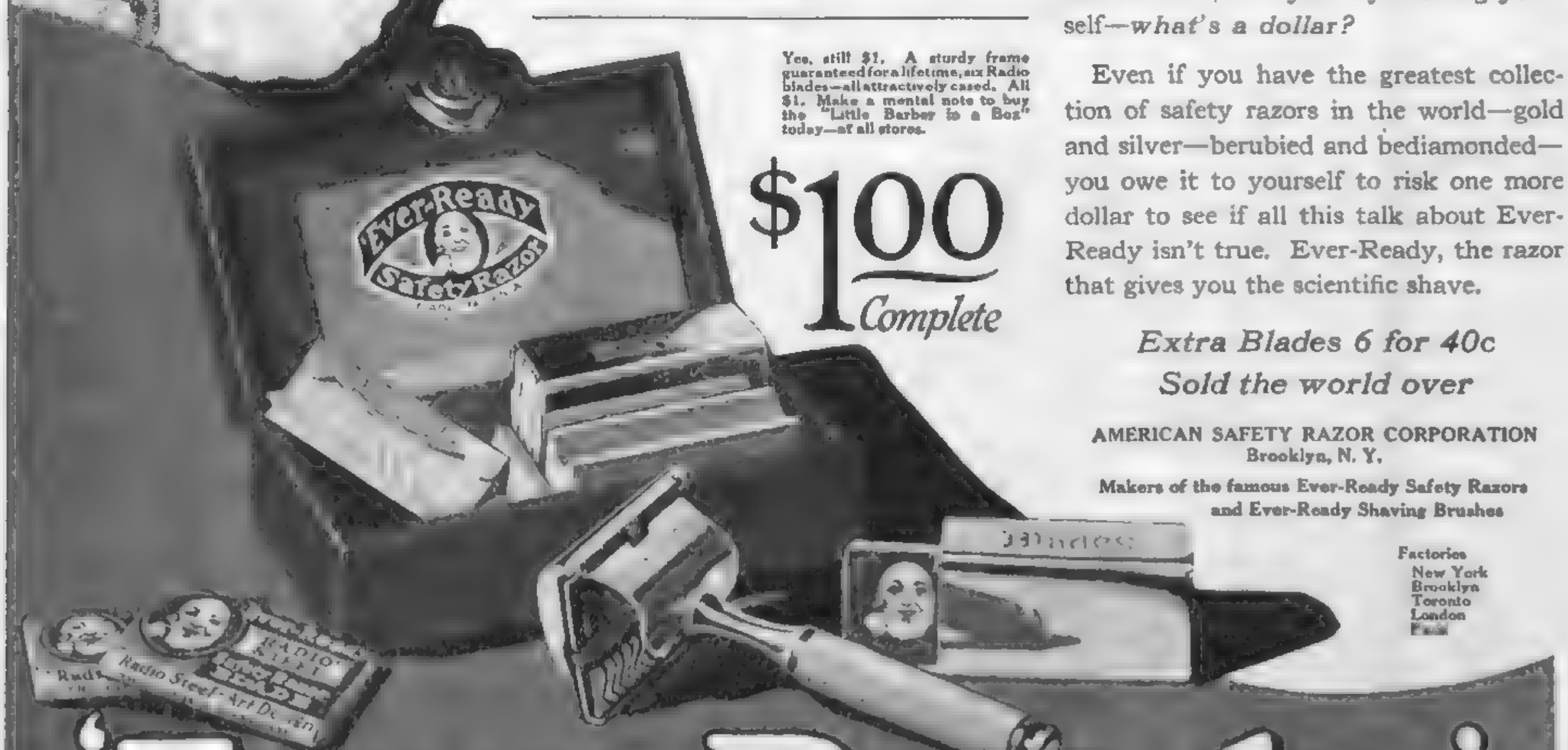
AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CORPORATION
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Makers of the famous Ever-Ready Safety Razors and Ever-Ready Shaving Brushes

Factories
New York
Brooklyn
Toronto
London
Paris

Yes, still $1. A sturdy frame guaranteed for a lifetime, six Radio blades—all attractively cased. All $1. Make a mental note to buy the "Little Barber in a Box" today—at all stores.

$1.00 Complete



'Ever-Ready' Safety Razor

GARFORD TRUCKS

The Solution of the Transportation Problem—

IN the present transportation situation the importance of the motor truck is apparent—a crisis exists that demands relief.

Congested traffic involves industrial and agricultural interests that are vital to National welfare.

The motor truck is the one agency that can be relied upon to assist the railroads at this time—an essential ally to transportation and production.

As a short-haul carrier, it is a tremendous commercial asset. It relieves the railroads of a great bulk of unprofitable traffic, leaving them unhampered for long-haul freight which must be kept moving speedily and surely.

At terminals and switching-yards, in cities, on farms, at factories, warehouses and stores, trucks offer the immediate remedy for the congestion that is tying up tremendous investments.

In spite of the strides forward in motor transport; in spite of the great number of trucks in constant daily use, the urgent need is for still more. Every truck should be put into actual service as quickly as possible after it is built, if we are to secure a sufficiently flexible distribution system for the emergency.

Wm. G. McAdoo says: "The most practicable as well as the most immediate relief that can be provided is through Good Roads and the Motor Truck."

Chas. H. Sabin, President, Guaranty Trust Company of New York, recently said: "With ordinary transportation mediums seriously congested, a greater use of trucks will improve considerably the distribution of the country's necessities."

In great crises the motor truck proved itself; first at the Battle of the Marne; again, when it solved the recent railway strike that crippled England's production. It is already proving itself in the present emergency. With the universal support of Statesmen and Financiers, *motor trucks and good roads will*

Keep the Traffic Moving

(Continued from Page 182)

Barrett reflected that Mr. Lathrop would naturally be peevish. He owned a large tract of land adjacent to the city which he was expecting to sell to the Scott Motors Company as a factory site.

"It doesn't require the gift of second sight," Barrett went on, "to see what is the matter with the Scott Motors Company. It is organized to sell stock, not to make automobiles. You remember that clause in the prospectus which promises to sell a car at wholesale price to anyone who buys stock?

"I admit that is an awfully clever point in salesmanship, but how would it work out? Suppose the Scott Motors Company really begins to make automobiles. Naturally, the stockholders will take advantage of the chance to buy their cars at wholesale prices. For the first two or three years, then, the company will have to do business at less than a regular profit, and if there is ever a time when any concern needs a regular profit it is during the first years of its existence."

Clarence Hammond broke in irritably.

"This is not the spirit that builds great cities," he snapped. "We've got to take chances. We've got to be boosters, and I guess we need a secretary who is not quite so cautious," he added resentfully.

Barrett paused for the interruption.

"All right," he said, "I have some letters here from other communities that took chances with Russell W. Scott."

He pulled half a dozen letters out of his pocket and laid them on the table.

"Here is one communication," he said, picking it up and passing it round for inspection, "from an ambitious city in Virginia. Three years ago Mr. Scott sold $250,000 worth of stock to loyal citizens for the establishment of a great shoe factory which was to bring in hundreds of skilled workmen and their families. The factory is there now, but there are no employees, and small boys have thrown stones through all the window panes, as you will see by the accompanying photograph.

"Exhibit Number Two," he went on, displaying another communication. "This is from a small but eager city in California. Mr. Scott was there just two years ago, and persuaded the Boosters Club that it was an ideal spot for manufacturing watches. He pointed out that it was a shame to send home-earned money to the watch factories of the East. He called attention to their great home market, stating that every loyal Californian would want to buy a home-manufactured watch, and that it ought to be a thirty per cent investment. The factory building is now used as a storage warehouse."

He was interrupted by a growl from the direction of H. B. Lathrop.

"This is no way to do, talking behind a man's back," he said. "Why don't you let Scott come here and speak for himself?"

Barrett forgave the gruffness of the tone, realizing that Mr. Lathrop had a fine factory site which he wanted to sell.

"That is just what I want to do," he said cheerfully. "Mr. Scott is in the outside office now. May I bring him in?"

It was voted to hear the promoter.

Mr. Scott entered the room, cheerful, alert and radiating confidence. He shook hands all round with a sprightly word for each man present. When he had sat down Barrett pushed the collection of letters toward him. The others silently watched the promoter's face as he read. When Mr. Scott had finished the last letter he looked up pleasantly.

"I had some awful good times in all these towns," he said. "What's the idea in raking up my dim past?"

"You see, Mr. Scott," explained Hammond, "our secretary here has an idea that the Scott Motors Company isn't going to be a success, and so he has written to these places to see how other projects which you promoted have come out."

Mr. Scott knew that he was on trial, but rose to the occasion. He knew how to pull the strings of civic enthusiasm and to paint convincing air castles. Even Frank Barrett admired his assurance as he stood up to present his case.

"Forget all that," said the promoter, indicating the accusing letters with a wide sweep of his hand. "If those towns did not have enough brains to run the industries I established for them, surely that is not my fault."

He launched into the oratorical style that had always proved so successful.

"Great cities are built by men of great vision"—he looked flatteringly into the faces of his listeners—"men like you, who can look into the future and see your city as it may appear ten years hence. Great office buildings, where now stand miserable one-story structures! Teeming multitudes on your streets spending easily earned money!"

He paused to let the picture sink home.

"And how will all this come about?" he questioned tensely, driving his argument home by sharp raps on the table. "I will tell you. It will come about because you gentlemen have the nerve and the vision to establish here an industry which will be but the beginning of hundreds of others—the Scott Motors Company!"

Frank Barrett knew that his own stock had slumped. Mr. Scott had the directors all worked up again with the boosting spirit that throws ordinary business sense to the winds. But he had one more card to play. He turned sharply toward one of the directors, a man who had taken no part in the discussion.

"Mr. Wolff," he said, "you are a merchant. Suppose you were going to open a branch store with $100,000 capital. Would you make a present of half your capital to someone before you started business?"

Moses Wolff blinked his eyes two or three times in bewilderment before he could think of a suitable answer.

"If I did that," he finally managed to say, "I wouldn't need a store at all. Instead I would need a crazy doctor."

"Yet that is what you are fixing to do with the Scott Motors Company," Barrett went on. "You are going to pay out half of all the money subscribed to get it started. Then you will try to manufacture automobiles on what capital there is left."

On sale in New York at the
Nunn-Bush Stores:
9 Cortlandt Street
139 Nassau Street

Solid Refinement

MEN who know how essential dignified footwear is in the professional world at once approve these "better" shoes.

Their every line bespeaks the master craftsman. Trim, easy fit and graceful refinement are blended to a nicety. Their durability is obvious.

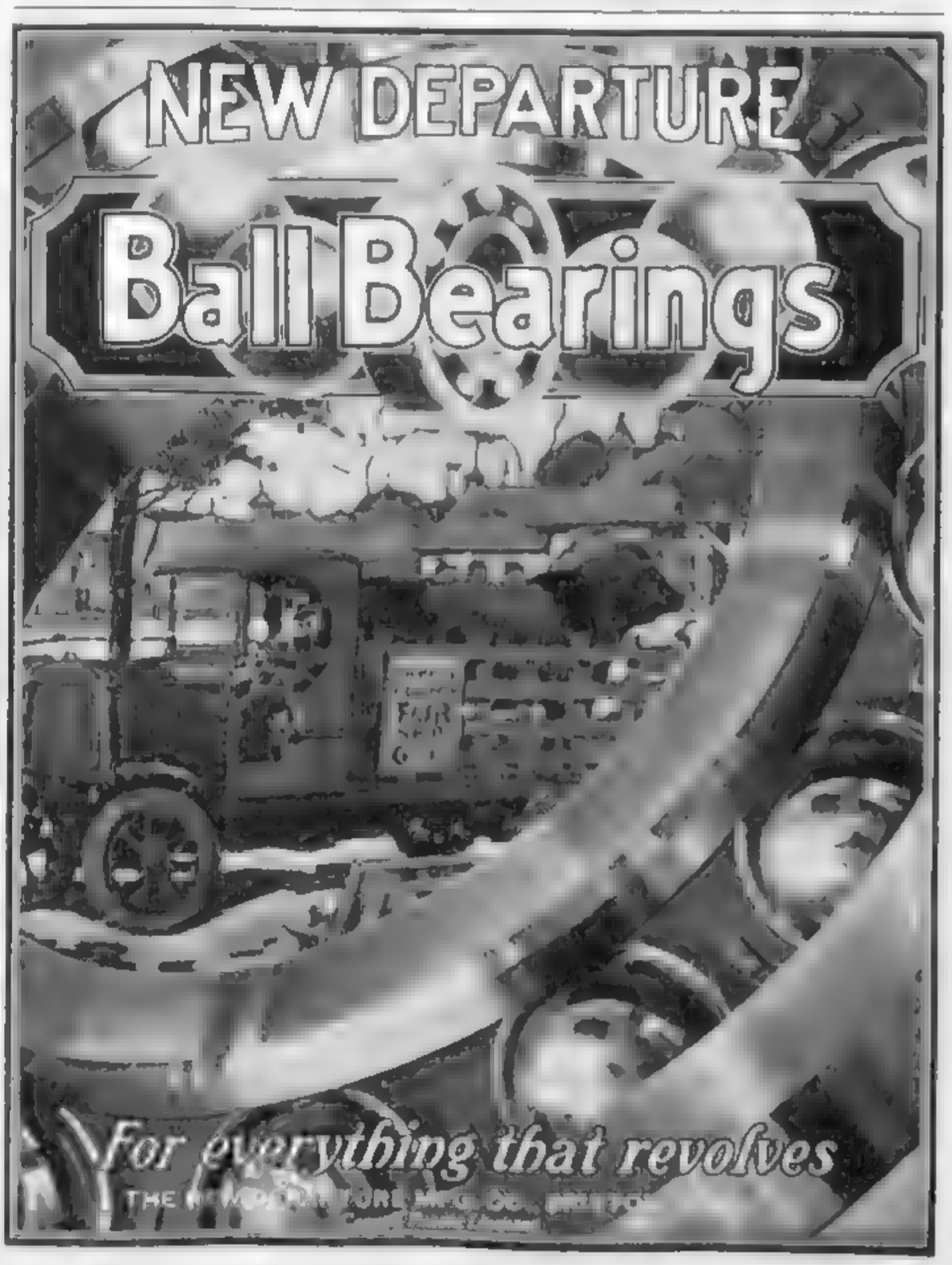
These shoes will be found on display at the larger exclusive boot shops.

Nunn-Bush Style Book on Request

NUNN BUSH

Nunn, Bush & Weldon Shoe Co.
Milwaukee, Wis.

"Faithful to the Last"



Lather is Doubly Effective When Shavaid is Used

Men the nation over have welcomed this new way to shave—this quicker, easier, pleasanter way. Shavaid, the new beard-softener, ends old, harsh treatments.

No longer is it necessary to use hot towels nor to rub the lather in. Shavaid does away with all before-shaving preparations. Now you merely rub on a thin coat of Shavaid—then apply your favorite lather. (Shavaid is not a soap and does not lather.)

Shavaid keeps the skin firm and smooth. You can shave closer without the usual abrasions. The razor does not pull. There is no scraping.

You do not have to spend a lot of time rubbing the lather in. The instant you apply Shavaid, note the cooling effect. Note that you can shave as closely as you like and there will be no drawn, burning sensation. Shavaid makes your face feel cool and comfortable.

When you use Shavaid, no after-shaving lotion is required. Shavaid is in itself a pleasant, soothing emollient.

B&B

Shavaid

Ask your druggist for a free trial tube or buy a full size tube for 50c

BAUER & BLACK Chicago New York Toronto

Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

LIFT *the* DOT *Fasteners*

TRADE *The* DOT *Line* MARK *of Fasteners*

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

The "Lift-the-Dot" Fastener
The "Durable Dot" Fastener
The "Velvet Dot" Fastener
The "Anco Dot" Fastener
The "Sigma Dot" Fastener
The Common Sense Fastener

The safe fastener is "Lift-the-Dot". It snaps shut instantly—stays fastened—securely locked on three sides—cannot pull loose accidentally. Yet it is easily and instantly unfastened by simply lifting on the side with the dot.

The "Lift-the-Dot" fastener is proving as successful on luggage, sporting goods, and other articles of canvas and leather as it is on automobile tops and curtains.

Users of fasteners should have our catalog of "The Dot Line" of Fasteners of which "Lift-the-Dot" is but one style. Write for it.

CARR FASTENER COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

There was an indignant buzz about the table. Clarence Hammond rose excitedly from his chair.

"I think we had better act on Mr. Barrett's resignation now," he said. "We do not need a knocker as secretary of this organization."

Barrett faced the directors resolutely.

"Just a moment more," he said, "and then you can take what action you like."

He pulled out of his pocket the paper on which Mr. Scott had written the day before offering him thirty per cent commission as a stock salesman. He laid the document before the directors and resumed.

"You see he offers me thirty per cent to sell his stock," he said. "Mr. Scott is going to want at least twenty per cent more for his own work and for the legitimate expenses of organization. There is half your capital gone. You will try to make automobiles with what is left."

"But the laws of this state expressly forbid an organization fee of more than fifteen per cent," interposed Clarence Hammond.

"That applies only to corporations," replied Barrett. "The Scott Motors Company is a trust association. Mr. Scott was very careful about that—he isn't taking any chances."

Russell W. Scott may have had his shortcomings, but he was at least a good loser. He rose to his feet, still wearing the genial expression that had so much to do with making him a successful promoter.

"Hold on there!" he said good-naturedly. "You boys are getting too businesslike for me. I'm no cheap fifteen per cent worker. Let's call the whole deal off."

He picked up his hat and walked to the door. There he paused and faced the directors again pleasantly.

"You've got a good secretary anyhow," he called out. "If you decide to fire him I hope he'll come with me."

He laughed in his most engaging manner.

"The promotion game is still active," he said. "There are a dozen coast towns I know that would like to have shipyards. I know plenty of places that are simply hungry to have someone come along and organize fire-insurance companies in their midst. Whenever business gets real dull," he concluded, "there are always little farming towns where creameries may be established. So good-by—and don't worry over my future."

The promoter disappeared with a jovial wave of his hand.

Barrett waited a few moments for the directors to recover. Then he turned to the chairman.

"My resignation is on the table for your action," he said briefly.

Clarence Hammond shook himself out of the trance that had held him since Mr. Scott disappeared through the outer door.

"Your resignation? Oh, yes!" He reached for the paper and held it up before the directors. "In the absence of a formal motion I will tear up this resignation and throw it in the wastebasket," he said with an apologetic smile.

The silence that followed was broken by H. B. Lathrop, naturally resentful at the collapse of his plan to sell a first-class factory site.

"Now that you've driven out your automobile factory," he said disagreeably, "what are you going to say to all these people who have bought stock in it?"

Frank Barrett was expecting the question.

"When in doubt it is a good rule to tell the truth," he said pleasantly. "The subscriptions are not payable until after thirty days, so no one is hurt. Print a statement in the newspapers telling just what has happened. You never hurt yourself when you frankly admit that you have made a mistake."

Director Moses Wolff struggled to his feet, red-faced at the effort of speaking to a dozen men all at once.

"Quite a while ago," said Mr. Wolff stumblingly, "this here Mr. Barrett wanted to do something, but we turned him down. I see now it was a good thing, and I am going to make a motion for it."

He shifted uneasily on his feet and pulled at his necktie two or three times in the exertion of choosing the most elegant words.

"I move," said Mr. Wolff, "that from now on this here chamber of commerce of Inland City don't listen to no outside schemers that want to start wonderful factories on our money."

Encouraged by the applause which greeted his motion, Mr. Wolff further expressed his views.

"When some feller blows into town," he said, "with nothing but a suitcase and a big scheme we should tell him that all the suckers has moved over into the next county."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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A Request for Change of Address must reach us at least thirty days before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. Be sure to give your old address as well as the new one.

better paper ∞∞∞ better printing

The illustration shows a case of Warren's Lustro with the Top Sheet printed. A feature of Warren's packing is the printed Top Sheet—evidence of the tested printing quality of the paper.

Examples of printing on Warren's Standard Printing Papers are to be seen in Warren Service Pieces, Suggestion Books, and Brochures, which the larger print shops have on exhibit. These books are also in the offices of leading paper merchants, and in those clubs whose libraries are devoted to the examples and lore of printing.

THERE is logic in the connection between Better Paper and Better Printing.

But we do not want to proclaim Better Paper as the *only* thing necessary to Better Printing.

Into every job of work well done there enters a moral question of men and methods.

Do you know how to deal with a printer? Do you demand that he "sell you" on suggestions that he makes for your benefit? Do you help him to understand just what your catalog or your booklet is to mean to you, your salesman, your distributors, and your customers?

Did you ever hear of a man calling up a printer and telling him that circumstances permitted him more time to finish a particular job?

These things, as well as Better Paper, affect the production of Better Printing.

The reason for the standardization of Warren's Standard Printing Papers and the reasons for each of the dozen different Warren Standards are that we understand just what blank paper means to a printer. Also we understand just what printing means to a man who has merchandise to sell.

S. D. WARREN COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

Warren's Standard Printing Papers are

Warren's Cameo
Dull coated for artistic halftone printing

Warren's Lustro
The highest refinement of surface in glossy-coated paper

Warren's Warrentown Coated Book
Glossy surface for fine halftone and process color work

Warren's Cumberland Coated Book
A recognized standard glossy-coated paper

Warren's Silkote
Semi-dull surface, noted for practical printing qualities

Warren's Printone
Semi-coated. Better than super, cheaper than coated

Warren's Library Text
English finish for medium screen halftones

Warren's Olde Style
A watermarked antique finish for type and line illustration

Warren's Cumberland Super Book
Super-calendered paper of standard, uniform quality

Warren's Cumberland Machine Book
A dependable, hand-sorted, machine-finish paper

Warren's Artogravure
Developed especially for offset printing

Warren's India
For thin editions

Warren's STANDARD Printing Papers

Keep-Kool

The National Summer Suit for Men

YOU can't look hot and look well dressed—but you can look well dressed and *be* cool. Keep-Kool is the answer. In a Keep-Kool Suit a fellow can feel delightfully comfortable the length and breadth of a hot summer day.

Light in weight—tailored in the best of fashion—correct in style and fit—designed by specialists who have spent a lifetime in the study of Hot Weather Clothes.

All the standard light-weight materials, including genuine Palm Beach, Coolkenny Crash, Aerpore Tropical Worsteds and Mohairs. Be sure your Summer Suit bears the Keep-Kool label. It stands for *quality* in summer clothes.

For sale at all good Clothes Shops

Made Only By

The HOUSE OF KEEP-KOOL
The SNELLENBURG CLOTHING COMPANY
Philadelphia and New York

Drink an Orange

Mark the *Better* Days— How they Start

Almost Invariably with Luscious Oranges for Breakfast

Breakfast tastes better when you start with oranges because the orange's salts and acids are natural *appetizers*. There is no more delicious way to begin a breakfast than with orange juice or oranges sliced or halved.

The entire meal digests better because these salts and acids are also natural digestants. Thus they increase the efficiency of all the *other* food that you may take at the morning meal.

Better body regulation is another advantage. Oranges make for normal functioning, pure blood, and alert, clear brains.

This is what *physicians* and *dietitians* tell us that oranges do. They are not merely our own ideas.

Try it for ten days, until the *habit* is formed. Then note how *all* your days are better.

Order Sunkist Oranges and look for the name on each tissue wrapper. They are uniformly good —sweet, tender, practically seedless and full of rich, healthful, delicious juice.

All first-class dealers sell them by the box or dozen, and you can get them fresh daily the year round.

Drink Dispensers— Store Owners—

THERE ARE BIG OPPORTUNITIES in the use of EFFICIENT MACHINES for the quick and profitable dispensing of real lemonade and fresh orange juice drinks from soda fountains, general stores, amusement places, etc. We have made a study of all types of machines and will secure information and data for you on the best type to fit your needs. Also some figures on profits. Makes no difference whether you now sell drinks or not—write us about NEW profits.

Sunkist

Uniformly Good Oranges

Send for free book "*Sunkist Recipes*," by Alice Bradley, principal of Miss Farmer's School of Cookery, Boston. These are accurate recipes, tested and proved by Miss Bradley. Every one makes a luscious food. Also ask for booklet explaining how the California Fruit Growers Exchange serves the orange growers and the public.

California Fruit Growers Exchange
A Non-Profit, Co-operative Organization of 10,000 Growers
Dept. 16, Los Angeles, California

Also Distributors of Sunkist Lemons and Sunkist Marmalade

Aluminum Ware Easily Cleaned

Old Dutch Cleanser keeps it bright and sanitary without difficulty or hard work. Easily removes stains, corrosion and discolorations.

Goes further and gives better results than soaps, scouring bricks, caustic or alkali preparations; with a big saving in time, money and labor.

Old Dutch quality insures economy and efficiency for all household cleaning.